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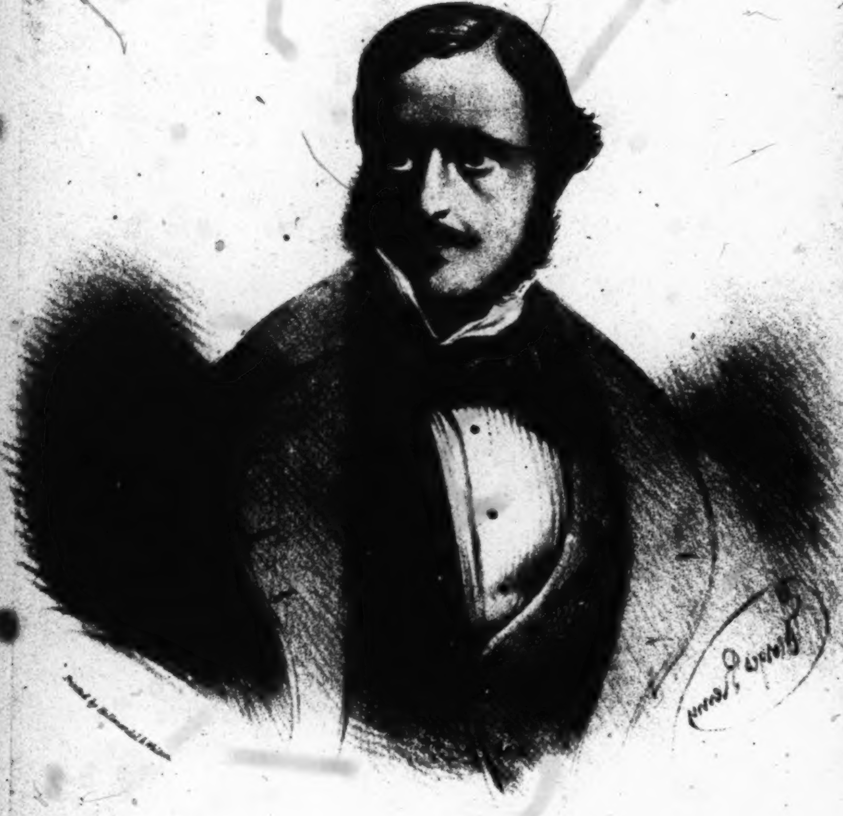

THE HON^{BLE} HENRY J. COKE.

London. Richard Bentley. New Burlington Street, 1852.

A RIDE

OVER THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

TO

OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

WITH A

GLANCE AT SOME OF THE TROPICAL ISLANDS,

INCLUDING THE

WEST INDIES AND THE SANDWICH ISLES.

BY THE HON. HENRY J. COKE.

AUTHOR OF "VIENNA IN 1848."

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TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LEICESTER.

My dear Leicester,

In dedicating to you this little volume, I avail myself of the opportunity it affords to apologise for sundry faults which *the unlenient* might not otherwise be inclined to overlook. The many trifling incidents which I have, perhaps too often, recorded, must, I am aware, be uninteresting to the general reader; yet, nevertheless, may claim the attention of a brother, and even contribute to his amusement. My journal, from beginning to end, was originally written exclusively for the perusal of my friends; and while I remind readers not included in this category, that I am therefore obliged to crave their indulgence, I beg to caution them, at the same time, not to expect instruction where, at the most, they can only find amusement. In further extenuation of its numerous defects, I may add, that the keeping a journal at all was by no means one of the lightest labours connected with my travels. More than once, while crossing the plains—a portion of my journey occupying nearly five months—I have fallen asleep, from sheer exhaustion, the moment my day's work was done, and have found in my hand, on waking the next morning, the untasted food which I had forgotten to eat, even after fasting the whole of the previous day. Under these circumstances, much that would have been interesting may have escaped my observation, and much that I did see never found its way into my note-book.

Make then every allowance for the carelessness of the writing, remembering that most of the road we travelled over is fully as dull as that proverbially barren tract,—between Dan and Beersheba.

Believe me to be

Your affectionate brother,

THE AUTHOR.

London December, 1851.

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OREGON AND CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER I.

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December 18*th*, 1849.—What a serious thing is a beginning! When a beginning is once made, it is very clear an ending must follow, sooner or later: whether we will or not, an end there will be. Don't tell me that you knew as much before; so did I. I only make the remark here to remind me, for my own private consolation, that if I once get fairly started I may leave the end to take care for itself. To begin—

no matter what—is an event, a most important epoch in the existence of all existing things. It is the spark that fires the train, be it of half-a-dozen grains or as many barrels—the herald that clears the lists—the first word that solves the "to be" or "not to be" of time as yet unflown. Not everything, but very much depends on a beginning—confidence, for instance, and consequently, perhaps, success. "All's well that ends well" is a tolerably true *dictum*. Yet, a good beginning is—what shall we say?—better than a bad one. How much pleasanter, now, it would be if I could say at the present moment—"The weather is beautiful—always a pleasure to an Englishman—the water is smooth, the passengers are delightful, and everything is 'all right,' in short." How much pleasanter this than to be obliged to confess the truth, and grumble because the "Teviot" steamer is a slow boat, a dirty boat, a noisy boat, and is full of slow people, dirty people, and noisy people. Worse than this, we are making no progress whatever towards an end. A regular Channel gale is blowing dead in our teeth, and with a chain cable through our nose, we are pitching and tossing, tossing and pitching, opposite Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. The Captain says—Heaven knows with what truth—

that such gales at this time of year are apt to last a fortnight. Now, in moderation, I am as fond of the sight of my native land as any man, but having made up my mind to lose sight of it for a time, I conceive it is nothing more than natural to wish this grizzly, drizzly, sneezy, freezy, blowing, comfortless scene exchanged for the more genial climate of the tropics, the land of the cypress and myrtle, for example, where all save the spirit of man (clearly meaning *nigger*) is divine.

In the meantime we are in a state which the "great lexicographer" considered worse than imprisonment, inasmuch as a man incurs an additional evil in the chance of being drowned. A pleasant reflection, and particularly cheering to an individual suffering under liabilities to the aforesaid contingency. Well, when we do get away it will be so much the more agreeable; and to be sure it is a mighty fine thing to loose the apron-string for awhile, to change the squirrel's cage in which we run round and round after our own tails, for the girdle of mother earth, and make the grand tour round that. Even though we should shed a tear at parting, there is in the distance a merry laugh and a hearty shake of the hand, that bid the longed-for welcome on your return. Yes,

yes, in a few hours the waters of Biscay may reflect more than one sorry countenance, and its waves may waft to distant shores the outpourings of many a troubled spirit. But the heyday will come again, and the past, let us hope, shall be the constant source of pleasure to the ever-coming future. This is somewhat sanguine, rather sentimental, and decidedly discursive; so let us to business.

We have seventy-five passengers on board, too many foreigners by half to please me; and what of my fellow-countrymen there be, they are not prepossessing specimens of Bull. Fortunately I have two companions with me, one G——, an old friend, the other A——, a new one. The cabins are not very roomy, and the saloon less so; it will be curious to watch how we shall shake into our places. It looks hopeless enough now; we are stowed like pigs in a pound, and for four weeks we may make the best of one another, for together we are packed, for rough and for smooth, to sink or swim, as the case may be. Oh, for a fair wind, or I know what will happen to me!

December 20th.—After lying thirty hours at anchor we got away yesterday morning at seven, but wind and tide happening to be the wrong way, we did not go far. The motion of the vessel has confined most of us to our cabins. I have been stretched on my beam-ends, feeling as if my inside was tied in a knot, and not very certain that I was not engaged as Clown in a pantomime, at one moment throwing a somersault, with my heels where my head ought to be, and the next—oh dear! such a sinking, everything-going-from-under-you-sort of sensation, that, on sober consideration, I no longer wonder the ancients made such slow progress in navigation, it is so very unpleasant unless you are used to it.

To-day we are out of sight of land, and the next we see, if all go well, will be Madeira. At noon our latitude was 48° 51′, being about the latitude of Brest. We were in hopes that we should have been in the Bay of Biscay; but it is fortunate that we were at anchor on the 17th and 18th, for we are passing vessels without their topmasts, and bearing other marks of the violence of the gale. The afternoon was fine, and the bull-board was brought on deck. This source of amusement does not seem likely to be of a lasting nature, so I resolved not to exhaust its charms too soon.

21st.—Our run has been a pretty good one, the wind being now in our favour, but the steamer is deep, and we do not make more than eight knots an hour. I get up at seven o'clock, and find early rising suits me very well; the fact is, I could not sleep much longer if I would, having two neighbours in the next cabin who turn out about the same time. One of them always wakes with a fit of yawning at daylight, and goes off with "Oh! oh! Ah dear! Oh! oh!" till one fancies that he has dislocated his jaws. As the steward is called on all emergencies to remove all portable nuisances, I think of vociferating for him some morning to take away that big yawn; then perhaps my friend will take a hint. As for the other man, he makes such strange noises when he cleans his teeth, hawking with such violence, that I have once or twice been on the point of rushing in to see whether he had not swallowed his tooth-brush. Upon the whole he is the worse of the two, for the other is good enough when asleep, but this fellow snores in so painful a manner that if I had not peeped at him one night through the panel I should have felt pretty sure that he had gone to bed with his nose in a pocket-vice.

On the morning of the 25th the first object that met my eye on looking out of the port was land within a few miles, on the beam; this was the island of Porto Santo, and a most picturesque and refreshing sight it was: such bold outline, and such warmth of colour! On the larboard bow was the Dezertes group, and about forty miles a-head Madeira loomed indistinctly, with the tops of its high hills crowned with heavy clouds. By the time I had dressed we were close to the shore, and almost every one on board was armed with a telescope, endeavouring to make out objects which every minute were growing more discernible. After sailing three or four miles abreast of the island we rounded a prominent point, and the town of Funchal suddenly presented itself to the view. Situated on the side of the hill, the uniformly white buildings rise one above the other, from the very edge of the bay to a considerable height above the sea. Natural and artificial terraces, covered with vines, or planted as gardens, the fresh verdure of the foliage, and the great variety of fruits and flowers, indicate the excessive mildness of the climate, and give great beauty to the scene. With this before us it was no wonder that, after a week's voyage, we were delighted to let go the anchor, jump into the first shore-boat, and be able to stand on terra firma without the bother of balancing, like a soldier practising the goose step, first upon one leg, then upon the other. The surf in the Bay of Funchal is notoriously bad, and it was not till our boat had been apparently all but swamped, and the passengers thoroughly soaked, that we effected a landing. Our party had not been five minutes on shore before we were mounted on ponies of the most Rosinante description, and were clattering at full speed through the stony streets of the town, the owners running behind, and holding on by the tails of their steeds. The road up to *the* Convent, a spot visited by every person who stays a day in Madeira, is exceedingly beautiful; and the commanding view which opens upon you on reaching the first halting-place, half way up the hill, the sea, and the distant islands, are as pleasing to the eye of one who has been a week on board ship as the Bay of Naples is to the traveller in search of Italian beauty.

The day was rather showery, but the light rain made the atmosphere pleasantly cool, and the moistened plants, such as only grow in hot houses in England, the creepers, geraniums, and heliotrope, gave forth delicious and freshened fragrance. At three o'clock we dined with Mr. Davis, a friend of one of our party. The dinner was every thing a

Christmas dinner ought to be—excellent roast beef, plum-pudding, and mince pies. The wine was such as can only be tasted in Madeira, and as I have not the pleasure of knowing any one else in the island, I may say without offence, such as could only be tasted at Mr. Davis's table. How many different sorts of Madeira were offered to tempt us I cannot pretend to guess ; at first one seemed decidedly more delicate in flavour than another, but by the time the snowy veil was drawn from the polished face of the mahogany, I am inclined to think that all sorts of wine were equally, and, to coin a word, indiscriminably excellent.

At nine p.m. we steamed off, and I left Madeira convinced that if a man was not virtually dead before he got there, of all places in the world this would be the most likely to revive him. Mind, I am no physician, nor do I pretend to have made accurate inquiries into the average mortality of invalids. I have not considered particular instances nor aggregate results, but merely observe, that in an amiable mood, incident perhaps to the Christmas dinner, I left Madeira with the impression that it would be quite an agreeable thing to be seized with a decline or some such chronic disease, for no other reason than to have the pleasure of recovering in that island.

January 8th.—For five or six days after leaving Madeira, we thought ourselves unlucky in having an adverse wind; but we have become more used to each other's company. A monotonous routine makes the time pass quickly, and we manage to amuse ourselves pleasantly enough. The last night of the old year we had a grand carousal, and ushered in the new one with bell-ringing and champagne punch. *Now*, here we are on the *other* side of the Atlantic, lying at anchor, in Carlisle Bay, Barbadoes. I say we, I mean the steamer, for my companions and I remained on board no longer than compelled, but, being landed, proceeded directly to make the acquaintance of the renowned Caroline Lee, or Miss Car'line, as the niggers call her.

If Captain Marryat had not immortalised her long ago, her exceeding amiability and monstrous starched bandana must infallibly have done so some time or other. At least, I know for one, that if I had never so much as heard of "Peter Simple," I should have been equally captivated with Miss Car'line. To admire the cotton superstructure on her head, and hear her talk good Ethiopian English, is one thing, but to drink her sangaree (O Jupiter! what nectar!) is another. For three weeks, remember, I had imbibed nothing but mulled water, and was very hot and very thirsty; the green limes and clear ice danced against one's lips to a truly pleasant tune, while the nutmegged beverage gurgled down one's throat, a sweet libation to the lovely Caroline. I had the good fortune to be the bearer of a parcel to one of the officers of the ——th, and while I was meditating upon what might be the effects of indulging in another jorum of sangaree, a phaeton drove up, and the driver introduced himself as my unknown friend. With great good nature, he offered to take G—— and myself for a drive through the island. "What should we go and see?" "There was nothing in the town worth seeing." "Did we care about the garrison?" Not much. "How about the Governor?" Oh! certainly not. "Well, a sugar mill?" We had never seen a sugar mill, so away we went in quest of a sugar mill, and in five minutes we were out of the main street, of which Bridge Town is composed. In the immediate vicinity of the town the environs are rather pretty. But as soon as you see beyond this, the country is flat for some miles, till it rises gradually into hills on the north side of the island, which part—I suppose from its unlikeness to that country—is called Scotland. The mill we visited was one of the old-fashioned sort, that is, unfurnished with vacuum pans, &c. so that the process of crushing the cane, boiling the juice, and draining off the molasses, was comprehensible even to our unsugared minds. Throughout the island the motive power is wind. I believe there is no mill worked by steam, at least it would be unnecessary, since the sea breeze blows invariably in one direction, and always during the greater part of the day. The advantage of this is, of course, enormous, ten or twelve hands only being required in a mill which is making about three hogsheads of sugar a day.

Labour is here remarkably cheap; the blacks seldom earn more than 3*s.* 6*d.* a week. But the soil is almost the poorest in the West Indies; the amount of cultivation therefore requisite affords constant and ample employment. Owing to the smallness of the estates, the cane is cut about eleven months after it is planted. In most of the other islands, where the estates are larger, and they can afford the cane time to ripen, it is allowed to stand thirteen months, and instead of being fresh planted every year is ratooned, or left to grow from the old roots, for three, or as much as ten to fifteen years, in proportion to the fertility of the soil. It is doubtful how far the ratooning system succeeds when carried to any extent, but it is evident that the cane does not attain its full maturity under thirteen months.

The Barbadians hold their heads high, and talk contemptuously of the other islands: they no doubt possess many advantages, such as situation and cheapness of labour; they are also free from yellow fever, though cholera and the small-pox are terrible substitutes for that epidemic, and certainly more fatal to the natives. Barbadoes suffers, too, severely from hurricanes, and, upon the whole, I see nothing in the country much calculated to invite expatriation, or to compensate for the possibility of having your house torn up by the roots by a tornado while taking your siesta, and deposited in the middle of the Atlantic.

In the evening we dined at Endmoor, the house of a fellow-passenger; the party was both a large and a merry one. The dinner, particularly the turtle-soup, which would have defied the competition of a thousand Francatellis, or all the cooks of the "Ship and Turtle," was excellent. Meat in a hot climate is always tough, but the "long bitters," with which a West Indian fortifies his stomach, do wonders for the appetite, whatever they may do for the digestion.

When the party broke up, we took leave of one of the best of hosts, and, jumping into some buggies that were waiting at the door, drove off in high spirits to that great desideratum of all fun-loving travellers, a "dignity ball." On entering the ball room the first thing that strikes one may possibly be the band. Three niggers are playing a fiddle, a French horn, and tamborine. The sound is not unlike that of a large band tuning their instruments, or amateur beginners practising each a different piece in the same apartment; or perhaps it might more justly be compared to an assembly of crow-keepers zealously striving, individually, to drown the noise made by all the rest: but discordant as are the sounds produced by these dark disciples of Orpheus, their effect is irresistibly exhilarating, and one cannot listen to them five minutes ere the sympathy is conveyed from the organs of hearing to those which are sometimes made to serve for dancing. The "Original Polka," or what is meant for it, is the favourite tune. The darkest of the dark throws herself into your arms, and away you hop, round and round, and up and down the room, till there seems to be no chance of either polka or dancers ever coming to a stand-still. You offer to conduct your partner to a seat; no, she never heard of such a thing; on you go, and on you must go, till all the breath is fairly danced out of your body. But it is hot work, uncommonly hot work, and you fling yourself down by the window, hoping for a minute's respite to cool yourself. Ridiculous idea! a quadrille—a quadrille! the cry is unanimous; your partner, your vis-à-vis, are frantic at your imbecility; up you stagger, but it is too hot, you cannot stand it, your partner helps you off with your coat; your lady-vis bounds across the room, volunteers to take charge of it, and at once puts it on over her white frock. The dress is not becoming, but it is an amusing one, they all laugh, and the excitement never flags; with redoubled vigour all hands, or, less nautically speaking, all feet mark time with frightful energy, laughing, singing, stamping—when hark! what sound is that? a crash, a scream, a confusion, a halt. "What de matter, Miss Penelope?" "Oh dear! oh lar! garamighty! if de *niggars* habent 'tamp so hard, all de crockery and smeatmeat broke down 'tairs." Unhappy climax! Poor Miss Penelope! the shaking of the upper floor had felled her jam pots and ginger jars to the ground. But the interruption is a short one; the "Bird of Paradise" restores the merriment of the party, and the shaking of the house threatens another crash, when daylight, that unceremonious dissipator of dissipations, suddenly appears; some of the young ladies have washing to do for the steamer, so they must go, and we all go, hoping as we take leave that another steamer will soon come, that those who enjoy it may soon have another "dignity ball."

On the 9th we left for St. Thomas, where we arrived on the 11th. The town is built on the faces of three hills, and the white houses, with red tiled roofs, look like so many Dutch toys. The harbour is sheltered in such a manner that not a ship nor a sign of the town is visible until the entrance is reached. This retired position made it in former days the favourite retreat of pirates and freebooters, who frequented these seas. Three or four dilapidated towers, situated above the town, yet stand as emblematic monuments of the strength and decay of Messrs. Bluebeard and Blackbeard, their once dreaded lords. At the present day, thank goodness, the word pirate is almost a dead letter in the West Indies. Increase of commerce has provided an increased force for its protection, and the pretty little cruisers and men-of-war brigs bearing the English flag lie lazily at anchor in the forsaken nests of those hornets, the very pictures of peace and serenity.

St. Thomas, they say, is not in so flourishing a condition as it has been; its fate, however, is not so precarious as that of many of the other islands. The quantity of sugar it produces is comparatively inconsiderable, but it derives a vast importance from its central position; and, second in size to no town but the Havannah, it may be called the metropolis of the West Indies. Strange enough, there are no springs in the island, and the inhabitants depend entirely on the rains for their supply of water. There is a good hotel—Labord's; our party dined here, and found the food bad and dear; the excuse was the short notice we had given them to prepare it. Two of our fellow passengers left us at this place, intending to cross over to-night in a schooner to Santa Cruz, distant about forty miles.

At eight P. M. we left St. Thomas, and reached Puerto Rico the next morning at seven. While the mails were being landed, we were allowed a couple of hours to stretch our legs on shore. Two or three of us breakfasted at a fonda in San Juan upon the regular Spanish fare, omelette, olives, and chocolate. The yellow-washed flat-roofed houses, with stone balconies and open court-yards, might have passed muster in a town of old Grenada. The soldiers are fine-looking men, and, unlike our own troops in hot countries, whose buttoned red coats are enough to give one yellow fever to look at, they wear white cotton jackets, and, off duty, straw hats. There seemed to be a good market; we had only just time to run through it, load ourselves with green cocoa-nuts, and hurry off to the steamer. All day we kept the land close on the larboard side; the scenery was wild and striking, the outline uneven, and the whole country thickly wooded.

Yesterday we sighted the high land of San Domingo. This morning, the 14th, we entered Jacmel harbour at daylight. The vessel lay-to off the White Horse Rocks, not being able to approach within two miles of the town on account of a coral reef which runs across the harbour. The passengers were not permitted to land, but I managed to slip into the mail agent's boat, and by this means got ashore. Never was there such a miserable-looking place as the town of Jacmel. The streets empty, the houses deserted, the inhabitants sordid and poverty-stricken; and above all, the pigs are the most emaciated and race-horse-looking swine I ever beheld. With great difficulty we got a thimble-full of coffee, for which the exorbitant sum of a dollar was demanded, but for which we, with great generosity, considering it is the chief product of the island, paid sixpence. For another sixpence we purchased some *avocado* (*vulgò alligator*) pears, and three large pine-apples. Several of his imperial coloured Majesty's troops kindly gave us an opportunity of seeing them. Their uniform, or rather multiform apparel, is quite in character with the general burlesque of their appearance. One rejoices in a helmet; another in his own wool; a third with a coat deprived of one tail, trousers with straps, but no boots or shoes; indeed any odd mixture of regimental clothing they have been able to scrape together. It is a ludicrous sight, but one cannot help reflecting that, whatever satisfaction it may be to one nigger to march about in a red coat without a tail, and to another to bear the title of Marquis of Ginger-beer, and to another to wear a crown and be called Emperor Zuluk, yet it is a melancholy thing that to each and all, this satisfaction is purchased at the expense of increasing poverty, demoralisation and misery. The soil is no longer cultivated but to supply the immediate demands of nature. Commerce has ceased to confer its advantages, and when civilisation no longer advances, its movement is too often a retrograde one. However, the experiment is worthy of the age. There is no reason why the black man should not be his own master; if his head does happen to be half an inch thicker than those of the pale faces—what then? his shins I believe are considerably more tender—and after all "a man's a man for a' that."

15*th*.—Jamaica is now within a few miles; its shores are very fine. The blue mountains in the background are magnificent. Visions of romantic rides—bird's-eye views—groves of palm-trees—terrible cataracts—pellucid streams—monstrous reptiles—ring-tailed pigeons and long-tailed &c's., fill the mind with majestic conceptions, which, while they eliminate the remembrance of maritime pollution, fail not to engender elysian prospects of terrestrial enjoyment! I beg pardon for these altitudes, but one writes a journal under such a variety of circumstances that the style must sometimes depend on the humour.

About twelve, opposite Kingston. Another hour carries us through the narrow passage at Port Royal, past the palisades and alongside the coaling wharf in Kingston harbour. Well-brushed hats—unhoused umbrellas—clean shirts and shaven chins, all indicate that the old steamer is about to deposit a large portion of her live cargo. The gang-board is placed—violent shakings of hands are seen in every part of the vessel —hopes are expressed that we are only parting "like the scissors, to meet again." The unpleasant word is said, and each goes "about his business" their voyage ended, and probably their acquaintance too.

My friends G——, D——, and myself, possessed of as large an allowance of fidgets as generally accrue to persons just arrived at the end of a long voyage, had to lounge about for a couple of hours at the Date Tree Hall, an hotel, while our dinner was being got ready, that is, while some one went to the market for vegetables, and the chickens were being killed and plucked at home. Over the way was a billiard table; thither we went in search of amusement. But finding it inconvenient to play in the dark, we submitted to the entreaties of some fellow-passengers whom we met there, and joined them in doing the agreeable to some gracious scions of creolian feminality, who were, I believe, daughters or nieces of the landlord. We never questioned the right of our friends to introduce us, but the family party seemed very happy to see us, and the young ladies, by way of a courteous reception, pianoed and squalled in French and Spanish, with an ardour equal to soothing the savagest of natures. One or two *pas seuls* were danced, and a vivacious and good-humoured Frenchman sang "Mourir pour la Patrie," in which we all took part, together with the piano, and a flute quite as much out of tune as any other component sound of the discordant concert. In this way the evening passed merrily enough, and it was not till a late hour that we returned to our beds at the "Date Tree."

The next day the "Teviot" left Jamaica for the Havannah. It seemed strange to see her steam off without us. I felt as melancholy as if I had been parting from an old friend. The voyage across the Atlantic is a long one, and in six weeks one cannot help forming some attachments, if it be only for planks and funnels.

On the 19th we hired two rickety vehicles, one for ourselves, the other for our servants, and left Kingston for Golden Grove, an estate belonging to one of my friends. The roads were execrable, and as only two could sit facing the horses, the third had a sad time of it on the back seat, not half a foot wide.

By the time we got to Yallahs, nineteen miles on our journey, we were so bruised that we determined to go no farther that day. The inn or public house, however, was pre-occupied with a dignity ball, and this obliged us to return a mile or two to a small tavern off the road. The accommodation was good, and the house clean. Close to this little tavern is a wonderful cotton tree, measuring more than seventy feet in circumference. The next morning, by half-past seven, we were again *en route*. In the middle of the day we stopped to lunch at Belvedere, and about an hour after dark reached Golden Grove. The latter part of the day it rained heavily, and the roads were almost impassable, so that we did not get our supper and a dry change before they were wanted.

The report of our arrival was soon spread abroad. A—— had been expected for some time. He had never before visited his estate, and now that he was come there was to be a general rejoicing. A number of niggers assembled round the house, begging to see him; but, as it was late, they were told to go away, and return in the morning. I never shall forget the welcome these poor creatures gave their employer when they saw him. Crowds collected about the doors before daylight. When he came out, they scrambled and shouted, pushing each other out of the way to shake hands with or speak to him. "Hooray!" they screamed; "Hooray! Massa come to see him nigger." Poor A—— was quite overwhelmed. He could not shake hands with all at once. "Shakey hand, Massa, shakey hand wid you people. We no African; all Massa's creoles born on de 'state; shakey hand." Gradually they grew more and more excited, working themselves into that frantic state peculiar to their race. One would seize hold of A——'s hand, and crying like a child, exhibit the most extravagant expressions of delight. "Is dat you, Massa? Dat you, sar? Me no believe me see me massa. Me no believe him. Eigh! me too much pleased like devil. Eigh! what you want, nigger? Me see my massa." One old woman endeavoured to embrace him. This either his modesty or his good nature could not put up with. "Eigh!" croaked the old lady, "massa too muchay handsome—buckra bery fat and handsome—garamighty buckra bery fat." It was quite affecting to witness such a cordial explosion of generous feeling.

For many years a proprietor of Golden Grove had not been seen on his estate; and, as on most other estates where the proprietors have been absent, the agents, or attorneys, as they are called, held an almost absolute sway. When this was the case, it frequently happened that the ignorant and unprincipled adventurers who had attained to the rank of attorney, exercised the most unjust severity, and abused, to a shameful extent, the power they possessed over the negroes. Instances of this nature are far less common than they were some years ago; yet the class of men employed to this day in Jamaica as attorneys, are deplorably wanting in those qualifications which conduce to the improvement of the labourer as well as that of the soil. It is not to be wondered at, then, that where some real, or, it may be, imaginary evil exists, in consequence of this system, the negroes should hope for redress by the presence of their rightful master.

Golden Grove is considered one of the model estates of the island; it covers about 2200 acres, and lies in the valley of Plantain Garden River. The house is in a low situation, and clumsily constructed. Utility, however, being the order of the day, its proximity to the works is esteemed a greater recommendation than comfort or a commanding prospect. Near the house is a village containing a considerable number of families, all employed on the estate. Just now it happens to be crop-time, *i. e.*, harvest, which lasts in Jamaica from January to June, and the work and wages are nearly double what they are during the remainder of the year. In crop-time an able-bodied negro receives from twelvepence to eighteenpence a day, but his working hours are from three o'clock in the morning till nine at night, on every day of the week but Saturday. *I have known them to continue* working all through the night, thus undergoing fatigue that a European could not endure.

On this estate the negro habitations are reckoned unusually good. For a cottage which holds a family of six, together with a small piece of ground, two shillings a week is charged for rent. This is easily paid where the family consists principally of males; but where there are neither husbands nor sons, or where the men are too old or infirm to earn wages, this rent falls heavily, and the means of subsistence are hard to procure. In the days of slavery the owners were compelled to provide for every man, woman, and child that belonged to them, whether they were able to work or not. A hospital called "the Hot-house," furnished with every comfort,—medicine, wholesome food, nurses, and doctors,—was kept up upon every estate, and the sick or aged removed thither were always properly cared for. In the present day there is no substitute for this system: the sickness of the negro is no longer a matter of importance to his employer; his death is no longer so much money out of his owner's pocket; let him sicken, let him die, he is his own property; he is no loss to any but his own family. It does not cost 200*l*., but 8*d*. a day, and that only when he works, to supply his place. He has no relief from poor's-rates, nor alms-houses, but in the day of his destitution he is dependent on the grants of the Parliament, or on the spontaneous productions of a more liberal soil. Heaven forbid that I should be an advocate for slavery; I merely wish to institute a comparison between the present and the former state of the negro. There can be no doubt that before the manumission of slaves, extreme violence, nay, outrageous acts of cruelty, were perpetrated by the unbridled passions of the overseers. It is unnecessary to adduce instances; all who are interested in this subject are familiar with facts too disgusting for repetition. Education was unheard of; religion, if not actually discountenanced, was certainly not inculcated by the innumerable false doctrines, nor by the reprobate examples afforded by the whites.

In short, the race was not only debased by an ignominious servitude, but was considered and treated as one of inferior animals—as beasts—created for servile purposes; possessing only mental and physical faculties; indifferent to any state, however degraded, in which it might please the white man to place it. Such, however, is far from being the case now. Since the emancipation took place, both the social and the moral condition of the negro has been gradually ameliorating. Justice is now meted to the black in as fair a proportion as to the white man. We all know what is the effect of education alone on the uncultivated mind of the savage. Artificial wants are established, and with them the necessity of supplying those wants by voluntary labour. Every parish has its school; and let a stranger attend church on Sunday, I will answer for it he shall be struck with the numbers and the attention of the congregation; and if he reflect on the normal condition of the African, or on his subsequent one as a slave, and now hears him raise his voice—loudly and heartily too—in the praises of his Maker, he will rejoice, if he be an Englishman, that his country has had the glorious privilege of making the black man free.

26th.—For the last three or four days we have been visiting the neighbouring estates of Holland, Amity Hall, Bachelor's Pen, &c., initiating ourselves into the mysteries of sugar-making and rum-distilling. Notwithstanding that free trade has reduced the price of sugar some 6*l.* or 8*l.* a hogshead, we still think that a good sugar estate is a profitable concern, whatever people may say to the contrary. Think of land that returns 15*l.*, the present price of a hogshead of sugar, per acre, with no more outlay (upon the land) than the expense of spreading the trash or leaves, and crushed parts of the cane, and the cutting and carrying it when grown; for there is here no sowing of seed, the plants are ratoons of twenty years' standing. Most of the mills, too, are worked by water-power, and where steam is used the crushed cane serves as the only fuel. The agents, of course, cry out against free trade, and would like to see what they call an equalising duty of fourteen or fifteen shillings on slave-grown sugar; for not till then, say they, will they be able to compete with their neighbours.

27th.—To-day I rode down, with my rifle, to Holland Bay, hoping to get a shot at an alligator. Near the sea-side is an enormous tract of land, which was formerly a densely-wooded morass, but owing to an incursion of the sea every vestige of vegetation is now completely destroyed. Enormous trees, withered and blanched, stand like an army of skeletons, or rather like white-faced invalids with their feet in the dirty salt water. Immediately at the edge of high water-mark everything is green, so that the dead forest, surrounded by the live, looks like winter in the midst of summer. It is a fit resort for all the reptiles of the country. Having heard that alligators are very partial to sucking pigs, I had provided myself with one of these articles, and sat patiently in the branches of a mangrove tree at the brink of the pool, keeping a sharp look-out, with my rifle on my knees; while a young nigger, whom I had hired expressly for the occasion, amused himself and "summoned the spirits from the vasty deep," by provoking continuous squeaks from the young pig. Grunt followed grunt, and squeak succeeded to squeak, till the porker grew hoarse with his exertions —still no visible effect was produced on the alligators. At length, when I was nearly in a fever from the stinging of all the mosquitoes in the swamp, the nigger, who had hitherto done nothing but laugh at the pig, suddenly stopped, and pointing to something in the water, said—"Eigh! alligator—shoot, massa." For my part I could see nothing, but what I supposed to be a dead log, and would not be persuaded that the object on the surface of the pool, although within fifteen yards of me, was anything but a dead log. "Eigh! Garamighty shoot, massa," the young nigger whispered; but I had no intention of the kind. Soon, however, I observed that the log had slightly altered its position, and it was clearly moving, though almost imperceptibly. Half doubting that I was wasting a charge of powder, I took a steady aim and fired. At the instant of the flash, the monster sprang half out of the water, showed the white of his belly, and with a tremendous splash disappeared from our sight. The nigger assured me that he was dead, and ran off to some houses close at hand to fetch a canoe. When the canoe came we paddled about over the place where the shot was fired; but though we could see to the bottom, we saw no alligator. The boy was as much disappointed as I, and could only exclaim, "Eigh! What dam big alligator—top two, tree day—him come up when him gall broke." It was provoking not to have bagged my game, but I had no idea of stopping two or three days in the swamps till "him gall broke;" so I rode back to

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Golden Grove, determined, if possible, to bag one of these big reptiles another day.

30*th.*—The day being fine, we determined to make an expedition over the Coonah Coonah mountains, to visit Port Antonio, and the district called Portland. Getting on our horses, and taking three or four maroons with us to clear the path over the hills, we set out at half-past eight (it should have been half-past six), and reached Bath in less than an hour. Here we met Mr. S——, who invited us to halt, and gave us a refreshing drink of sparkling hock and spring water. After this invigorator we proceeded a mile or so, and then commenced the ascent. We found the path very rough; here and there a large tree had fallen across it, so that it was with great difficulty we managed to lead our horses round the roots, or by taking off the saddles enabled them to pass underneath the trunk. Some deep holes made by the rain obliged us to keep a look out where the horses put their feet, for in many places a false step would have given beast and rider a roll of several hundred feet. As we ascended, we observed a considerable change in the vegetation. Parasitical and orchidaceous plants grew in great luxuriance; their rope-like roots dropped from the high branches to the ground, and were entwined with endless varieties of creepers, which again clomb upwards, gracefully concealing the unsightliness of their naturally formed ladders. These festoons, woven together in rank exuberance, fashioned themselves above into a verdant canopy, which effectually excluded the scorching rays of the sun. Among the most remarkable objects of this vegetable kingdom is the tree fern. Its stem is sometimes between forty and fifty feet high; from the top it throws out delicate leafy branches, drooping downwards, and giving it all the appearance of a small and beautiful palm. But delightful as are these "shadowy deserts," there is a terrible absence of animal life. Hardly a bird or beast is to be seen. A few days since we rode into the woods above Bachelor's Pen, and saw great numbers of parrots and humming-birds, but to-day we have seen nothing of the kind; the only traces of any living thing being a patch of ground, where some wild pigs had been rooting with their noses, and a black snake, which one of our horses trod on in the path. When we got to the top of the pass just at the foot of the Blue Mountains, and about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, we dismounted, and walked nearly to the bottom of the hill, until we came to a lovely spot, where two or three tributary streams empty themselves into the Rio Grande. At this point, a discussion arose as to where it would be advisable to lunch. A—— and I declared for picnicking by the river side; G—— and Mr. Forbes, A——'s agent, on the other hand, demonstrated the impossibility of our horses feeding anywhere but in a stable. At last we decided that, as the sumpter mule was not in sight, we had better wait till the lunch caught us up, so we chose a shady mango by the water's edge, and *faute de mieux*, busied ourselves, in rather a sulky humour, with making a fire, and looking on at some maroons, who came to catch fish for us. Unfortunately it was rather late in the day to have much sport, but it was amusing to see them dive and search, like otters, under all the large stones, for their prey. When they find a fish, they pin it down with an iron-headed lance-wood spear, and bring it up in their hands.

For nearly two hours we wore out our patience in this way, when the mule came up, and with a keen appetite we hastened to display the contents of the panniers. A silent and serious attack was for some minutes kept up on cold tongues and chickens, and topping up with a wadding of hard-boiled eggs and cherry-brandy, we lighted our pipes, and consigned the fragments of the repast to the tender mercies of the maroons. Without much ceremony they went the best way to work to save themselves the trouble of repacking the hampers. One old man got possession of the brandy bottle, and soon after, exhibited, upon the strength of its contents, some fantastical feats with a cutlass; he ended by putting the point to his stomach, and falling down as if he intended to kill himself. It was, however, only done in joke, but he showed great dexterity in the use of his weapon and offered, if I would give him four dollars (about twice the price of a cutlass), to break it on his naked body at a single blow. I took him at his word, that is, I did not pay for my incredulity. He told us that all maroons were made to practise while young the use of the cutlass, and that none of them ever accept employment where any other implement is used.

Leaving Altamont, the name of our luncheon ground, we rode past what had once been a tolerably large settlement, but was now reduced by the miserable effects of famine and poverty to a few huts, the property of a Scotchwoman and some five or six half-grown children. All the other families had died from the effects of climate, proving, as has been done in many other instances, that the European cannot stand the labour necessary to his maintenance under a tropical sun. At dark we found ourselves in a flat swampy place, called Seaman's Valley, having ten miles to ride before we reached Antonio. Mr. Forbes, to make matters better, did not know the road, and it was some time before we were able to procure a guide. Following our leader, who was on foot, we jogged on at a slow pace, keeping one behind another in Indian file; and, save the stars and myriads of fire-flies, all was as black as pitch. When, every now and then, we came to a thick wood where it was impossible to see your own hand if you held it up, the man in front would call out, "take care, a very nasty place; keep to the right," or, "to the left." At last, the slowness of the pace and the heat of the night made me feel very sleepy, and, notwithstanding the constant caution received to "look out," I found myself bowing every minute most politely to my horse's head. The loud croak of an old bull-frog, or the stumbling of my animal, reminded me with a start that I had actually fallen fast asleep, and I was truly delighted to have my attention called to the nightcapped heads, that poked out with a lighted candle from almost every window, to observe the unusual sight of so large a cavalcade entering Port Antonio. The inn was full, but Thomas, A——'s servant, had secured board and lodging in another house. G——, who was knocked up with the journey, took nothing but tea, and went to bed directly.

31*st.*—After breakfast we went to look at a cave close to the town, but, as the hero in "Used Up" might truly have remarked, there was "nothing in it," except thousands of bats and many ship-loads of guano. Besides this one, there are several large caves in the island, both on the coast and in the interior. Some of them have never been explored, and are, consequently, supposed to penetrate more than three miles underground. On a fine day Cuba is visible from the hills near Antonio; to-day it was not so. As G—— was still unwell, he and A—— preferred travelling in a carriage, and Mr. Forbes took me in a gig. The view of the town from the further side of the bay is pretty, and makes a picturesque foreground to the fine range of Blue Mountains in the distance. Our journey was tame work after yesterday, the road winds along the coast near the sea, occasionally making a great bend to avoid the frequent little coves and landlocked harbours which indent this end of the island. Most of the estates we passed through were out of cultivation, and overgrown with brushwood. The few that still bear cane are not more than sufficient to afford sugar for the consumption of the district.

At —— river we stopped to bait ourselves and horses. Mr. S——, the proprietor, was very civil; Mrs. S——, his wife, a bland, timid little woman, was rather put out, I fear, by our visit; she was very anxious that things should "go off" well, and I suspect the luncheon must have been a severe trial to her. The servant, an antediluvian-looking nigger, would do everything wrong, and would not hear any of Mrs. S——'s whispers to put him right. Conceive how provoking, that an old woolly-headed rascal should set a dish of potatoes at the head of the table, under a big cover, and a quarter of lamb in the middle of the table, crowned as it were with the cover of a vegetable dish; and actually put the dessert on, when there was a whole pastry-cook's shop to be admired. Upon my word! after a week's rehearsal, too, no doubt! Well, well, old servants will be old servants, though Mrs. S—— thinks—at least I should not wonder if she did—that it is very immoral to grow old and do such wicked things, as to wait at dinner in that sort of way. There happened to be a very odd man "dropped in," to call while we were there. He seemed quite taken aback at meeting us; he was such a very mild man; his voice, when he did speak, was so low that I could not help thinking it must have come out of the back of his neck. For the life of him he could not remember the names of places or people; he called Forbes, Mc Cornock; and Golden Grove, Hector River, though the names are not the least similar or synonymous. Had we sat there long, A——, who is the funniest little fellow in the world, would have made me laugh at this man I am sure; but poor G—— was beginning to show symptoms of fever, and we were obliged to be moving homewards.

February 1*st.*— G—— is no better; Thomas is taken ill; Crabb, the other servant, and A——, are both complaining, and neither of them looking pretty. The Doctor arrives from Bath.

5*th.*—This is dull work for me. The whole party are in their beds with fever. G—— and Thomas seriously ill. Dr. Ferguson is sent for from Kingston. I generally amuse myself alligator hunting; to-day I nearly rode over a very large one lying on the bank, but he was in the river before I saw him. I hit him the first shot, and hardly had time to load before he rose again and swam straight at me; I had two bullets in my rifle and put them both into his head; this, I think, must have done for him, he did not appear again. Another one I found asleep, and secured for a stuffed specimen.

7th.—As the invalids were all better, and the worst of them pronounced to be quite out of danger, I took leave of Golden Grove, wishing to make the best use of my time till the steamer sailed on the 16th. My heavy baggage (two portmanteaus) preceded me in a wain, drawn by eight oxen! and Mr. Forbes drove me to Morant Bay. Here I borrowed a drogger, a boat of twenty tons, and set sail for Kingston. My crew consisted of a black captain, a white first-lieutenant, and two able-bodied nigger seamen. We had a good breeze out of the harbour, which lasted to Yallahs Point. Till twelve o'clock I took the helm, then piped to dinner, or, rather, to salt-fish and biscuit, soaked in the melted fat of salt pork.

The sun was awfully hot, and I was sadly burnt. Towards evening the wind died away, and it was just sunset as we passed Port Royal. I began to think what I would have for supper at the Date Tree, and how much I should enjoy my bed, when the captain, to my astonishment, offered me more salt pork, and observed, we should get in by good time in the morning. "What! you surely don't mean to anchor to-night?" I asked. "Yes, Massa, can't see 'em 'takes must 'top to-night." This was a bore, but there was nothing left but to "prick for a soft plank," and with a bag of peas for a pillow consign myself to slumber and the cock-roaches. After a moderate night I was awoke by the day-light gun from the flag-ship; weighed anchor, and with a light breeze landed at Kingston at 10 a.m. The "Teviot" was lying alongside the wharf when I arrived, and, meeting the mail-agent, I went to the office to see my old friend the captain. There was a party of Kingston gossips in the room. "Well," said one, "shocking thing isn't it, poor Mr. G—— dying so soon." "I don't wonder," said another, before I had time to speak, "How could he be so foolish as to expose himself as he has done, sitting whole days in a swamp watching for alligators." "Oh, dear," said a third, "that's not altogether the cause of his illness. The fact is, he is a bad subject; such a stout gentleman as Mr. G., is a very bad subject." "Stop, stop, you are mistaken," said I; "you are calumniating my friends by whole-sale. Mr. G—— is as thin as a whipping-post, and never sat a day in a swamp in his whole life. Mr. A—— is stout enough if you like, and none the worse subject for that—but I advise you not to let him hear you say that his stoutness is likely to prove fatal; he would not like it, I assure you." "Nor any one else," quoth the captain. The gossips looked at me as much as to say, who the deuce are you? Leaving them to solve the problem, I joined the captain, and dined with him on board the steamer.

By an early train on the 11th I left Kingston for Spanish Town, where I hired a gig from Mr. Grant, the horse-dealer. At breakfast, in the coffee-room, before starting, my attention was attracted by a cleanish-looking white gentleman swinging in a Yankee rocking-chair in the middle of the room, chewing his cud, and digesting his morning meal. "Good morning, sir, good morning," he began, eyeing me from head to foot with a calculating glance; "from Hamerica, I presume?" "No, sir, no." "Lately harived in the country, sir?" "Yes, sir, quite lately." "Ah, from Hingland, no doubt; native of London, sir?" "From England, sir, but not a native of London." "Hin the harmy, I presume?" "No, sir, not in the army." "Business, perhaps?" "No, sir, travelling merely for pleasure." "Ah! very pleasant, very pleasant. Not seen much of the hisland, yet, I presume?" "No, not much." "Been in the Heast, yet, sir?" "Yes, sir, I have been in India." "Hindeed, sir, but I mean the hother hend of the hisland." "Oh! I see—yes, I have just returned from St. Thomas." "From what part might I hask?" "Golden Grove." "Staying with Mr. A——, the proprietor?" "Yes." "Then, sir, I presume you are Mr. G——." "No, sir, my name is Coke." "Ah! hoh! hindeed? Ah, I thought so." "Why didn't you say so then?" I thought, but did not speak it. We talked till my breakfast was over. He was going to the east end, and offered to take any letter or message for me to the "hother gents." I accepted his offer, and in return he gave me a letter to be delivered on my way to Falmouth. It was a choice composition, and very likely he was rather proud of it, for he gave it to me to read. It was addressed to one "Dear O'Shornosy," stating that "the bearer Mr. *Cook* being anxious to inspect all the curorsities of the ajasent country, he had mentioned that delightful sight, the cave, to him, and in consequence of which he Mr. C—— was anxious to see the same, and if dear O'Shornosy could spare time, he, O'S., would oblige him, J. B., to accompany the gent." The letter concluded with "a kiss for Miss Paddy O'Shornosy," and was subscribed J. Bacon.— Mr. Bacon, as I have already stated, was proud of the letter, and I am quite certain if he ever sees it in print, he will be proud of that too. At least, he cannot be offended, for I herewith beg publicly to thank him for his kindness, and express my regret that the torrents of rain which descended on my head for several hours after we parted, washed away all possibility of seeing either of the "curorsities"— "O'Shornosy," or "the cave."

Passing through the Bog Walk I put up my horses for a couple of hours at Ewarton. Without doors everything was wet and dull, and the only source of amusement was to smoke a cigar out of a window, opening into the farm-yard. Quick or dead, all its contents looked equally woe-begone. The dog shivered in his kennel. The turkeys' tails were too heavy, or the birds had not pluck to keep them from draggling in the mud. The cocks and hens too were wretched, and after their wont on like occasions, stood comfortlessly under shelter of an idle gig or cart, now and then balancing themselves on the tips of their toes, making spasmodic efforts to shake their feathers dry.

Even the monkey, usually a cheerful and sociable being, was lamenting with shrugged shoulders the gloom of the morning—not venturing to look abroad unless some restless-minded pigeon happened to flop heavily on the roof of his house, when, his instinct getting the better of his reason, he always wetted his jacket in an attempt to catch hold of the pigeon's legs. In course of time the heavy rain settled into a heavy mist, and, on the principle of 'anything for a change,' I made John, my nigger-coachman, put the horses to, and left for the Moneague. Happily the sun gradually dispersed the mist, giving me some noble views as I crossed Mont Diavolo, the only pass in the range of mountains that divide St. Anne's from St. Thomas in the vale. Hereabouts the whole country is a sea of hills and dales, which recalled to my mind the scenery in Borneo and the islands of the Eastern Archipelago, though far tamer, and with much less of variety in vegetation. The inn at the Moneague was much better than could be expected in so outlandish a spot. Things were dear, but one was glad to pay any sum for accommodation where it was so acceptable.

The next morning I left the main road to St. Anne's, and took what is called the 'grand interior,' for Falmouth. Why 'grand interior' I cannot understand:—at hardly any point in it is there room for two vehicles to pass one another, and most part of the road is covered with grass—not an indication of much traffic. Twenty-five miles from the Moneague we came to Brown's Town. My reminiscences of this place, if they depend on my breakfast, are not likely to be agreeable. One egg and a stale piece of dry bread was all that could be got for a famished man.

From Brown's Town, which is at the foot of the mountains, the road is strikingly uninteresting, when compared with that of my yesterday's journey. The only object that prevented my falling asleep was a poor little lamb I passed by the road-side, with six or eight infernal John-crows or Turkey-buzzards strutting round it, impatiently waiting till their victim had lost the little strength it yet was able to exert in its own defence. Sometimes these harpies would make a threatening hop to within a few inches of the lamb's head, and weak as it was it seemed to be aware that the moment it ceased to move they would cease to wait, and turned upon them the most piteous looks, imploring them at least not to begin before their time.

In the afternoon I reached Hyde Hall, a property belonging to an old college acquaintance. We were delighted at meeting again, and had a most pleasant *tête-à-tête* after dinner on Cantab days and Cantab men.

13*th.*— S—— rode with me round his estate. I was struck with its inferiority to those in the east end of the island. Nevertheless, it is considered one of the good properties of Trelawny, though it has been badly managed, and labours under disadvantages to which the district of St. Thomas is not subject. Wages are here much higher, and the crops, which vary with the seasons, are as often injured by drought as by an excess of rain. A large amount of manure is necessary for the cultivation of the cane, and the want of water-power compels them to exhaust all their trash in fuel. Many of the mills are worked by mules, and notwithstanding the expense of this method, an opinion prevails that small estates not producing over 100 or 200 hogsheads of sugar cannot sustain the outlay of a steam-engine. S. tells me that it is not the custom for the negroes in this district to pay rent for their houses, and that if it were demanded, all of them would refuse to work. Many negroes live on their own bits of land, purchased at enormous prices from the dissenting ministers, who have persuaded them that, as free men, they ought not to live upon the estates, or depend on the charity of their employers.

14*th*.—I took S—— in my gig, and sent John to meet me at Dry Harbour. We breakfasted at Captain D——'s, a gentleman-like old bachelor, formerly of a dragoon regiment, with a most courteous manner and an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. With great kindness he drove us seven or eight miles on the road, till I overtook my vehicle. We then parted, and stopping only a few minutes at St. Anne's Bay to buy corn for my horses, I did not bait until I reached a house on the eight-mile hill, where I was detained nearly three hours. This delay gave me a long drive in the dark before I got to the Moneague. After demolishing for my supper the "débris" of a bread pudding, I turned into a pair of sheets out of which I could have wrung water. There were neither windows nor blinds to my bed-room, and upon the whole I felt as uncomfortable in body and mind as circumstances could well make me. After a wretched night, I got away before dawn. The morning was drizzly, and one's light clothing being soon soaked through, I thought I was giving a fair trial to the cold-water system. While waiting at Linstead, thirteen miles from Spanish Town, four men brought the corpse of a black woman to the inn. There was only a small cloth thrown over the body, and as she had died from some horrible disease the sight did not improve my appetite for breakfast. About ten o'clock the day cleared, and afforded me an excellent opportunity of admiring the beautiful scenery of the Bog Walk. The rocky walls which overhang the road, the gigantic cotton trees, the stately palms, the orange trees laden with fruit and blossoms, the ferns, the creepers, the flowers, all were beautiful, and more beautiful than all, the graceful clumps of bamboos, like huge bunches of green ostrich plumes, growing at the very edge of the water, and seeming bound at their roots by the crystal stream which flowed in tortuous course through the gorge. Several empty sugar wains, drawn by fourteen oxen, passed us on the road. The driver of these carries a whip long enough to reach the farthest of them. He often cracks this wonderful machine, sending forth a report as loud as that of a pistol, thus giving warning of his approach, and time to others to get out of his way. John informed me that it was very dangerous to meet these waggons; for when loaded they rattle down the steep hills at terrific speed, and if they come upon another carriage where the road is narrow they are unable to stop, and severe accidents occur. He said he had twice been nearly killed by them. Once they broke "tree 'poke of de wheel and 'prained de ancle of em gentleam him was dribing," and on another occasion he was only saved by turning over the bank and upsetting himself and his gig.

Soon after I reached Kingston, G—— arrived from Golden Grove, having been, like myself, a day and a half coming from Morant Bay. He looks terribly pulled down, but is better. A—— is on his way by land, but will not be here before we leave.

17*th.*—With some bother G—— and I got our passports yesterday from the Spanish Consul, and took our places in the royal mail steamer "Tay."

We are now lying at anchor off St. Jago de Cuba. The entrance to the harbour is narrow, and commanded by a fort, called, of course, the Morro. Between this and the anchorage near the town are a number of bays and inlets perfectly landlocked, some of them large enough to hold half-a-dozen fleets. Tom Cringle describes the place, making it the scene of a "cutting out" expedition. In the evening I accompanied a party of our officers to hear the band play on the Plaza. Crowds were walking about; the women smoking, sometimes without anything, sometimes with a mantilla on their heads. On the following day, G., Mr. Beatty, the acting consul, and I, rode to Caney, a couple of leagues from the town. Caney is the "half-way house," or halting place between St. Jago and the surrounding plantations. The muleteers stop here for their dram of *agua diente;* and on Sunday "the quality" of St. Jago make it a resort for hot rolls and chocolate. We quenched our thirst on some tolerable maraschino and cold water, smoked cigarettes, and returned. I should not forget to remark that Caney is one of the very few places in the Antilles where any trace of the Indians may still be seen. They have a village here, but by an occasional intermarriage with Spaniards, or negroes, are rapidly losing the idiosyncracies of their race.

19*th.*—Parted with G., who sailed soon after in the "Tay" back to Jamaica. Poor fellow! I wish he was well enough to go on with me.

When the "Tay" was gone, I paid a visit to the copper mines at Cobré. The mines are in the hands of two companies; one English, the other Spanish. Captain Reynolds, a Cornish miner, who is the director of the works in the English mine, took me "in charge," and pointed out, much to my amusement, the superiority of the English company over the other, showing, which was an undeniable proof of it, that his mines produced ten times more metal than the Spanish. At Cobré there is a celebrated church whither people from all parts of the country flock, at stated periods, to perform a pilgrimage to the shrine of its patron saint—the Virgin. Amongst other decorations and effigies in this church, is a rude figure of the Virgin, ornamented with valuable jewels and richly attired. Her under garments are changed once a week, and the office of washing them is consigned to the Padre's sister. Numbers of pictures of the Holy Mother as she appeared to the favoured inhabitants of Cobré, and models of distorted limbs, to remind her of those cases most worthy her attention, are also suspended from all parts of the walls.

A special train was provided for my return. There were eight miles of tramway from the mines down to the coast, and as the decline was very rapid, our speed was equal to that of a "Great Northern express," with no other power to propel us than a loaded car to give impetus to our descent. On turning an angle in the road, a herd of goats happened to cross the line; I thought we should certainly be upset, but our speed saved us; we ran over the goats, leaving them sprawling on the road, some of them cut fairly in half by the wheels. That afternoon, I left San Jago in the "Guadalquiver" steamer, for Trinidad de Cuba. Passengers from almost every nation were on board; of my own countrymen, three beside myself.

Some time ago I had made up my mind to perform this voyage in a coasting vessel; finding a nice little steamer starting at the right moment, and getting a whole cabin to myself, was a piece of good luck I did not look for. At present the only objectionable part of it is the food; the dinner, especially, is execrable; everything stinking abominably of garlic, and cooked, I would swear, in the same oil that is used to grease the engine with. The sea is beginning to be rough, and none but the "old stagers" are proof against these smells and the motion of the vessel.

19*th.*—Coasting the whole day with land very close at times. Found "Pendennis" and Mr. Vandervoort, an American, very agreeable company. Mr. B—— was a bore, because he thought everybody else a bore. B—— is evidently travelling to cure a nervous complaint. He might as well take water for the dropsy. He has conceived a dislike to another passenger, and whenever this man appears B—— disappears, either behind the funnel or headlong down the hatchway. His bugbear is a Yankee. He trembles lest he should be put out, extinguished, with tobacco juice, and the Yankee takes shots between the bars of his chair. B—— takes notes of everything, he is a walking statistic. He carries in his pocket a folio of memoranda as big as a volume of the British Encyclopædia. He goes every five minutes to discover how many rotations the wheel is making in one; talks mysteriously of the signs of the times, and expresses infinite reverence for the public press. He execrates the whole herd of novel writers and novel readers—thinks there is no fun in Punch—feels seasick, and takes—a note.

20th.—We are amongst "the Thousand Islands," or the "Queen's Garden." The water is like quicksilver, and there is not a cloud in the sky. On every side little green spots seem floating peacefully in an atmosphere of blue. The vessel disturbs a shoal of flying fish, and a flock of black ducks sail round us, astonished at the intrusion of the smoking monster. At sunset we dropped anchor not many miles from Santa Cruz.

21*st.*—At noon, we are in the harbour of Trinidad. It is Washington's birth-day, and the American ships are decked from their trucks to the water with stars and stripes, and with the flags of all nations. Vandervoort introduces me to the American Consul, and I get a cast in his volante from Casilda, where we landed, to the house of a Spanish friend of mine, one Juan Andre. My friend was staying at his country-seat, two leagues from Trinidad. While waiting for a volante at the town-house, my patience and small talk had to undergo a severe ordeal in listening to the dull remarks of a person, who I believe was some connexion of my friend's. *A la* West Indian, we sat and smoked, and smoked and sat. As a matter of course, nothing further was proposed. Amusement in the daytime is a thing unknown. Only now and then I was enlivened by the glimpse of some young señorita in her morning *deshabille*, as she rushed past the door, or peeped from behind the pannel at the "Inglese" stranger. The room itself was, perhaps, the most interesting subject for contemplation. Like the women's dresses, it was built for comfort and coolness, but with this difference between them—the Spanish women only wear furniture in the evening; the room all the day. The floor was marble, the walls frescoed, the big folding-doors handsomely carved; large mirrors were not wanting, nor chandeliers, nor pianofortes, nor China jars, nor Parisian clocks, nor alabaster statuettes, nor a variety of pretty nicknacks which would complete an inventory fit for the use and ornament of the house of any man of wealth and taste. My new acquaintance and I were both beginning to yawn when the volante was announced. I jumped in and was driven to Juan Andre's château. The party assembled consisting of his brother, two cousins, the foreman of his sugar-works, and his gamekeeper, (the two latter in their shirt sleeves;) were on the point of sitting down to dinner when I arrived. Preparatory to feeding, each person went through the ceremony of washing his hands. In truth, there was not much beyond ceremony in the matter, for these ablutions were performed consecutively in the same basin and in the same water. The table-cloth, evidently quite used to it, served as the towel, and the maxim of "every one for himself" was soon put into practice. The whole business was novel to me, and therefore amusing. A more particular person, troubled with a delicate stomach, might not have appreciated the arrangement with the same degree of gusto. The dishes were necessarily all Spanish, and, excepting the indispensable ingredients, oil and garlic, it would have puzzled a chemist to determine what did or did not enter into the composition of these infernal messes. Every one helped himself or his friend with his own knife and fork; and, as often as not, dispensed with even this formality, using fingers for all purposes. Between every dish—I might almost say between each mouthful, a "golpe" of tobacco smoke was inhaled. Upon the top of all a layer of cheese and syrup, or cheese mixed with coffee, was deposited; no doubt, as a species of police against disturbances or disagreement in the regions destined for the reception of this heterogeneous *mêlée*. When all had eaten enough, or too much, as the case might be, the horses were ordered, and a good shaking ride on pacing ponies was inflicted to the neighbouring plantations.

CHAPTER II.

Cuba.—Don Justo C.—Cock-fighting.—Political jealousy of the Cubans and its Causes.—Present Miserable Condition of the Country and its Prospects.—Causes which menace the Dominion of Spain.—Sunday in Cuba.—Dinner at the American Consul's.—Ride to Arimao.—A Night in the Hen-roost.—Batabano.—Ethnological Discussion between two American Gentlemen.—"All Britishers have an Accent, a Peculiar way of Speaking."—Havannah by Railroad.—Public Execution.—Garrotting.—A Hardened Sinner.—Carnival at the Havannah.—Passage from Havannah to Charlestown.—The Genus Snob as found in America.

February 22nd.—Early in the morning Juan Andre took me to a high point, whence I had a view of his property. It extended as far as the eye could reach, and was covered with cane. This, however, was not a tenth part of the property belonging to the family, or rather to their step-father, Don Justo C——, one of the richest men in Cuba. Don Justo is the owner of six large estates, upon each of which is a complete establishment, including a residence house, and sugar works fitted with the latest improvements in machinery. The aggregate number of slaves employed on these estates exceeds two thousand.

Before breakfast we were entertained by Juan Andre with a cock-fight, and some cock-training; after breakfast we took horse to visit some of his step-father's plantations.

In this country it is esteemed a particular mark of favour to be permitted, as a foreigner, to penetrate a single mile into the interior of the island: so jealous are the Spaniards of the influence of extraneous principles, more especially of those likely to be entertained by English or Americans, as subjects of governments so widely differing from their own. Indeed it is not a matter of astonishment that a disinclination to criticism should exist, where any comparison with other countries must so painfully expose the prominent defects in their own. The pitiable state in which the Cubans now are, is only equalled by their prospects for the future. There is hardly a country which the Spanish powers do not regard with distrust and suspicion. Many of the wealthiest proprietors in the island are secretly inclined to invite their neighbours of the North, but doubt and fear restrain them. All, however, seem aware that the Spanish banner will not wave many years longer over the Queen of the Antilles; and few Cubans are there who will lament, or desire to avert the change. Compelled to raise resources for the mother-country, and to maintain those agents who exact the payment of them, they caress the rod that scourges them. Considered as a treasure presently to be lost, and of which the most must be made in the meantime, they have no feeling but hatred for the Spaniards of old Spain; and in the event of a struggle, though Cuba may not gain, Spain must undoubtedly be a loser.

On the four or five plantations I have seen here, the slaves are exceedingly well treated. They have good houses and good food, fresh meat every day, and, judging from appearances, are in a happier condition than are, at present, the free men in our colonies.

23rd, Sunday.—Took volante and drove to town, and, by way of spending the day profitably, sat five hours in a cockpit. Alas! it is the fate of travellers sometimes to "do at Rome as Romans do," and as Trinidadians when in Trinidad: besides (for a lame excuse or two), there was no Protestant church in the place, and cock-fighting can't be seen to perfection every day in the week; and so—my friend being a man who fights his three or four cocks every day, and loses his twenty ounces as often as any body—I could not well do less than sit out the performances from beginning to end, and tire myself, and be disgusted with a disgusting and cruel exhibition as it was. But to describe it:—The circus holds about two hundred people; the instant the birds are brought in, every one of these two hundred commence backing their opinion as to the result of the combat, not alone with money, but with screams, yells, gesticulations, and every sort of means which the excitement of the moment can suggest, short of knocking each other down. Silence is restored by the first few "cuts and guards" of the wary belligerents, till one, generally the elder, makes a feint and succeeds in planting his spur in the eye of his adversary. Whereupon the whole two hundred again perform the scene of the commencement, with some slight variations in the odds and their feelings. A good chicken will finish his work in three minutes, but, if himself badly wounded, may peck and peck till the other, suddenly roused, makes one tremendous effort and drives his two spurs through the neck of the assailant. Again the multitude get up to scream and the odds come down. There is more noise, more smoke than ever. While the betting is going on, the "bottle-holders" pick up the now equally enfeebled combatants; suck and lick their bleeding heads, as if they were putting barley-sugar into their mouths; spirt water in their faces, shake them up, and once more set them in battle array. But they are both quite exhausted, and unless one is lucky enough to be killed soon, they go round and round till one dies by degrees, almost without the trouble of being killed by a blow. Such is cock-fighting; and such is the only pastime, the only object, the study and recreation of the *gentleman* of this part of the world. Three days of every week are spent in the cockpit, they talk of nothing else, and think of nothing else the remaining four.

25*th.*—Drove out to call on Don Justo C—— before breakfast. He showed me over one of his sugar manufactories; it was on a larger scale, and more perfect than any I have yet seen. They make no rum here, but the molasses undergoes an additional course of refinement. The sugar is purged with wet clay, and drains through small porous jars. It is of a much finer quality than that made in our islands, and is nearly white. On all these plantations the slaves work night and day during crop-time. They are divided into two bands. At evening, when "the curfew tolls the knell, &c.," the night band take their spell, and are relieved at the end of twelve hours by those who work in the day. Don Justo pressed me to stop for dinner; I willingly did so, the more willingly because I recognised, among other members of the family, two of the peeping apparitions of the town house. One a tall young lady with an oval face and large black eyes; the other a middle sized young lady, with what Haji Baba would have called a "moon face," and large blue eyes. The tall one was rather sentimental; the short one particularly merry. You may call me "spooney" if you will, but I solemnly protest I never saw two such pretty faces before. Of course I mean two such pretty Spanish faces. No one who ever heard with what pathos I sometimes, in these remote corners of the earth, whistle the tune of "the girls we left behind us," or knew with what genuine sentiment we wanderers mix our first glass of grog on Saturday nights, to the never-forgotten toast of "sweethearts and wives," would ever think of accusing me of—well never mind. There are some people who need not be jealous of even Spanish beauties, and without any "odious comparisons" in the matter, I still persist in thinking, that, for a pair of señoritas, these two have not their match all the way from Cadiz to Corunna, and back again. The only thing I could think of all dinner time was, "How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away." I would defy a man to fall in love with one if the other was there too. Both were so pretty yet so unlike: if the short one had the sweetest little mouth and the prettiest little dimples at the side of it, ever seen, the tall one was a fourth grace, a swan with the relative measurement of legs and neck, improved upon; and then, good gracious! what a look! not like that of the blue eyes, which were always cast down in case of contact, but such a look as would have stared a saucer out of countenance, and cost at least a week's appetite to any man, though his heart had been as hard as fifteen nether millstones. Only conceive how horrified I must have been to hear that the eldest was engaged to be married in a month, and how astonished I was to learn that she was only twelve years old. Don't be alarmed ye ladies of England, at the thoughts of this somewhat premature step; to look at, I assure you, either of them might have been any age,—under eighteen. My volante at the door at length reminded me that the time was come to say that unpleasant word "goodbye." So with a polite "*a sus pieds de usted,*" to the lovely sisters, I turned my back upon the amiable family, I suppose for ever!

26*th.*—After a very pleasant dinner with Vandervoort, and two other Americans, we adjourned to drink our wine at Mr. Mac Something's, the yankee consul, an excellent man who gloried in good Madeira and his Scotch descent. The unusual circumstance of five men sitting round a table all speaking the English language as their mother tongue, in a place like Trinidad, made the party a jolly one. The conversation took a friendly turn, we were bent upon complimenting each other on the merits of our native lands. It was a trite truism on my part to say that America was destined to be a great nation, at least, I was thereby hazarding no new idea. Their opinions of old England were equally flattering. The Madeira was unexceptionable, and gave a mellow tone to the consul's voice that almost brought tears into (his own) eyes, as he sung one after another the most familiar of the Scotch songs. So pleasant we all got to be, we might have been at "auld lang syne," and drinking old Madeira till now, had not the party been broken up by a summons from Juan Andre, saying the horses were ready, and he was waiting for me. "The best of friends must part," and travellers are not permitted to indulge too often or too long in such pleasant diversions as these, which like mile-stones and land-marks on the journey, remain firm and fresh when all the disagreeable has "faded and gone."

As might be supposed, I did not find it very convenient to sit the fidgetty steed that was to have the honour of carrying me fifty miles in the dark; and melancholy as was the parting in other respects, my friends laughed heartily when they saw me steadying myself in the saddle for a start. The party assembled to accompany me on my trip—I was going to Arimao—consisted of Don Andre, Don Miguel C——, brother to Don Justo, La Plante an artist, the old fisherman or gamekeeper before mentioned, and two acquaintances of my friend. All except myself were heavily armed, and had we met with an adventure all would I believe have behaved like men. The night was fine, and a beautiful moon soon gave us plenty of light. La Plante who had a good voice, made the ride pleasant by singing operatic airs all the way. About nine leagues from Trinidad we pulled up for a cup of coffee and a smoke. At one in the morning we reached St. Juan, a lonely hut by the road side in the midst of a mountainous country. The accommodation was not strictly speaking, excellent—one little cabin and a loft made up the house. But we were tired and hungry, and glad to get rest. My companions set to work at once by the help of a farthing rushlight, to overhaul the contents of some panniers we had brought with us. The result was I felt my appetite as much impaired by the sight of them as if I had eaten the quantity my companions afterwards eat. Leaving them to their supper I took the precaution to look out for a perch of some kind, before the increased demand for that article should leave me no choice in the matter. I scrambled by aid of a ladder through a trap-door into a loft, and after disturbing sundry domesticated old cocks and hens, and nearly breaking my head in the dark against the rafters, I managed to tumble "all standing" into what I found to be a very good grass hamack. Pulling off my spurs and rolling myself up in my plaid, I slept sound till the cock-crowing above and the bustle below informed me that it was time to turn out. The morning was cold, and it was not till we had ridden some fifteen or twenty miles that the fog broke away and the hot sun made its appearance. The scenery we passed through was not fine, but indeed I have seen nothing in the island to be compared for beauty to Jamaica. We reached Arimao in the middle of the day. It is a sort of stock farm surrounded by many thousand acres of grass, and looks unpleasantly wild and rural. In the evening about sunset, for the space of half-an-hour, hundreds of pigeons or doves flew over the house to the woods, up the country. Some of my companions amused themselves by shooting at them, but did not kill many as they flew so low and so fast.

March 1*st.*—I find Arimao very dull—All the party but myself speak Spanish—All the party but myself are fond of shooting—All the party but myself like to get up before daylight and bathe in the middle of the day, eat big suppers and make a tremendous noise. This morning I was persuaded to go with them to a lagune after ducks. I never saw so many water-fowl together, but I could not shoot with their guns (which have a good chance of bursting even if they were not loaded, entirely by guess-work). My friends came home an hour or two after I did, bringing with them forty-three ducks and coots, a dozen parrots, a number of pigeons, some guinea-fowls, and a few quails. We made an excursion to fish in the evening, and I foolishly separating from the others, lost my way. The country is so devoid of striking objects, that when I got to the river I could not tell whether to go up or down it. After hunting a couple of hours in the dark for some sign to guide me, I was forced to give it up, and was looking out for a comfortable tree, when I spied at a great distance a light which I took for a rising star, fortunately it turned out to be from the house. A night in these prairies would not after all have been much worse than a night at the farm, for what with dirt, fleas, and cold, I am compelled to sleep every night with all my clothes on, even to my coat. Tomorrow, however, we go, and there will be an end to these grievances. As for my companions they are more than half savages, and had I not chanced to have with me "Notre Dame de Paris," and "Mansfield Park," I could hardly have survived the week.

2nd.—Arrived at Cien Fuegos, six leagues from Arimao. It is a flourishing little town, and threatens to monopolise the trade on this side the island. The houses are built in Grecian style, and the people are said to be very wealthy. The first object, as usual, was the pit, and, being at the mercy of my friends, I was obliged to pass the whole day in the intellectual pastime of cock-fighting. It was, however, some small consolation to see them lose a considerable number of doubloons. In the afternoon Juan Andre returned to Trinidad. At eight P.M. I sailed from Cien Fuegos, in the Tayaba steamer. In fifteen hours we reached Batabano; but, thanks either to the stupidity or connivance of the people, no trains leave for Havannah until to-morrow. This arrangement is carried out with every steamer that comes here; and, though all abuse, none attempt to amend it. Certainly, Batabano stands in much need of custom and improvement; for a more wretched place to stop a day in cannot be imagined.

At a billiard-table, or rather *the* billiard-table, I fell in with two Americans, whom I soon became acquainted with,—as they saved me the trouble of introducing myself, by a discussion that arose amongst them as to what country I belonged to. One thought I might be an Englishman—the other was sure I was a Yankee; so it ended by the question being put to me, "Whether I was a Britisher or not?" When I gave them the information they required, both said "it was very strange, for now they heard me talk they did not observe I had any English accent." I said I thought it would be very much more strange if I had; upon which they assured me "all Britishers had an accent—a peculiar way of speaking English: they always cut their words so short." Like all Americans I have met, they were agreeable enough if humoured a little, and perfectly civil if civilly treated. In the evening we congregated on board the steamer which was to take them to Cien Fuegos, and played four or five rubbers of whist until they sailed.

4th.—Went by train to the Havannah. Carriages pretty fair, but slow; three hours going thirty-seven miles. Road uninteresting; country flat. Few cocoa-nut trees, thousands of palms—the same as in Jamaica are called Mountain Cabbages. The first view of Havannah, from the south side, is not unlike an Eastern city. The yellow walls and flat-roofed houses, the low and dusty-looking country, the sea, the hot sky, the strings of sumpter mules, the dark-complexioned natives—all aid the illusion. May a closer intimacy not destroy it! Who can delight in the West after travelling in the East?

I have now been five weeks in the Havannah. What I have seen or done in that time convinces me that one or two is quite enough for all ordinary purposes of interest. In five weeks a person may learn to put up with much discomfort, to smoke much tobacco, to waste much time, and to speak a little and understand less of the worst-spoken Spanish. Besides the Opera, a band which plays every evening, and the Dominica Café, there are no means of amusing oneself. For foreigners, at least, there is no society, and I believe hardly any amongst the Habaneros themselves. This, perhaps, is the less to be regretted, as no one who has seen a little of them can wish to see more. As a general rule, they are ignorant, profligate, and unprincipled; full of arrogant pride, without any sense of honour; if in office, ever ready to defraud the Government, and, from the highest to the lowest, open to the most unblushing venality. They gamble till they lose their last coat, and then would sell their skin to keep a volante. Isolated from the rest of the world, Havannah is all and everything to them; and you might as well talk metaphysics to a cow as attempt to persuade them that any capital in Europe may be named in the same day with their own. What, after all, have they to boast of? Their buildings, say they, are the finest, their Opera the largest, their Passéo the longest, their equipages the best-appointed, their men the bravest, and their women the prettiest that ever were seen. In the first place let me tell them, if there be any truth in the above statements, it is wonderfully economised; and next, if they have anything to be proud of, a bad time, so it appears, is in store for them, when they will have to leave off boasting, and take to getting their living in more creditable ways than they do at present.

A day or two since I got permission to visit a criminal in the capilla of the town prison. He was to be garrotted the following day, for having robbed and murdered a boy. He looked a terrible ruffian, and made signs to me, as he was not allowed to speak, of stabbing and being strangled, shrugging his shoulders at the same time, and smiling with the most cold-blooded indifference. That "conscience makes cowards of us all" was for once not true: the man had no conscience to make a coward of him. A priest was in the capilla, and two sentries guarded the door. The morning of the execution I was at the Campo del Marte before daylight. The crowd had already assembled, and the tops of the houses were thronged with people. The women, with their fans in their hands, occupied the front rows of chairs, in order to see better the horrors which were about to take place. By squeezing and pushing I managed to get within eight or nine yards of the machine, where I had not long been before the procession was seen moving up the Passéo. A few cavalry were in front to clear the road; behind them came the host, with a number of priests and the prisoner on foot, dressed in white; a large guard brought up the rear. The soldiers formed an open square. The executioner, the culprit, and one priest ascended the steps of the platform; the prisoner quietly seated himself, but got up again to adjust the chair and make himself more comfortable! The executioner then arranged the band round his neck, tied his legs and arms, and retired behind the post. At a word from the priest the wrench was turned. For a single instant the limbs of the culprit were convulsed. The head was kept perfectly erect by a sort of iron prong beneath the ears. The face, which remained uncovered, was horribly distorted; the eyes were closed, but the lower jaw was pulled wide open, and the blood, which immediately blackened all the features, oozed from the mouth and fell in large drops upon the white shirt. No exclamation, no whisper of horror, escaped from the lookers-on. Such a scene was too familiar to their eyes to excite any feeling but curiosity; and had the execution taken place at the usual spot instead of in the town, few would have given themselves the trouble to witness it. The body remained in the machine till four in the afternoon, exposed in the greatest thoroughfare of the town—a disgusting monument of this civilising process of the nineteenth century.

The end of Passion Week is rather an interesting time to be in the Havannah. The three last days are kept with great ceremony. From Thursday till Saturday no quadrupeds are allowed within the walls of the city; and long processions, headed by the Captain-General and all the officials in full uniform, parade the streets, from church to church, several times each day. On Friday an effigy of the Saviour is carried about, accompanied by a regiment of troops with their arms reversed, a band playing a solemn march, and a train of priests bearing emblems of the Crucifixion. On Sunday a mock resurrection is acted. The figures are most grotesque; and, indeed, the whole ceremony is more to be regarded as a painful farce, than as an affecting remembrance of what it is meant to represent.

Last night a masqued ball was given at the town. Everybody was there, disporting themselves in motley, and rubbing off the whitewash of the holy week. The theatre was handsomely "got up," though not to be compared to Drury Lane in the hands of Jullien. In the centre of the floor was a raised stage, upon which small companies of

Catalonians, who manage the whole affair, perform in turns various divertissements, according to their taste. These companies are called *Compasos.* Each assumes some particular costume, and, with their own bands to play for them, dance, attitudinise, do the acrobat business, or play the fool, till the next party is ready to take their places. They then leave the stage with the applause or disapprobation of the spectators, and mix in the dances which are going on at the same time in other parts of the house. The opposition bands which play the contre-danses are of the worst possible description. They seem perfectly indifferent to either time or tune, and for the most part the loudest instruments are played without music, and apparently after the caprice of the artist. The masks were one and all poor and shabby. Some of the more eccentric might be seen with smudged faces and unclean shirts. An original idea!—substituting dirt for a fancy dress. As to the women, there literally was not a pretty face in the room, *i. e.*, there were none to be seen, and I take it for granted if there had been a beauty she would not have kept her mask on *all* the time. Two more of these balls are to be given: any moderate man would, I think, be satisfied with one.

In taking leave of the Havannah I should remark for the benefit of those who come after me, that of the hotels Woolcot's is the best and Fulton's perhaps the worst. Everything is enormously dear and the only luxury to be had without paying for is the sea baths at the Punta. On the eighth we took our places in the "Isabel" steamer for Charlestown. D. is now nearly recovered after a long and severe attack of fever. A. has joined us from Jamaica, and a great friend of mine who came here after travelling through the States is also of the party.—The last of these goes with us to New York. He and I talk of crossing the Rocky Mountains, and making our way to California. At present this is only a scheme, but it is one I have long wished to fulfil. How it will turn out I do not yet know. Two other Englishmen had taken their passage in the "Isabel," but we have started without them. The third morning from the day of our departure we arrived at Charlestown, having performed a voyage of 760 miles in sixty-two hours. This is perhaps one of the quickest sea voyages that can be made. The boat happened to be very fast, and the gulf stream along the coast of Florida runs northward, at a rate of three or four knots an hour. From Charlestown we went by steamer to New York, G——. not being strong enough to undertake the journey by land. We all find the change of climate disagreeable; eight days ago we were in the tropics, and now we have ice in the streets.

25*th*.—It is settled that my friend Fred, as I shall in future call him, goes with me to the Prairies. So that since our arrival here, our time has been chiefly occupied in making preparations for the trip. Any observations I might be tempted to make on New York, or even I am inclined to think, on any of the civilised parts of the States, would probably be neither novel nor interesting. I am not ambitious of circulating more 'American notes,' nor do I care to follow in the footsteps of Mrs. Trollope. Enough has been written to illustrate the singularities of second-rate American society. Good society is the same all over the world. General remarks I hold to be fair play. But to indulge in personalities is a poor return for hospitality; and those Americans who are most willing to be civil to foreigners, receive little enough encouragement to extend that civility, when, as is too often the case, those very foreigners afterwards attempt to amuse their friends on one side the Atlantic, at the expense of a breach of good faith to their friends on the other. Every one has his prejudices: I freely confess I have mine. I like London better than New York, but it does not therefore follow that I dislike New York, or Americans either. I have a great respect for almost everything American—I do not mean to say that I have any affection for a thorough-bred Yankee, in our acceptation of the term; far from it, I think him the most offensive of all bipeds in the known world. Yankee snobs too I hate—such as infest Broadway, for instance, genuine specimens of the genus, according to the highest authorities. The worst of New York is its superabundance of snobbism. The snob here is a snob "*sui generis,*" quite beyond the capacities of the old world. There is no mistaking him. He is cut out after the most approved pattern. If he differs from the original, who or whatever that might have been, it must be in a surpassing excellence of snobbism which does credit to the progressive order of things. Tuft-hunting is a sport he pursues with delight to himself, but without remorse or pity for his victim. It is necessary for the object of his persecutions to be constantly on the alert. He is frequently seen prowling about in white kid gloves, patent leather boots, and Parisian hat. Whenever this is the case he must be considered dangerous and bloody-minded, for in all probability he is meditating a call. Often he has been known to run his prey to ground in the Opera or other public places, and there to worry them within less than an inch of their good temper. Offensive as he is generally speaking, he sometimes acts on the defensive; for, not very well convinced of his own infallibility, he is particularly susceptible of affronts, to which his assumed consequence not unfrequently makes him liable. Baits are often proffered by these swell-catchers to lure the unwary. Such as an introduction to the nymphs of the *corps-de-ballet:* the *entré* to all the theatres, private gambling-houses, &c. &c. But beware of such seductions. It is an expensive luxury to be toadied, and the profit to be derived therefrom is, truly, exceedingly small. Heigho! here enters a most profound snob. I can't finish my page. He is proposing to dine with us at the restaurant. We shall not be rid of him for the rest of the evening. I did hope to enjoy my last dinner at New York in peace, and here is a fellow that will order half a dozen of champagne, and will abuse it and every thing else at the table; in short will make himself as disagreeable as it is in his nature to be.

CHAPTER III.

Designation of our Travelling Party.—Start from St. Louis.—Equipment.—Camp-stools and Carving knives.—Scenery of the Missouri.—Fort Leavenworth.—Prairie.—Anticipation and Fruition.—Moral Character of Mules.—Village of Savannah.—The Prairie at Last!—Ginger Beer and Chocolate on the Plains.—Mormons going to the Salt Lake.—Reach Council Bluffs.—Trader's Point.—Major Barrow.—Horse-Racing on the Plains.—Leave the Major.

May 28*th*, 1850.—Thank goodness! we are off at last. I began to think we never should get away from St. Louis. Fresh obstacles to our departure seemed to arise every day. The emigrants are the cause of this. Horses, mules, grass, game, and the novelty of the trips are daily becoming scarce through them. For one of my horses I have paid 125 dollars, and for a mule 140. Three years ago I could have bought the two for less than half of what I have given for either. Men and guides were equally difficult to procure; and the inconceivable number of little necessaries would take a man ten days to think of or enumerate. Pope says:—

> "Man wants but little here below,
> Nor wants that little long."

How long we may want what *we* have got, I cannot really say. But I am inclined to think that had Mr. Pope ever made preparations for a trip across the Rocky Mountains, he would have made the proviso that this journey was by no means to be included in his conception of the ordinary seven stage journey of life.

However, we are off at last, and I trust pretty well provided for the undertaking. We have nine mules, eight horses, and two wagons. The party consists of my friend Fred; a British parson, whose strength and dimensions most justly entitle him to be called a pillar of the Church; and the individual whom, to save explanation, I will designate as myself: four young Frenchmen of St. Louis; Fils, a Canadian *voyageur;* and a little four-foot-nothing Yankee, Fred's *valet-de-champs,* familiarly called Jimmy, make up the complement of our jovial crew. The only part of our equipment likely to be *de trop* is some 1000 lb. weight of baggage; we have in all little less than 4000 lb., and judging from the size of the wagons, I should think they are licensed to carry only three at the most.

The outfitting expenses amounts to about 1000 dollars each, but this I hope will carry us through to California.*

Never was I more glad to leave a place than I am to-day; a fortnight at St. Louis would sicken any one of Yankee towns, if he had no better object than to amuse himself as a stranger, or be bored to death with the arrangements for a trip over the plains. With only 500*l.* in the world, St. Louis might afford a fine field for speculation: self-defence would soon sharpen the wits of the most obtuse, and a little of the western 'cuteness, backed by a small capital, and a still smaller conscience, would soon work its way to pudding and prosperity. Every year this city is increasing in magnitude and importance. It appears to be the very heart of commerce, and its more sanguine burghers are anxiously awaiting the proud moment when the silks and the teas of the East will be deposited in their stores *en route* to Europe, *viâ* rail from California. For business if you will, but don't try St. Louis for pleasure. Should you think of starting for this point, purchase nothing here that you can purchase elsewhere. Embark in the first steamer that leaves, and trust to Providence for the rest.

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* In this instance, want of management, the purchase of useless luxuries, and the fact of money being comparatively no great object, combined to make our expenses more than double the usual outlay of emigrants.

Probably I should have done something desperate of this kind ere now, but Fred was much too wise a companion to allow me to have my own way. So far from permitting us to start unprepared, he has insisted upon our taking camp-stools and carving-knives, just as if the most indifferent picnickers would not despise the idea of sitting upon anything but grass, and just as if we had not bowies enough to cut up every dead or living thing between this and China. For his own consumption Fred has taken white kids, and, I believe, patent leather boots, and although the parson and I hardly appreciate such delicacies, I doubt not they will have the desired effect upon the natives. The weather is beautiful, the "St. Ange" is supposed to be a fast boat, the captain is accommodating, and our voyage up the Missouri promises to be an agreeable one.

29*th.*—This is too provoking! After congratulating ourselves in the most sanguine state of mind that we were fairly started, and that nothing could stop us, the first discovery we make this morning throws us into the greatest perplexity. The guide Fils is nowhere to be found. The cowardly rascal has absconded, "abiit, evasit, erupit," but where, when, and how he accomplished his treacherous design is not easy to determine. The only place we stopped at in the night was St. Charles. We did not remain here more than five minutes, and it is positively asserted that no one left the vessel during that time. The whole affair is a mystery. The captain declares he must be drowned, but his rifle, or rather the one we lent him, is also gone, together with his baggage. This hardly has the appearance of accident, and unless he used them as sinkers for the purpose of committing *felo de se*, I firmly believe the whole business to be a premeditated contrivance for obtaining a cheap rifle and three months' pay. The only consolation we have is that it is better to be left by our guide here than hereafter.

June 1*st*.—The Missouri is decidedly a finer river, as far as scenery is concerned, than the Mississippi. The short bends and the wooded banks prevent one from seeing too far a-head, and the numerous little creeks and shaded coves, never visited but by the wild fowl, have an air of quiet wildness about them which, with the help of a few variegated lamps, suspended from the overhanging branches, might rival even the charms of Rosherville or Cremorne. There is, however, one drawback which necessarily impedes our progress a good deal. This is the immense number of snags, which, like a *chevaux-de-frise*, threaten annihilation at every turn. To avoid them we are constantly running aground; and as it is always an easier process to get into difficulties than to get out of them, we generally prove the truth of the maxim by losing twelve hours in the twenty-four, leaving ourselves the remaining twelve to combat with a five-knot stream.

Stopped four hours at Fort Leavenworth to discharge cargo. Walked up the hill, and had a fine view of the Prairie. This was formerly the starting point for the emigrants, but is now relinquished for the route from St. Joseph and the Bluffs. This morning the Pawnees descended *en masse*, and had a brush with the Potowatamies. Talking of Fort Leavenworth and the Pawnees, six months ago they seemed terribly distant objects. I used to think,—"When I get to Fort Leavenworth I shall be within a mile or two of the Prairies; just about to start with hunting Indians; and with all sorts of excitement before me. Ah! I wish I was there now." How often have I said or thought the same about a hundred other places before I had seen them. And how often have

I experienced the same feeling as I do now. Not disappointment. For I *knew* that when I had accomplished my wish I should not be so happy as I nevertheless *expected*. This I knew from experience. But no amount of experience ever convinces us that when we have realised a desire indifference will be the result. Indifference is the last state we should have expected to find ourselves in; yet how often does it so happen! The mind becomes gradually prepared to enjoy what it has been some time in obtaining, until, when the object is gained, the pleasure first looked for has been exhausted by anticipation, and the cause of the enjoyment that *was* to have been is contemplated with much the same feeling as that with which a man suffering from repletion regards the display of a sumptuous feast; he has spoiled his appetite because he could not resist luncheon. Long-arranged plans hardly ever succeed when they are formed solely for pleasure. It is the sudden and unexpected cause of joy that affords the greatest felicity. The difference is like that which exists between the man who has been brought up as heir to a large fortune, and the adventurer who, without five shillings in his pocket, receives a summons to put himself in possession of five thousand a year.

We are seldom thankful for what we gain; yet complain at all we lose.

2nd.—At St. Joseph by ten A.M. The long-wished for *St. Joe,* as the Yankees call it. Employed the whole day in landing our wagons and packing them with the provisions. Several useful articles are left behind, and we are all rather annoyed at being obliged to sleep another night on board the steamer. Possibly a month hence we might not consider this so great a calamity.

Passed the evening with a German, who was to have started a week ago, but has had his team stolen. He has no money to buy more horses, and seems not to have the slightest intention of drawing his own wagon. He is ludicrously phlegmatic, and apparently has no other object in view but the death of Time, and most likely of himself, both of whom he is resolved to drown in an ocean of Seltzer water, which he has transported in stone bottles the whole distance from his Vaterland.

3rd.—After much bother about a guide, and loss of linch-pins, fitting of harness, kicking and jibbing of mules, &c., we left the Missouri, and camped five miles from the town. We pitched our tents in a beautiful spot, on the slope of a hill, surrounded by a large wood. A muddy little stream ran at the bottom. To this (with sleeves turned up and braces off, trying, I suppose, to look as much like grooms or dragoons as we were able,) we each led our horses: no doubt we succeeded, for we felt perfectly satisfied with everything and everybody. The novelty put us all in excellent humour. The potatoes in the camp-kettle had a decided bivouacky appearance, and though the grass was wet, who, I should like to know, would have condescended to prefer a camp-stool? As to the pistols, and tomahawks, and rifles, it was so evident that they might possibly be wanted at a moment's notice, that it would have been absolutely dangerous not to have them all in perfect readiness. Besides there was a chance of finding game in the wood. If the chance had been a hundred times as diminutive we were in duty bound to try it.

Without any idea that a battue with rifles on such uneven ground was not, strictly speaking, conducive to whole skins, I for one tried a shot on the top of a tree, and was horrified by a shout from Fred, informing me that the ball had but just missed his head. However I contrived to make game of one out of a litter of young pigs, but had some difficulty to persuade my companions that it was a real wild boar.

Previous to leaving St. Joseph we had been cautioned that so long as we were in the settlements we had as much to apprehend from the white thieves as we should afterwards have from the red. Accordingly watches for the night were organised after the most approved nautical method. The middle watch fell to my lot, and, as the unusual hardness of my bed and the noise of the rain on the tent prevented my getting even half a wink of sleep, I was not sorry to be told by the parson that it was my turn to relieve him in the responsible task of watching over the lives of our band, and in the duty, still more responsible, of keeping up the fire. As our vigilance was unrewarded by detection it would be supererogatory to comment upon it; but it is as well perhaps to remark that Nelson, my chief officer, and I went the rounds at least once in every ten minutes, confidently expecting to find a lurking foe in every bush. At half-past two I informed Fred that all was right, and left him to keep a sharp look out in the rain, while I, wet to the skin, took his place in the blankets.

4th.—The morning was dull and dirty, and without detracting from the spirit of romance, I might say the general aspect of our camp was decidedly of a miserable cast. The new guide, whom we engaged yesterday, has not yet joined us: until he does so we must remain where we are; for, though all the roads leading northward terminate at Council Bluffs, we understand there are so many of them, that it will be a difficult matter to avoid the worst.

In the course of the day one of the mules broke loose, and left the camp at full speed for St. Joseph. A black mare of Fred's is also absent without leave. This predilection for a quiet life in the settlements is not uncommon amongst cattle, especially when they have such a foretaste of "roughing it," as the heavy rains last night cannot fail to have given them. We dispatched the men in all directions to hunt up the lost animals, and amused ourselves by cutting each other's hair as short as possible. The object of this proceeding is cleanliness in the first place, and in the second a wish to distinguish ourselves from the Yankees, whose heads and shoulders have all the appearance of dusty haycocks in the month of July. At present we look very like runaway convicts, and we add to the ridiculousness of our condition by a running fire of sneezes, the natural consequence of becoming so suddenly bald.

5th.—The horse and mule are both recovered. Our guide is with us, having brought a Canadian friend, named Louis, a promising young man, whom we have settled to take as far as Fort Larimie. About ten we broke up our camp, put the mules into the wagons, and departed. Nothing could be more provoking than the behaviour of our teams; each animal seemed to vie with its yoke-mate in making itself disagreeable. If they had any idea that it was necessary to pull together, they had no idea of attempting to do so, and all exertions on our parts were discouraged by the most vehement kicks and plunges on theirs. Fred and Julius Cæsar (the parson) return to St. Joe to buy ropes, picket-pins, harness, straps, and a variety of articles we had not before thought of, so that I was left alone to superintend the management of our unpropitious start. The men were as incapable of driving as the mules were unwilling to be driven, and before we had travelled three miles the heaviest of our wagons was stuck fast, with the two wheels on one side buried to the axles in mud. Every means was adopted to extricate it but the right one. At length I gave the order to unload, and setting the example myself, lightened the cargo, so that we were enabled to lift the wheels on to the level ground.

The roads improved as the country became less wooded and hilly, and towards evening we reached a small village, called Savannah. Here we purchased a fresh supply of whips, in case of future obstinacy on the part of the mules, and a small barrel of grease for the wheels, that they might have no excuse on that score. A doubt here arose as to which road we had better take, and I clearly perceived that our guide was deplorably ignorant of his calling, since in the very outset he was undecided as to which route we should pursue. While asking advice at several houses, Fred and Julius came up. We went together to a saddler's shop, where we were first weighed, and then "liquored," and, afterwards taking the road that our friend recommended, we descended from the town and camped in an open country, not unlike Salisbury Plain. Yesterday our home was in a wood; to-day it is in a prairie. This change of scene is one of the most agreeable features of our roving life. Distance, eleven miles.*

6th.—Off at nine. Roads hilly and very bad. mules obstinate. The large wagon turns out to be twice the weight it ought to be, and gets fixed in consequence at the first steep hill. Send Jimmy, the clown, back to Savannah with 150 lbs. of flour, and sell 100 lb. of lead and 100 lb. of sugar to a farmer we meet on the road. After this we manage a little better, but must eat literally a load of salt pork before the wagons are light enough to travel fast. Crossed the Ottawa River by ferry, and had some trouble to get the mules into the boat. At five we camped in much the same sort of country as yesterday, only that we have no wood for firing, and are a long distance from water. Fred and I took the black mule and all the India-rubber bags, which we filled from a well with a teacup, and packed back to the tent. Distance, thirteen miles.

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* I shall continue to give the distance, as near as I can guess it, at the end of each day.

7th.—Started at seven. Roads worse than ever. Travelling all day through woods. Heavy wagon as usual sticks in a rut, and is nearly upset. Discharge cargo, and find it hard work to carry the heavy boxes up the hill. Foraged a hen, one of many domestic fowls which we discovered in the thicket, and practised at with our rifles. Stop at eleven to rest the animals. Fire at a target. Grease the wheels and start again at two. Come immediately into the Prairie. What a sight it is! All the descriptions in the world fail to give one the slightest conception of its real magnificence. One might as well attempt to describe the sea to a person who had never seen it, as to paint in language the calm grandeur, and boundless extent, of the rolling prairie. All hands were excited to enthusiasm by the glorious prospect. Even the mules doubled their speed when they found how easily the wagons rolled over the even sward, and the loose horses galloped through the long rich pasture with delighted friskiness, causing us to chase and herd them in the most perfect good humour.

In the evening get a fine view of the Missouri, its banks beautifully bordered by forest. Behind us is a broken line of curious bluffs: which, but for the immense flat between them, would seem to have been formerly the river's banks. An auctioneer named Jacob, whom Julius agreed in St. Joseph to take as his servant, overtook us in a buggy. The agreement was, that Jacob should find his own horses and receive our protection as an equivalent for his labour. But it appears that *Mister* Jacob, a thoroughbred Philadelphian Yankee, has weathered the parson in this bargain, inasmuch as he has joined us without any horses, trusting to our good nature, not only not to send him back, but actually to mount him to boot. He declares that if we positively cannot *afford* him a horse, he will be most happy to walk to California!

This being rather too absurd, we shall of course be obliged to furnish him with a steed. Fred and I are not much pleased with the imposition, and intend to give him all the work we can. The weather is beautiful, but rather hot in the middle of the day, and the sun has burnt my wrists severely. Get some milk from an emigrant family—a luxury we shall seldom indulge in. Distance, eighteen miles.

8*th.*—Still in the Prairie. Pass through several settlements made by adventurous farmers in a fine agricultural country. Truly, the situations are lovely; but I should think the nearest market must be at least forty miles off. However, in an independent country there is some pleasure in being lord of all one surveys.

Forage a goose. Hind-wheel of small wagon breaks to pieces; luckily only three miles from a good camping ground. Under the shade of some venerable beech-trees, and "by the side of a murmuring stream," an old Yorkshireman, with his flocks and herds and family, was regaling himself on a rasher of bacon, after the fatigues of his journey. The moment he asked us to join his party, I recognised his native dialect in all its pristine purity. We were all equally rejoiced at meeting with an "old-countryman;" and as our wagon wanted repairing, and we were obliged to stop a day, he volunteered to keep us company till we were ready to start. He said he was a Mormon, on his way to the Valley of the Salt Lake; that he had lived twenty years in the States, and had already been as far as the head-waters of the Platte, towards the present country of his persecuted people. He had returned to fetch his family, and was now on his way out for the second time. We were surprised at his intelligence, and asked him why he had become a Mormon. He answered, from conviction, and begged of us to be baptised in the true faith, upon the spot. Our parson argued the point with him; but his astonishing memory and acquaintance with the Bible quite overwhelmed all our cooler suggestions; and as there was no very material point in which our creeds were dissimilar, with the exception of the one on which he insisted, viz., total immersion in baptism, we yielded as he grew more impetuous. He entered into an extraordinary dissertation on the origin and meaning of the word Bible. He assured us the name was given to the holy book from the circumstance of its contents having passed some synod of prophets, as an Act of Parliament passes the House of Commons, *by bill.* In vain we explained its derivation from βιβλιον;

βιβλιον was as clearly derived from *by bill* as our version of the word Bible. His bald and sunburnt head, whereon he never wore hat or cap; his tawny chest and stalwart arms, were by no means so ridiculous as his dogmatical assertions, and we forbore to laugh. He was pleased with our respectful demeanour, and by the time he had discovered some freemasons amongst us, he was in a humour to stuff us with any quantity of bacon, or do any other kind act that lay in his power.

During the time occupied by his lecture on Mormonism, Nelson, who is by profession a wagon-maker, had been cutting up stuff to make new spokes for the broken wheel. Old Blazard, the Yorkshireman, now began to contemplate the workmanship of the wheelwright. At last, as if he could stand it no longer, he took both spoke and hatchet from the Frenchman, and with an honest grunt of indignation accomplished, with a master hand, in five minutes, a job that would have taken the other half an hour. Using nothing but a large axe, he quickly shaped the necessary number of spokes, and before dark had made a wheel far stronger than either of the remaining three. Distance, twelve miles.

9th.—This being Sunday, and there still being some jobs to be done about the wagons, we remain all day. Amuse ourselves by firing at a mark in the river. The parson makes the best shot. After all hands had bathed, some shoot squirrels in the wood. Fred takes a walk, and sees a deer, which excites our sporting propensities immensely. Jacob makes love to old Blazard's daughter, and gets the womankind to wash our shirts. My wrists are in a most painful state, and large blisters cover my arms, which are inflamed to the shoulder. Mrs. Blazard gives me some cream to rub upon them, which I find very soothing.

10*th*.—The Mormon wagons start first, ours follow. Fred and I go in search of the deer. See some fresh-looking beds, but no game. Return to cavalcade, and am told my black mare, Gipsy, has run away. Take Louis, the Canadian, and go after her. Find her tracks in a large wood, and hunt the whole day in every direction, but are at last obliged to give her up. On returning to the party, like Mother Hubbard's dog, lo! the black mare was found. Passed through Linden, a small village, where they never kill fresh meat, because there are not people enough to eat it! Break another wheel. Camp again with Mormons, four or five miles from Linden. Distance, twenty miles.

11*th*.—As there is no wood to mend our wagon with, we start directly after breakfast. Fred goes back to Linden to get the tent poles mended. Julius takes charge of the party, and I ride on to overtake the Mormon's cattle and pretty daughter, who have gone five or six miles on the wrong road. I could not help smiling at my pastoral doings. Dressed in corduroys and highlows (we none of us wear coats or waistcoats), with a red flannel shirt on, my rifle in one hand, and a pailful of milk in the other, alternately employed in shouting to about forty head of cattle, and saying soft things for the benefit of the Yorkshire maiden.

We had a walk of four or five miles before we joined the wagons on the main road. Just as I came up they were crossing a rotten bridge, over a deep and nasty ditch. The mules were rather frightened; and the drivers, losing their presence of mind, they were within an inch of being pitched headlong into the hollow. By the greatest good fortune, a sudden spurring of the wheelers made them give a simultaneous spring, which saved the wagon, but proved fatal to two of the wheels. Near this place was a small farm-house; its tenants witnessed our misfortunes, and lent us a large cart to carry our things as far as a river, called Nitchney Botney, where we could find plenty of wood. After all we reached our camping ground before the old Mormon, one of whose wagons fairly capsized in coming down a hill. Distance, nine miles.

12*th*.—Blazard repairs our wheels. We three go out hunting in different directions. See the tracks and skin of a deer, also fresh tracks of wolves; put up a wild turkey; horse too frightened to allow me to fire at it; killed a large snake, marked like a rattlesnake, and shoot a grey squirrel and two wild ducks, right and left, with my rifle. When we came home we made a bargain with Blazard, letting him have the small wagon for fifteen dollars, on condition that he took 300 lb. weight for us as far as the mouth of the Platte. We talk of parting with four of our men, and packing the mules when we get to Council Bluffs.

13*th*.—The parson and I, hunting all day in big woods, on bluffs above the Missouri bottom, are surprised at finding nothing but a turkey. Heavy storms all the forenoon. While I was taking shelter under a tree, I happened to look over my head, and saw a snake twisted round a branch, in a very menacing attitude, peering down upon us. I called

Julius's attention, and, raising my rifle, put a ball exactly through the centre of its head. By degrees, coil after coil relaxed its hold, till the reptile fell writhing to the ground. It measured between six and seven feet; and was similar in colour to the one I killed yesterday. I do not know whether they are venomous or not, and should be sorry to destroy any more unless they attacked me first.

Passing a farm-house three big dogs rushed out and seized Coley, a beautiful black and tan retriever of the parson's; Coley was sadly bitten, but the parson made an example of the biggest of his enemies by giving him the contents of my rifle. Probably if the dog's master had seen us, he would have treated us in the same way; that he might not have a chance, we galloped off at our best speed. Fred had camped in the prairie when we reached him; of course another wheel was broken, one wheel a-day is but a moderate average of breakages. How other people manage, I do not know, but sooner than travel another week with wagons, I would forego even chocolate and ginger-beer, two of the many luxuries it was thought necessary for us to travel with. "What was the use of making oneself uncomfortable in an expedition of this sort? There were privations enough, Heaven knew, without inventing unnecessary ones. If one liked ginger-beer on the plains, why not have it?" Thus it was some argued, and much profit we had derived from their wisdom. Distance, fifteen miles.

14th.—Leave early. In the middle of the day come to a stream with a deep muddy bottom, and have a terrible job to cross it. Flog the loose horses over at last, and the others follow. The mules we have packed with the load of the small wagon; all ran away through the thicket after the horses, and with the help of the trees, managed to throw the packs off and tear them to pieces. Have the greatest difficulty to catch the animals, and repack them, and by the time we have done so, the teams are too tired to go on. An ox-wagon passes, and we borrow the oxen to pull us up a bad hill; slow as these brutes travel they always keep moving, and will drag a weight for miles, where the same number of horses or mules would not move it an inch. This was a slight help to us, but we were no further advanced by it, as we had a worse hill to encounter, and had increased our distance from a stopping place. Are obliged to unload and carry the things to the top of the hill. It is ten o'clock before we get the wagon up. The nearest water is four miles off. Have the misfortune to lose my Shakspeare ; this and a Bible are the only books I possessed. So tired, that I fall asleep where I lay down, and go without supper. Distance, seventeen miles.

15*th.*—Started with six mules in the team, and three packed. Halted a few miles from the ferry, at the mouth of the Platte, to look for Blazard and our provisions. About two hundred emigrant wagons were encamped here, but our friend was not to be found amongst them. Nearly all these people are Mormons, going to the Salt Lake. Most of the Californians are already a fortnight on the road. Left Jacob, the auctioneer, with directions to find Blazard, sell the salt pork and spirits, and follow us up to Council Bluffs as soon as possible. We doubt whether we shall ever see Jacob or the Mormon again.

Camped in a bottom two miles from Cainsville, and about four from Traders' Point on the Missouri. The whole district is called Council Bluffs, from a meeting of many Indian tribes which took place here some years ago. Hitherto our troubles have been somewhat numerous ; we have broken down or met with some disaster every day. Nearly all of our men have turned out to be perfectly useless. The roads have been almost impassable, owing to the heavy rains; and we have more than once taken the longest and worst by mistake: but the most serious grievance is, that our mules are beginning to be galled. Many people have turned back before they got thus far. I am sure we find it sufficiently uninteresting and disagreeable to make us follow their example; yet, nevertheless, we are determined if possible to go through, and are fully prepared to give up the wagon and all other luxuries rather than relinquish the trip.

Fred and I are for parting with all the men, except Nelson and Louis; but this plan is not easy to execute. In the first place Julius thinks his word will be compromised if he discharges Jacob; then, the other men may refuse to leave us, on the plea that the same agreement was made with them; besides, we have no money to pay their wages, or their expenses back to St. Louis. It is evident that to go on with all these useless men would be worse than folly. But how to manage? We are even now three weeks behindhand. We must give up our intended route by Fort Pierre and the Yellow Stone, and if we go straight to Fort Larimie we shall have no time for hunting, and shall be pestered with emigrants the whole way. It really is very distressing, and I do wish that people who write books, and inveigle one into this sort of tour, would speak the truth, and tell of the common-place disagreeables as well as of the amusements and hair-breadth escapes. Distance, twenty-three miles.

16th.—Rode to Traders' Point with Fred and Louis. Crossed the Missouri, and called on Major Barrow, the Indian agent, for the purpose of asking him to cash a draft; he accepted our bills, and recommended us to take, as far as Fort Larimie, a half-breed whom he made known to us. He told us that the inhabitants on this side of the river are all Indians, and that the whites are not allowed to settle there. The night was unusually hot, and the musquitoes very troublesome.

17th.—Spoke to the men about parting. They are willing to go, and get back how they best can, provided we pay their expenses and give them ten dollars each. Nelson remains with us, and Louis is engaged to go to Larimie for twenty-five dollars and a horse. The half-breed is hired, for twenty dollars and a horse, to go the same distance. Major Barrow paid us a visit and bought the wagon and the harness at an enormous profit. We also sold him forty pounds of powder, one hundred pounds of lead, quantities of odds and ends, and all the ginger-beer. We are beginning to understand the mysteries of "trading" a little better than formerly. But somehow or other a Yankee always "takes us in," and that too in so successful a manner as always to leave the impression that we have taken *him* in.

Jacob returned, having sold by auction everything the Mormons brought up for us. As he has returned, the question arises whether or not he is to be kept. I am strongly opposed to taking him, as, independent of his uselessness, his remaining would be unfair upon the others. Julius, on the contrary, is equally anxious that he should stay with us. And Fred says unless Jacob is discharged, he will certainly keep his servant the clown. I had picked up an Irishman three weeks ago at Fort Leavenworth, and promised to do my best to help him through. If I decided for the same reason not to part with him, I might be justly accused of endangering all our lives by adding one more hungry mouth to the party where we could not carry provisions; and by giving up one more horse when we should want in all probability double the number we now had. In parties of three differences of opinion are sure to arise. How wise was Ruxton to make the same expedition alone.

18*th*.—A number of Indians visited us this morning, some Pawnees, some Omahaws. They were about to set forth on a hunting excursion, and were equipped with bows and arrows. Anxious to see how well they could use them, we set up half a dollar on a stick, and placing them at a distance of fifteen yards, told them to shoot for the coins. It was amusing to see them creep up to take aim with as much subtlety as though they had been stalking a deer. The wind was high, but they all shot with great accuracy; two, in particular, hit the stick and knocked the piece off several times; at last one of them fairly struck the money, and we gave it to be divided between the two.

Left our camping ground in the middle of the day and ferried the wagon and the animals over the Missouri. Pitched the tent for the first time in Indian territory, a quarter of a mile from the village. In the evening the whole sky assumed a bluish grey colour, such as I have never before seen, and lightning flashed continuously from every quarter.

19*th*.—Woke about two hours before daylight, and found eight inches of water in the middle of the tent. The fact was we had placed the tent in a hollow, and the rain, which poured in torrents, rushed from the surrounding slopes, and made one common channel between our beds. We attempted to turn its course by trenching round the tent, but before we had accomplished our labour, the storm increased to such a degree of violence that it broke the poles and dashed the tent to the ground. This state of things left us tolerably uncomfortable till daylight, when we all went to Major Barrow's house, changed our clothes, and breakfasted.

The day cleared, and as we could not start till the evening, the Major proposed to get up a race. He knew of a horse (his own) that could beat any in our "crowd." He had seen him run a good many times and "just knowed how he could shine." Fifty dollars was the stake and "let him what won take the money." Fred thought that my little grey horse was as fast as anything that the Major could produce, and volunteered to ride if I would let him run. I agreed to back him, and in less than an hour we had measured three-quarters of a mile on a level piece of prairie, and were ready for the start; not so the Major. He had no idea of allowing his horse to run at a disadvantage. With his own hands he greased its hoofs, washed its face, and brushed its hair; then walking him up and down a few times with an air of supreme satisfaction, mounted the half-breed upon the bare-backed steed, and, leaving a deputy to see fair play, went with me to the winning post and gave the signal for starting. The excitement was immense so long as we could not see which was leading. Soon we saw that the half-breed was making the running, which discovery was answered by the Major's party with loud screams of exultation. I had great confidence in Fred's superior jockeyship, and, knowing that he was pulling hard, felt confident that we should win.

They were now about three hundred yards from the post; Fred had never used the spur; he needed but to slack the reins; away dashed the little grey, gaining at every stride upon the old horse. It was our turn to cheer! The Major began to think seriously of his fifty dollars, when in an instant the fate of the game was changed. The little grey stumbles; he has put his foot in a hole, he staggers, and with difficulty recovers himself. The big horse must win. Now for whip and spur! Neck and neck, in they come—and which has won the race? "Well, sir," said the Major, "slick work, was'nt it, what is your opinion?" I might have known by this deferential question what his opinion was. But to tell the truth, I could not decide which horse was the winner, and so I said. He jumped at this favourable decision on my part, and "calculated" forthwith that it was a dead heat. I learnt afterwards that he had confessed we had won, and thought little of our "smartness" for not finding it out.

My little grey was thenceforth an object of general admiration, and the utilitarian minds of the Yankees could not understand why I was not travelling through the States with such a pony, and making my fortune by backing him against everything of his size. After dinner we paid off the men and took leave of them; poor Jimmy, the clown, left us with tears in his eyes, and I felt really sorry at parting with my faithful Irishman. From the Major we bought a Camanche mule, which seems perfectly wild, and took us nearly two hours to pack. I hope all the mules may learn to behave better ere long, or we shall have nothing to do but to pack continually. Directly the loads are tied on, the brutes set to work and kick them off again. Now that they are all packed and free to run where they please, they scamper about in the open prairie, and send the things flying into the long grass, where we have no chance of finding them. To-night they broke the only shot gun we have with us, and lost the leather-case for my rifle with all the apparatus belonging to it. Made about five miles in three hours, and camped without our tent.

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CHAPTER IV.

Reach the Elk-Horn Ferry.—Pleasures of Raft-building.—Mosquitos.—Sickness in the Wilderness.—Doubtful how far we shall get.—Mouldy Biscuit-dust and Rancid Ham.—Nest of Skunks.—Antelope Venison washed down with muddy pond-water.—Battle with the Buffalos.—Dreams of Home.—Buffalo Beef and Sparkling Fountain-water.—Mode of Breaking-in young Mules, practised by the Mexican Indians.—Desperate Quarrel.—Awful Storm, and a Night in the Wilderness.—Speculations as to "where we are."—Rattle-snake capital eating.—Drooping Party, vicious Mules, grumbling Servants.—Cheered by the Sight of Chimney Rock.—Arrive at Ash-Point by swimming the Platte River.—Indian Lodges.—Mode of Preparing a Day-feast by Mother and Child.—Breakfast with party of Traders.—Arrival at Fort Larimie.*

June 21*st.*—The Camanche mule got loose and ran back; we all joined in pursuit, but were unable to catch her. Jim, the half-breed, followed her to Council Bluffs, to which point he prophesies she will run whenever she gets away from us. Weather very hot, and all the little streams completely dry. Reach the Elk Horn, and find the ferry broken up by the Indians. Jim returns with the Camanche, and says there is a report that the Pawnees have sent to the Sioux, giving intimation of our movements. Camp on the banks of the river, and are nearly devoured in the night by the clouds of musquitoes. Distance, twenty miles.

22*nd*.—The first thing in the morning begin to construct a raft. There was plenty of green timber, but not many logs dry enough to float. When we had collected a sufficient number, we lashed them together with lariats, and embarking about 300 lb. weight at a time, ferried over the baggage. The animals were not so easy to get across. Some of us were obliged to swim the river (which was sixty or seventy yards wide) eight or nine times, taking one horse at a time, or driving two or three by flogging and shouting behind them. By the time they had all crossed, it was too late to continue our march; so we lighted our fire at a short distance from the river, to avoid the musquitoes. These tormenters were, however, almost as bad this night as the preceding one. All night we were uttering against them the most vehement execrations, which nearly worked us into a fever without succeeding in keeping them away.

23*rd*.—Up at half-past three, but not able to start before seven. As the mules went a little better, Fred and I turned into a wood to the left of the road. The only thing we saw was a turkey, which we chased for some distance, but could not get a shot at. Did not halt till five o'clock. This is a good day's work. Not far from our camp are a number of huts made with boughs. Jim pronounced it to be a spring village of a party of Mohawks, who have just gone "on the hunt." Distance, twenty-eight miles.

24th.—It was my morning watch, and I was up at one. At half-past three I called the men, and we got away at half-past seven. It rained hard all day, much to our discomfort; and to make matters worse, the packs came off about eighteen times. Saw five deer; we had a long run after them, and Fred's deer-hound, "Killin," nearly pulled one down. The sight of game put us in a better humour. This is almost the first time we have seen any, notwithstanding that the country we have travelled through is beautifully wooded and watered, and covered with the finest grass. Stopped in a deserted village, like the one of yesterday. Slept under a lodge, and had a good night without musquitoes. Distance, twenty-five miles.

25th.—Fred and I left early to hunt. Put up several deer a long way from us, and stalked three; but mistaking the look of the hills, which require a practised eye to recognise, we crawled for half a mile on our hands to see the deer feeding in quite a different direction. The moment we raised ourselves to look about, they left us to laugh at our stupid miscalculation. The heavy rains had made the prairie very swampy, and once or twice we were nearly bogged in riding across the country in search of our camp. We joined our companions shortly before dark upon the bank of the Loup Fork, a strong stream about a hundred yards in breadth. Incessant storms the whole night drenched us to the skin, and soaked through the tarpaulins into our baggage. Distance, nine miles.

26th.—Made a large raft, and crossed the packs in two voyages. Had a difficult task to persuade the horses and mules to take the water. Moved five miles from the river, and camped under three large cotton trees. Had neither wood nor water to cook with. All the party rather out of sorts. Our two best men, Louis and Jim, are very unwell. Nelson, who is a most willing and hard-working fellow, is unused to the sort of life, and wants to turn back. As to Jacob, his utter uselessness is a constant source of provocation to me; and the parson's indifference, and Fred's misgivings, make the chapter of our miseries complete. The mules are not much better off than we are; five of them are suffering from severe back-sores, and all of them object strongly to carrying the packs; they frequently cast themselves in the night, and get their legs badly cut with the picket ropes. It seems after all doubtful how far we shall get. Some of us talk of going on alone. I hardly know which would be most unpleasant, to advance or to turn back.

27*th.*—Camanche ran away. We tried for two hours to catch her, but were obliged to give it up as hopeless. The mules travelled worse than ever. Generally speaking, we have all stopped whenever a pack required to be re-arranged. To-day we did not do so; but continuing the march, left a couple of men to follow when they had put the disordered pack to rights. In this manner our party was split into four or five small ones, which were travelling in straggling order, sometimes with the distance of four or five miles between them. The one or two mules that had kept up with Fred and me, at last kicked off their loads, and we found it no easy matter to lift them on again; the trial was a severe one for his white kid gloves, but when the grey mule, the most vicious of the band, flew at him and bit him in the leg, I firmly believed he wished that individual animal, and the whole of its race, in some unpleasant country which he mentally hoped might be no better than Jericho.

By the time we had decided upon an encamping ground, all hands were in a humour by no means accommodating. We had fasted since yesterday morning, and felt, without acknowledging it, a considerable dash of the wild beast in our compositions. The clouds of musquitoes did not improve our tempers, and the horses bleeding at every pore, from the flies, fidgetted and fretted till we were ready to flog them from vexation. Our supper, bad as it was, acted as an immediate restorative; and, with pipes in our mouths, we good-humouredly confessed, that if there was a luxury in the world, that luxury was mouldy biscuit, dust, and rancid ham. Distance, thirty miles.

28*th.*—A tremendous storm lasted several hours during the night. In the middle watch we all turned out to make a cover of the tarpaulins, and, huddling together under these, slept pretty well till day-light. Left the Loup Fork to the right, and struck northward for a broad belt of timber which we supposed to be on the banks of the Platte. The prairie before us was level as far as we could see.

The grass is long and rank, and in many places beautifully interspersed with small flowers. The soil is a rich loam, and if drained would no doubt produce most luxuriant crops.

Observed two antelopes feeding close to the road. Fred and his deer-hound, Killin, gave chase to the old one, and Louis and I turned and rode after the fawn. For a few hundred yards the little antelope kept us a long way behind, but the speed and superior strength of my grey pony was more than a match for its weakness. Finding me gaining on it, the poor little creature discontinued its straight course, giving Louis an opportunity to head it back upon me. It did not know which way to fly, and dodged from one to the other till we closed in upon it. When within a few yards of me I fired from my saddle, but missed with both barrels of my rifle. The report warned it to make a struggle for its life, and away it bounded with Louis in full pursuit behind. It was amusing to watch the race; the more so, as Louis's horse was too slow to leave any doubt for the deer's safety; but the young hunter was eager to establish his reputation as a sportsman, and spared neither whip nor spur in his eagerness to come within shot. At last Louis perceived the object of his affections was rapidly increasing the distance between them, and with a feeling of despair let go the reins to take up his rifle, when the horse put its foot in a badger's hole, and sent its rider flying over its head. This catastrophe, which took place in presence of all the camp, was particularly discomfiting to the Frenchman's vanity, and he returned to the road with downcast looks, much to the amusement of the lookers-on.

Fred's sport had been equally unsuccessful, and more disastrous in its consequences than ours. He had followed his game for more than a mile, and had come up with Killin just in time to see him drop down in a fit. The day was excessively hot, and the dog had been suffering for want of water before we had seen the antelope. Fred jumped from his horse, and tried in vain to recover the hound; it wagged its tail as its master called it by name, and then it died. This was a sad loss. Killin was a favourite with all of us. He was a present to Fred, and had accompanied him for some time in his travels through the States. Poor dog! it is perhaps better for him to meet with this sudden death, than be reserved for hardships we know not of; in any case, the chances are that no dog survives so long a journey as this.

Shortly before sundown I got a shot at some deer lying in the long grass, on the banks of a stream. While I was stalking them, I could hardly see or breathe for the quantity of musquitoes; they were always in my eyes, nose, and mouth. The annoyance of these little wretches was so great, that I could not possibly manage to steady my aim, and consequently missed two of the easiest shots I ever had. Distance, twenty-five miles.

29th.—Started at half-past nine. Travelling in the head of a valley. Left the road to hunt by myself. Saw several deer and antelopes, but the ground was too level, and the game too wild to suffer my approach. Hardly caring what direction I took, I followed the outskirts of a large wood, four or five miles to the north of the road. I remarked plenty of summer lodges, but knew by the quantity of game in the neighbourhood, that the Indians had deserted them some time. In the afternoon I came suddenly upon some deer, and picking out one of the youngest fawns tried my best to run it down. The country was rough and I found it hard to keep between the wood and the young deer. In a few minutes my hat blew off; then a pistol jumped out of the holster, but I was too near to give up, meaning to return for these things afterwards. Two or three times I ran completely over the fawn, which bleated in the most piteous manner, but always escaped the death-blow from my horse's hoofs. By degrees we got nearer to the wood, and the fawn darted down the side of a bluff, and was lost in the long grass and underwood. I followed at full speed, and, unable to arrest the impetus of my horse, we dashed headlong into the brush, and were both thrown with violence upon the ground. Jumping up, I found that the horse had received a sprain in the shoulder, and I was obliged to return, first to look for my hat and pistol, and afterwards for the road. Both of the lost articles I recovered after a long search, but galloped about for hours, in every direction, without being able to see anything of the cavalcade or their tracks. My horse was much distressed, and although I was at least fifteen miles from this morning's encampment, I concluded my safest plan would be to return and follow the main road from thence.

I had not long adopted this resolution when I remembered we had camped last evening two miles off the road, and the ground was too hard to retain a track. My situation was a disagreeable one; it might be two or three days before I again fell in with the party. My only chance was to strike the trail, and, fortunately I was successful. In hunting for a convenient place to cross a small and muddy stream, I came to the very spot where my companions had crossed. They had proceeded for some distance through a swamp, so that I was able to follow them until I could see the road. I was delighted to get my poor little grey again on a respectable path; and I am sure his satisfaction, when he recognised the tracks of his friends, was equal to mine; he pricked up his ears, and made an effort to trot that was quite incompatible with the limping condition of his leg, which obliged me to walk by his side and give all the assistance I was able. There was about two hours of daylight still remaining, and I felt that to overtake my party I had an ordinary day's journey all before me. It is astonishing what an appetite a hard day's work on an empty stomach will give a man in the prairies. I was quite prepared to walk twenty miles rather than go without food for another twenty-four hours, and stepped out accordingly, to get as far as I could before darkness should prevent me from discovering my camp. The road wound over a succession of hills, and every time I surmounted one of these it was only to be disappointed with a fine view of more hills before me. Near one of their summits was lying the carcase of a dead buffalo, upon which a wolf had been enjoying his supper. He seemed to have had his fill and to be now indulging in the pleasures of digestion. I almost envied the brute, and should have been tempted to try a steak had not the meat been rather high.

When the plains opened upon me no signs of a camp were visible, the wooded banks of the Platte I guessed to be ten miles from the foot of the hill. Most likely Fred would not have stopped till he reached the timber. The tracks in the plain seemed by the faint light to be very fresh, but the pools of water through which they passed became so frequent that I expected every minute to lose them entirely. At last, before and behind, and on either side of me, the country was deluged with water, in places two or three feet deep. The musquitoes swarmed in thousands, and the poor little grey could hardly get one leg before the other; I was so feverish that I several times filled my hat from my horse's back and took a long draught at the thick stagnant water. On coming to a little knoll about an hour after dark, I twice turned to spread my horse-cloth for the night, but the thoughts of what both the animal and I should suffer from musquitoes urged me to press on. Still the pools continued. It was too dark to look for tracks. Had I met with another dry spot I should have made it my bed. Of a sudden my beast gave a neigh and quickened its pace ; I looked up and though I could see nothing, recognised the sound of voices ; in another minute a light was struck and I was at home. The quantity of rancid ham I consumed on this occasion made full amends for the length of time I had fasted. Fred told me that he camped as soon as he was able, not only on my account but because he had had a severe fall from his horse, and was suffering great pain from a bruise on his knee. Distance thirty miles.

30*th.*—Woke in the morning soaking wet, and was surprised to find that I had slept through two heavy storms. While at breakfast an antelope came and stared at us from the opposite side of a creek upon which we were encamped. He was not more than twenty yards from us, and kept his stand till we had snapped seven barrels at him ; fortunately for him the rifles were too wet to go off, and he walked away apparently unconscious of danger. Carried the packs over the creek and started at twelve o'clock. Louis went hunting in one direction, the parson and

I in another. We brought home nothing, Louis killed a duck and a badger. Passed the grave of an American who died in April, 1849. It is a lonely place to be buried in; a small piece of deal box is his tombstone, and nothing more durable than pencil writing records his name and fate. After all, his tomb receives more real homage than those of many greater men. Thousands yearly will pass and pity him. Forded a creek that we supposed to be Wood River. Jim, the half-breed, shot a wolf that visited us at supper time. Distance fifteen miles.

July 1*st.*—Last night the thermometer was at 38°. This is the lowest it has been with us yet. Stopped all day supposing it to be Sunday; of this, however, we are not very sure, as there is much difference of opinion on the subject, and some affirm positively that it is Tuesday. Whatever might be the day, we wanted rest and found it most refreshing. The general occupation, washing clothes, cleaning rifles, baking bread in the ashes, and bathing in the evening.

2*nd.*—Roused the men early and were travelling at half-past six. Saw a vast number of buffaloes' heads and bones. I left the road and followed Wood River for seven or eight miles; the stream made a tortuous course through a level prairie, its average breadth was about thirty feet and depth about five. The cotton wood tree, the elm and the alder, all of which I observe are most frequently to be met with, here grew in tolerable abundance.

From Wood River I crossed to the Platte on the other side of the road. The only game I got near to was an elk; it was close to me, having come to drink in the river; I had plenty of time to observe it, and as well as I could judge it resembled in all points the red deer of Scotland, with the exception of its horns, which were considerably larger than those of any deer of its size. I was preparing to take aim when the horse I had been riding finding itself free, started off at full speed; in an instant the elk disappeared and I was left to catch my wild mare if I could. Luckily the prairie was intersected with a number of ditches a yard or two wide, and while the mare hesitated to jump one of these I caught her.

In returning to the party I accidentally rode over a nest of skunks. There were two old and five young ones. The stench they emitted infected the atmosphere for a circumference of nearly a hundred yards, and my horse's hoofs smelt offensively for many hours afterwards. In the night we heard a drum on the other side of the Platte. It may have been beaten either by emigrants or Indians. One of the men believes we are in the neighbourhood of Fort Kearney, and thus accounts for the strange sound in the wilderness. Distance, thirty-two miles.

3rd.—Jim who slept out joined us in time to assist in packing. Nelson and I went out hunting, rode all day by the side of Wood River, eight or nine miles from the waggon trail, saw several deer and thousands of prairie dogs. In the afternoon we came unexpectedly upon an antelope. He saw us immediately, but as quick as possible we were off our horses with our rifles cocked and raised. He trotted towards us to reconnoitre and stopped more than two hundred yards from us; I at once gave the word to fire high, and both together. The two rifles made but one report, the antelope made a bound and fell. We shouted with joy and were running to cut his throat when the horses took fright and bolted. We well knew how difficult a matter it was to recover them, and what the consequences would be if we could not do so. Down went our rifles in the grass and away we went. A long chase we had, but caught them at last, and then went to pick up the rifles, but no rifles were to be found. Hour after hour we hunted, measuring the distance and taking every probable bearing from the dead deer. We walked in line, we rode in line, we kicked the grass and let the horses kick it, but all to no purpose. To lose one's rifle would be as sad a misfortune as to lose one's horse; however as long as the game lasted we determined to remain. But to this extremity we were not destined to be reduced. I desired Nelson to return with me to a place from which I had steered by compass. From this point I took exactly the course I had before taken, and keeping our eyes fixed on the ground we pulled up with the two rifles within a yard of our horses' feet. We soon butchered the antelope, a fine fat buck, and taking each a half behind our saddle, with the tongue and delicacies of the inside hung at the bows, set out in the best of spirits for the road. We found the tracks of our mules, but could not tell how far they were a-head. We went about eight miles, then turned to a stream near the trail and camped. After picketing the horses close to our heads we made a pillow of half the deer, shared one blanket between us, and fell sound asleep. In the middle of the night we were awoke by musquitoes just in time to see the horses break their lariats and run away. When we had caught them, we could not find our blankets again till day-light. Distance, twenty-one miles.

4th.—Reached camp at 8 A.M. The party were breakfasting, but at the sight of venison, the first that had been brought in, every one assisted in preparing for a good meal. Louis and Jim, being the oldest hunters, were considered great authorities in the culinary department, and officiated with profound dignity upon the loins and steaks, talking with an amiable pomposity, as they turned the meat upon the "broche," of wonderful feats performed by *nous autres en haut.* The only part I thought worth eating, was the fry. As for the rest, it was so tough and of such remarkable high flavour that none but the initiated could appreciate its merits. In the course of our march this day, we observed some black objects on the prairie, which our spy-glasses discovered to be buffaloes. It is impossible to describe the state of excitement we were in. Masters and men all wanted to leave the mules and go after them. Fred was so eager that, notwithstanding the pain in his leg, he would not wait till I had loaded my pistols, but insisted that the buffaloes would go before he could get up to them. Persuaded of this we galloped over a mile of prairie; but so far from it being necessary to exhaust our horses in this manner, the buffaloes did not get on their legs till we were near enough to shoot at them. At first sight they seem to be the clumsiest animals in the world; a large rolling mass of black hair—one wonders that a horse is obliged to gallop to keep up with their canter. My mare is not very fast, and already blown she found it hard work to gain upon the fugitives. The herd consisted of five bulls; the largest of the lot soon separated, and I followed him, while Fred kept to the others. When near enough I discharged my rifle, and struck the bull in the flank; taking no notice he dashed on until I pressed him so hard that he turned and snorted at me. Reining up I took a deliberate aim and placed a ball behind his shoulder, but a little too high to bring him down. Fred who had also wounded one, came to my assistance and continued the chase, while I dismounted to load. We soon caught him up, and waiting till he turned, I again fired at his shoulder, and Fred hit him in the leg. I put the contents of my second barrel into his ribs, and left Fred, as I thought, to finish him. Still he held out, and by the time I got my tired mare up to the besieger and besieged, the latter was at bay, unable to go farther, and neither of us had a bullet left. At last the buffalo staggered away, and Louis arrived to witness our disappointment; both he and Julius had had a hard run, but were both left far behind. The chace and the heat of the day made us very thirsty, and, by way of refreshing ourselves, we took a long draught from a hot and muddy pit, using my hat as a cup. Louis was taken so ill from the effects of this measure, that we had the greatest difficulty to get him home, which, for the night, was in the road, not far from the Platte. We could get no wood, so had no supper. Julius did not come in. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

5th.—The men are sulky because they have nothing to eat but ham and the dust of biscuits, which has so often been wet that it has turned mouldy and sour. They may consider themselves lucky if they are never worse off. The parson and I leave camp early, with the hopes of getting some buffalo meat. While he was shooting at prairie dogs his Canadian pony, Jimmy, made his escape, and cost me two hours hard riding to catch, and being obliged to leave mine for an instant, I was occupied about the same time in catching him.

Toward evening we saw a small band of buffaloes, which we approached by leading our horses up a hollow. They got our wind, however, and were gone before we were aware of it. They were all young bulls, and were so fast, that I was near half an hour coming up with them. The parson's horse had, in the outset, put his foot in a hole, and the fall they got gave the band time to get a long distance in advance. Separating one from the herd by firing my pistol into the midst of it, I devoted all my efforts to overtake him; once or twice he turned his unwieldy body and glared furiously with his small black eyes. At last I headed him and he stopped short; I halted also and waited till I could see his shoulder. But instead of showing tail, he put his head down, and foaming with rage, came at me full tilt. My horse never stirred; I had no time for anything but to take aim, and having fired between the neck and shoulder, I was, the next minute, sprawling on my back, with the mare rolling over four or five yards beyond me. Recovered from the shock, I could not help admiring the picturesque group we presented; I rubbing my bruised limbs, and the buffalo looking on half stupified and astonished at the result of his charge. I naturally had certain presentiments that the proximity of so powerful a foe was somewhat dangerous; and, crawling up to my rifle, gave him the contents of my second barrel. The ball sounded on his ribs, and he gave a groan, and a swerve that convinced me he had received a Roland for an Oliver. The parson now joined me, and followed the wounded animal without the slightest recognition of my misfortunes; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him fire seven shots, none of which, owing to the fright of his horse, went within yards of the bull. Upon my word, I begin to think that buffaloes are either very tenacious of life, or else that we are unskilful hands in the science of venery.

When Julius returned, we both tried our utmost to catch my horse, which could just run on three legs faster than we could on two. He baffled all our perseverance, and after driving him before us for a couple of hours, during which time we suffered dreadfully for want of water, we found ourselves obliged to halt on the top of some high sandy hills, six or seven miles from the river. The night was cold, and we had only one saddle-cloth between us; and as we wore neither coat nor waistcoat, our flannel shirts wet with rain and perspiration, added to rather than diminished our discomfort. It was useless to attempt sleep. Every quarter of an hour I was up driving my mare to where the parson lay. Once or twice I dozed off, and dreamt that I was in a position exactly the reverse of my real one. I thought I was at home telling the events of the day to some old friends sitting over an excellent dinner, and always on the point of drinking their health in a frothy pot of half-and-half. So vivid were these impressions that the reality seemed to be the dream, and the darkness favouring the delusion, made me hope that if I was dreaming, it was between the blankets of a four-poster. Distance, twenty-three miles.

6th.—Started with the first appearance of dawn and drove the mare down to the river. On our way we were passed by herds of buffaloes coming to drink. I hit one, but we were in no humour to follow him.

In order to reach the river we had to cross a deep ditch full of reeds. Here it struck me that I might catch my horse, and rushing at her, she jumped into the ditch and stuck fast, up to the girth in mud. We succeeded in extricating her, and afterwards examined her wound. The horn of the buffalo had gored her in the fleshy part of the flank, making a hole, into which a man could insert his four fingers. The thigh was much swelled, and the hemorrhage which had nearly ceased, had evidently been profuse.

The whole leg was stiff and useless, and with regret I made up my mind that mortification would take place, and she would die. After we had watered the horses and secured them to a tree, we stripped and plunged into the river. At nine we overtook the party. We had been two days without food, for we started yesterday morning before breakfast and had not eaten anything since an early hour the preceding day. They had waited for us, and the coffee-pot was on the fire. We drank several cups, which satisfied our cravings far better than more substantial food.

Our route lay all day close to the edge of the Platte. Its waters seem to be rather more yellow and muddy than when we first struck it. Notwithstanding their thickness and very peculiar colour, the flavour is singularly soft and agreeable. The river was spotted with a few thickly-wooded islands. The timber on these is the only wood to be seen, and we have begun to use *bouse de vache* for fuel. Several attempts were made to kill the buffaloes as they came down their paths from the hills on our right to the river, but were all alike ineffectual. Late in the day we turned from the Platte, and leaving it four or five miles to the south, selected the site of our encampment by the edge of a stagnant pond, whose waters converted into tea, tasted of a strong impregnation of frogs. Distance, twenty miles.

7th.—Breakfast over, Jim, the half-breed and I, made an excursion to the hills, resolved to make one more trial to procure fresh meat. In less than an hour we descried a large band of black objects, which Jim was pleased to say were cows. Leaving our mules, (I was reduced to riding a mule from the lameness of my two hunters,) about a mile and a half from the herd, we commenced stalking towards it. The buffaloes were on the brow of a hill which commanded a view from all sides, so that when we were half a mile from them we were perfectly exposed, and were obliged to crawl on the ground, not even venturing to raise ourselves on hands and knees. Our chance seemed small of getting near enough for a shot, but as the wind was favourable we advanced without attracting attention. At last an old bull, the patriarch of the tribe, rose from his couch to survey us; trembling for our safety, we lay flat on our faces, till satisfied with the result of his scrutiny, he resumed his recumbent posture, but with his head exactly towards us. We crawled on, and I was astonished to find how little these animals depend on sight for protection. In short, we gained a point whence we could see without being seen. Resting a few minutes to recover breath we took a good look at the unsuspecting foe, selected the fattest cow and fired. Off they went helter-skelter, all, save the old bull, who roared out his rage and trotted up close to our hiding-place. "Look out for a run," whispered Jim. "but don't show yourself no how till I tell you." For a minute or two the suspense was most exciting. But the bull had not observed us, and returned again to his wives. According to Jim's orders the rifles were reloaded, and the herd which had only moved a few paces, afforded us each a second shot. The first cow had fallen dead almost where she stood, the other we found at the foot of the hill with two bullet holes about the shoulder. "Well," said Jim, pulling out his knife; "them's four good shoots any how. If they arn't a pair of fat cows they arn't narthen' else." He soon ripped the skin from the sides, and the tongue, the hump, the tender loin, and one or two other choice morsels being cut off, I sent him for the mules, while I proceeded to perform a similar operation upon the remaining carcase. It was my first attempt at butchering, and I succeeded in disgusting myself, and hacking the meat as perfectly as could be anticipated under the circumstances. Most of the best parts of my cow were left to the wolves, as our thirst was so intolerable, we could stay no longer on the scorching sandy hills.

Our first object after the meat was packed was to make for the river; but directly we got to the plain a sparkling fountain of the clearest water presented itself before us. I never shall forget our delight as we knelt down and turned up our shirt-sleeves preparatory to plunging our heads into this beautiful spring; it was so cold I could not bear my sun-burnt hands to remain in the water. I thought we never should be satisfied with drinking. Reluctantly we tore ourselves away, but with one accord, turned again to take a farewell draught. I cannot say I felt much the better for this excess, and poor Jim fairly "gave out," and threw himself at full length on the grass quite overcome with sickness: there I left him, and trotted on to get the meat home in time for our evening meal. Distance, twenty miles.

8*th.*—We did not continue our march this day, for although we have ascertained that it is Monday, according to our calculation of last week it ought to be Sunday; so as the captain of a ship makes it twelve at sea, we took the liberty of making this a holiday in the prairies. To celebrate the occasion, I made a grand stew of the buffalo meat, which, considering the want of appliances, was not otherwise than a successful one.

The heat at noon was most oppressive; the thermometer in the sun being as high as 132°. Our animals are beginning to show the effects of long marches. One of the mules is too weak to pack. A horse of the parson's could hardly be kept up yesterday, and my two hunters are both lame.

9th.—The Camanche mule occupied us two hours in packing, and was severely punished in consequence. Some one put Cayenne pepper into its eyes to blind it for the time being, and afterwards pushed it into the river. This kind of treatment appears unnecessarily cruel, but no one who has not dealt with mules can form any idea of their provoking nature, or judge of the benefit to be derived from hard blows. It is said that the Mexican Indians beat their young mules about the head before they use them, in order to give them a proper degree of deference for their masters, and to prevent them from being easily captured by strangers. However this may be, they appear to have an instinctive spite against the human race, and answer any attempt to touch their heads with the wildest and most passionate resentment.

While adjusting some packs on the road, Nelson and Louis had a desperate quarrel. Nelson so completely lost his temper, that he drew his knife, and was on the point of plunging it into the defenceless Louis. We reprimanded them seriously for their improper conduct, and telling Nelson that we should have shot him immediately had he used his knife, threatened to leave any man on the road who behaved so disgracefully again. In this manner we restored the camp to order; but the two belligerents uttered such a volley of menacing ejaculations that I was alarmed lest the feud should be renewed at some future opportunity. Distance twenty-five miles.

10*th.*—Last night one of the heaviest storms I ever witnessed broke over us, and the ground became so saturated with water that rather than lie down we sat perched till daylight on the top of our baggage. On the banks of the river we saw a heifer that had been left by the emigrants. Its hind-quarters were terribly lacerated by the wolves, and to save it from a horrible and lingering death one of us gave it the contents of his rifle. Distance twenty-four miles.

11*th.*—In the night a storm more terrific than that of the night before gathered over our heads. Hailstones larger than marbles, and shapeless little pieces of ice rattled upon us. The roar of the thunder seemed to shake the hills, and one flash of lightning struck the ground apparently less than twenty yards from the camp. All the horses fled. Nelson threw himself on the ground, and covered himself with a bundle of brushwood he had gathered for fuel. And I believe the rest of the men thought their last hour was come, so awful was the war of the tempest. Travelled from half-past ten A.M. till six o'clock P.M. Distance twenty-three miles.

12*th*.—Saw some Mormon waggons on the south side of the Platte. Wanted one of the men to cross over to ask them for sugar and biscuit, both of which we are out of. We also are anxious to learn something of our position, which we imagine to be about two days from Chimney Rock, and a week from Fort Larimie. None of the men, however, could be persuaded to face the river, whose current here runs four or five miles an hour. Shot two prairie dogs. Jim killed a hare and a rattle-snake. They were all capital eating, not excepting the snake, which the parson cooked and thought as good as eel. Distance twenty-one miles.

13*th.*—Travelled eight hours and a half, and made a good day's march, for the first time since we started only stopping once to pack. Passed some sandy hills, and saw the Chimney Rock. The sight of this very curious eminence was cheering to all the party. We begin to find the journey tedious and uninteresting. Sitting six or seven hours in the saddle day after day, with no greater excitement than the misbehaviour of the mules and the grumbling of the men, is at best monotonous. If we had any books to read it would be a great source of amusement, but unfortunately we sent all our cumbersome baggage back to St. Louis on our arrival at Council Bluffs. True, Fred has a Shakspeare, which we take it by turns to read, but like his pipe, the only survivor of all the pipes of the party, one can never get it when one wants it, or rather one always wants but cannot always have them. Another rattlesnake was killed to-day by Fred. Distance twenty-five miles.

14*th.*—A cold and windy day. Odd-shaped sand hills, worn round by the weather: they looked like young chimneys. Men and horses suffered much from musquitoes and sand flies. Camped opposite some huge cliffs on the other side of the river, which we take to be Scott's Bluffs. The outlines of these hills resemble fortified citadels, with perfect deceptions of turrets and buttresses. They only wanted a few warriors moving athwart the sky to convince us that they were artificial structures. Had nothing but boiled rice for supper. Distance twenty-six miles.

15*th.*—Saw a great number of Mormon waggons, and one man on a pack-mule going eastward, all on the other side of the river. We expect soon to meet something on our side; the tracks are recent and numerous. Saw a herd of twenty deer, and nearly shot an antelope. Encamped on the edge of a wood, and made a huge fire, as the night was cold. Cooked the end of a tongue in our rice, and being hungry thought it excellent soup. Distance thirty miles.

16*th.*—After three hours' journeying the road turned down to the river; following it, we observed several lodges and a mud building, on the south side. Jim and Louis gave it as their decided opinions that these buildings were a station, called Fort Platte, but on examination of them through our spy-glasses we saw nothing but Indians, and directed the men to continue marching. Jim, however, was so positive of its being a settlement, that he and I went together to enquire. The water was deep in the river, and the current was strong, so that, after trying to ford it with our mules, we were obliged to leave them on a small island, and, divesting ourselves of everything but shirts and mocassins, took to swimming. Jim, who was the better swimmer of the two, reached the bank with tolerable ease; but while he laughed at me puffing and blowing, I had considerable difficulty in getting out of the middle stream. Wet shirts and mocassins were not, strictly speaking, very full dress to visit a fortress in; and a fortress of some kind we now discovered it to be. At all events, we were as respectable as Indians, and a more intimate acquaintance with the buildings and its inmates set our minds at ease on this score. Two or three old traders were gossiping together over their pipes, on a wooden bench outside the mud building. Close at hand were a quantity of Sioux Indians, squatting round their lodges and lounging about, pictures of idleness and stupidity. The traders received us civilly, and informed us that, though not Fort Platte, the name of this post was Ash Point, eighteen miles from Fort Larimie. One of my instructors was an old man bearing a strong resemblance to Mr. Chatillion, a celebrated hunter, whose acquaintance I had made in St. Louis. I told the old man I knew a person to whom he must be a brother if his name was Chatillion. He said that it was, and was much pleased to meet one who had lately seen a member of his family. I gave him all the news I thought interesting to him, and received in return a bowl of milk and some dried meat. After this he accompanied me to the river, and showed me a canoe, in which I crossed over, and gave my good tidings to the rest of the camp.

The whole afternoon we were occupied in transporting the baggage; in the evening we supped with the traders, upon dried buffalo meat, bacon, new bread, milk, and coffee. Our hosts, who each possessed a squaw and a lodge, offered, when supper was over, to exhibit the interior of their domiciles. As we had never before seen a lodge, we were much struck with the air of comfort which they presented. Most of them were large enough to contain twelve or fourteen people. The floors were covered with buffalo robes, and the tight-spread skins which formed the tent were stout enough to defy all weathers. In winter the lodge can be entirely closed, and when a fire is lit in the centre, the smoke escaping at a small hole where the poles join, I should imagine the snugness to be complete.

In front of the entrance to one of these lodges a squaw and her child were making preparations for a dog feast. A young puppy that had been playing with the child was seized by the woman, and received from her half-a-dozen sharp blows on the throat with a piece of wood about to be used for firing. The puppy was then returned, kicking, to the tender mercies of the infant, who exerted its little might to add to the miseries of the beast, while the mother prepared the fire and a small kettle for the purpose of cooking. The puppy, still much more alive than dead, was then taken by the hind-leg and held over the flames till the woman's fingers could bear the heat no longer. She then let it fall on the fire, where it struggled and squeaked most piteously, and would have succeeded in delaying its end but that the little savage took care to provide for the security of his late playmate, by replacing him in the flames till life was extinguished, and the hair satisfactorily burnt off.

At the conclusion of this tragedy we went home, and were visited by an Indian of some celebrity. He was a short thick-set fellow, with an amiable, though coarse, expression of countenance. He produced three scalps, and told a long story of two Crows and a Ponkaw, from whom he had "lifted" them this same season. The Crows, it appeared, were his natural enemies, but the Ponkaw, whom he would not otherwise have injured, was met by him one day mounted on a horse, which the Sioux recognised at once for a white man's. Upon being questioned as to whose horse he was riding, the Ponkaw answered it was his own, whereupon the Sioux called him a liar, and sent an arrow through his body. This account was afterwards confirmed by old Chatillion, and was a curious instance of the mixture of justice and barbarity which characterises an Indian.

Amongst other things, our friend boasted that he had never acted dishonourably to a white man. Of this I confessed my incredulity, for not a hundred yards from our camp were nearly two hundred horses, mostly American, belonging to his tribe, which could hardly have come into their hands by any means but theft. Some beautiful Indian ponies were in the lot, but no price could buy them ; money is no object to an Indian ; his horse is the support of his life ; and the Arab does not love his steed more truly than the red man his native pony.

17*th*.—Breakfasted with the traders, most of whom were Frenchmen, Spaniards, or half-breeds. Their trade is in merchandise, which they bring from Fort

Pierre, or the posts on the head-waters of the Missouri, and exchange with the Indians for robes and pelts. Some few of them have wealth enough for independence, but are unfit for any other life than that in which they have been brought up. They are given to drinking, lying, and stealing when they have a chance. They marry a squaw probably at every post they go to, own no house but a lodge, and are, in short, more contemptible than the Indians, whom they affect to despise, and treat like beings of an inferior order. With these men we endeavoured to exchange our bad animals for better ones, but emigration has raised the prices here to a greater exorbitance than below; and some of us were nearly giving 150 dollars for horses really not worth 15.

At ten o'clock we left Ash Point, and, travelling on a road as broad as any turnpike in England, reached Fort Larimie at two. The first sight of stone buildings was very exhilarating. The Yankee flags, the lines of tents, and the attempts at cultivation, were undeniable proofs that the first stage of our journey was at an end, and that a fourth part of the whole distance was accomplished. Leaving the cavalcade on the banks of the river Larimie, which half encircles the fort, Fred, the parson, and I, went to the quarters of the commanding officer, to whom we had brought a letter of introduction. At first this gentleman gave us but a cold reception, but I am sure our appearances would warrant any unfavourable suspicions he might have entertained concerning our respectability. After awhile his manner became more courteous, and he gave us permission to make our encampment within the government reserve, as close as we pleased to the fort. Thanking him for this unusual mark of civility, we returned to our train, and fording the river, halted on its left bank. To our infinite disappointment, we discovered there was no grass within four miles, but determined to send the horses next morning to the place where the troop horses always fed. Distance, eighteen miles, and, according to our calculation, six hundred and forty-three from the Missouri at St. Joseph.

CHAPTER V.

Dinner at the Quartermaster's.—Intelligent Yankee Officers.—Exchange Horses.—Terrific Storm.—Deserters from the Fort.—Badger Hunt.—Wolf steals the Kettle.—Disaster with the Mules.—Mormonite Encampment.—Deer Creek.—Poisonous Springs.—Herd of dead Oxen.—Sweet-water River.—Independence Rock.—Travelling Squabbles.—Antelopes.—Sage Hens.—More Squabbles.—We part Company.—Taming a Mule.—Travellers from California.—William rejoins us.

July 21*st.*—Went up to the Fort with the intention of going to church, but called on the Quartermaster, and found the majority of the congregation collected there, smoking and drinking champagne. We joined the party, and accepted their invitation to dinner. Colonel Somner, Major Thompson, Captains Dyer Vanvleet, a Mr. Stillett, and our three selves filled the little mess-room. We had a capital feed off a saddle of young elk and green peas; our appetites did justice to the occasion, and I doubt if we ever made a better dinner. The conversation ran upon general topics, and we were struck with the intelligence and information of the officers. In other respects; small blame to them, they were entirely Yankee—perhaps, a little more gentlemanlike and more hospitable than the generality of their countrymen. They seemed to want the cordiality that exists amongst brother officers in our army, and I believe, would "give out" if they were forbidden the use of the word "Sir." After all, this absence of familiarity, which is in the nature of the beast, may be no great harm, for a familiar oath or a practical joke is often the prelude to unpleasant results. At the present time a court martial is assembled, which trebles the number of officers in garrison, and has actually brought some of them from Fort Snelling, seven or eight hundred miles off.

24th.—Bought eight Spanish mules at seventy-five dollars each. They are all small, but are none the worse for that, and are very cheap. I wanted to trade my little grey for a big chestnut horse, but he was so lame, that the half-breed whom I bargained with, asked forty dollars in exchange. I assured him there was not so fast a horse in the whole country as the little grey, and to convince him, got on its bare back to show off its paces. Fresh from not having been ridden for a long time, he started into a gallop, which concealed his lameness, and ended by running away and nearly throwing me. The man was so pleased with the performance, that he was ready to conclude the bargain forthwith, but several spectators standing by wished to secure the pony for themselves, and offered me as much for it as I was asked to give for the chestnut horse. The consequence was that the half-breed and I exchanged horses, both very well satisfied with our contract. It grieved me to part with my hunter, he had carried me a good many miles, was very fast, and perfectly docile. His only fault was his colour. A white horse on the plains is sure to be selected in preference to all others by mosquitoes and flies. All our white or grey animals are in far worse condition than the others, owing entirely to loss of blood from flies. Julius bought an Indian pony about fourteen hands high. He himself weighs fifteen stone, rides on a heavy saddle with a heavy pair of holster pistols, carries a very heavy rifle and telescope, a heavy blanket and great coat, a pouch full of ammunition, a girdle stuck with small arms and bowie-knives, and always has his pockets crammed to bursting. How he expects so small a beast to carry him over a thousand miles, is a matter of speculation to us who are acquainted with his capacities for ridin horses to death. The pony is, no doubt, a good one, but we consider that his days are numbered.

All our cattle were driven eight miles up the river and herded for the sake of grass. I went up to see how they got on, and quartered myself upon a party of soldiers who were cutting timber for the fort. Fred engaged an American, called William Nelson, to go with us to Oregon or California, as we may hereafter decide. He is to receive twenty-five dollars a month, and to be mounted at our expense.

25*th.*—Paid off Jim, and hired another man named Potter, who is by profession a teamster, and says he understands the art of packing mules. Had the worst storm this night we have yet seen—the ground appeared to be actually on fire with lightning; at the first puff our temporary covering blew away, and left us to the mercy of the winds and waters. So much rain fell, that although we were on a sandy elevation we were up to our ankles in water. Fred and I sat back to back on our bag of biscuit, and pulling a blanket over our heads, kept each other warm till the tempest ceased.

26*th.*—What with getting the horses shod, buying new lariats, and laying in a stock of provisions, we have plenty to occupy us. It is a week since we arrived, and I fear we shall be here four or five days more at least. Matters look better than they did; a few days since it was thought we should be compelled to turn back for want of men and mules, but now we are well supplied with both, and have added one more man to our list this morning; this was old Chatillion, who is to be paid 300 dollars at San Francisco, and to have the entire management of our marching order. Louis is gone to Fort Pierre, *en haut*, as he calls it, where he will, no doubt, rejoice the ears of his comrades with wondrous tales of *nous autres en bas*. Upon the whole, he has been the best man of the lot. Always ready for work, and always gay and good-humoured; the quickest hand at catching a horse; the most accomplished at packing a mule; the best shot with a rifle, and the most amusing of the party. Should any gentleman be in want of such a man for a hunting expedition on the plains, they may probably hear of Louis Benoit, in St. Louis. Our half-breed Jim has taken Potter's place as government teamster. He has been a useful man, but we shall not miss him as we do Louis; with quite as much Indian as white man in his composition, he possesses all the vanity of the superior race, with all the cunning and laziness of the inferior. A half-breed is never to be depended upon; he is either too proud to serve, or too idle to command other men. If annoyed, he is apt to be revengeful; and if humoured, is easily spoilt.

The price of provisions and stores at the settlers' shop here is quite absurd; they know the emigrants are obliged to buy, there is no opposition, and they put fancy prices upon everything. Major Sanderson, the commanding officer, has permitted us to purchase some of our stock at the government value, a saving to us of more than two-thirds of what our expenses would otherwise have been. Yesterday, eighteen men deserted from the fort, and have taken the best horses in the troop. A party left to-day to retake them, but the odds are greatly in favour of the deserters, especially if the capturing party take it into their heads to shoot their officer, and join the fugitives in the attempt to make their fortunes in California.

Caught some cat-fish in the Larimie, and dined with Captain Rhete and his wife, both very nice persons, particularly the wife. It seems the height of conjugal devotion on her part to give up all society and follow her husband to such a corner of the earth as this. The task of getting here is bad enough for most ladies, but being content to remain, is a piece of amiability that may serve as a model for all. Truly, there are men who would rather their wives stayed at home when they themselves went abroad, but indeed, for my part, I cannot exactly see any particular object in having a wife at all in such cases. Thermometer 146° in the sun.

27*th.*—Five officers paid us a visit. Captain Rhete mounted us on a couple of chargers and took out his greyhounds to show us a hunt. We saw one or two wolves, but not near enough to run. We had a short gallop after a badger, which we killed, but not till Rhete had used his pistol, and pinned him to the ground with a large knife. If the dogs had been left to themselves, they would not have finished him for half an hour.

Wolves, like policemen, are numerous enough, unless you particularly want to find one. Almost every night we have one or two prowling about the camp. Several times the remains of our supper disappeared in a mysterious manner, and having agreed to sit up one night, we detected a wolf in the act of walking away with the camp kettle. Nelson, who was prepared for the thief, shot him with slugs, and laid him aside, a warning for all future depredators.

28*th.*—For more than a week the weather has been very rainy. Most of us are suffering from severe dysentery; I for one have swallowed nearly an apothecary's shop full of paregoric, opium pills, and cholera powders. This sickness is possibly owing to the change of diet and general mode of living. It is fortunate that we are so near medical advice; such severe attacks in the prairies would no doubt have left one of us by the road side.

31*st.*—To-morrow is the first of August, and still we are here. This is tiresome; I am sure we are more anxious to get away from, than we were to arrive at, this wretched place. I do not remember to have ever spent a more tedious week than the last. This ennui is purely from having nothing to do. Idleness by choice is bad, but compulsory idleness is worse. I would as lief be a mule's tail, and switch flies all day long, as have no other variety of occupations in life but eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping; 'tis beastly, 'tis perfect piggism; a sort of laying by to fatten—a process of enervation which, unresisted, eats, disease-like, into our natures, till from being shunned as idleness, that neglect of duty becomes at last a necessary poison, sweet as habit to the taker.—Reflections apart. I wish we were anywhere but at Fort Larimie.

August 1st.—Brought all the animals down, tied them up, and packed them. If ever there were other vicious mules in this world, they must have been amiability itself compared with ours. They rolled, they kicked, they plunged, they screamed, they bit, as though we had been submitting them to the torments of the damned. Taking six men to each mule, we finally lashed the packs on them so tight as almost to cut them in two. The moment their heads were loosed, away they went into the river, over the hills, and across the country as hard as they could lay legs to the ground. Oh! it was a pretty sight! The flour and biscuit-stuff swimming about in the river, the hams in a ditch full of mud, the new set of pots and pans bumping and rattling on the ground until there was not a morsel of shape left in one of them. And the pack-saddles, which have delayed us a week to get made, broken and smashed to splinters. In this severe trial, old Chatillion turns out perfectly useless, and is discharged accordingly.

3rd.—Engaged Abraham Morris, and actually made a start. Fred and the parson remained to take leave of the garrison; I rode on to superintend travelling; of course everything went wrong. The animals would run back; the rain wet us all through; I lost my shooting coat, and the men lost their temper. However, we have begun a fresh stage, and there is a pleasant change in the scenery; the country is more barren, but the road winds through rocky passes, and the overhanging pine-trees are novel and picturesque. Formerly we could see nearly a week's journey before us; now the future is left to the imagination, and we know not what fine things may be in store for us. This evening we were in hopes of finding some hot springs which have been described to us, but could not find them, and halted in a swamp where the water was excessively froggy. Distance, twelve miles.

4th.—Up at four; started at eleven; six hours and a half packing twelve mules! shot a young prairie dog. Were overtaken by four men with pack horses; one of the men was a Scotchman. The road sometimes hilly. Forded several creeks. Descending to one we were delighted with a beautiful view. The stream wound along the bottom of a small valley thickly studded with timber; here and there a little opening in the trees suffered a strong light to fall upon the water, which looked the brighter from the surrounding shade. In the back ground rose the dark peak of Larimie, and as the men in their red flannel shirts drove the mules through the clear stream, and disappeared in the grove beyond, Fred and I paused to admire the striking beauty of the landscape. The packs came off so frequently, that in order to encourage the men, we three assisted in the work. It was past nine when we encamped, and an hour later we had picketted all the horses. Distance, eighteen miles.

5th.—Called all hands half-past three, and were rather disconcerted to see the Scotchman stop to breakfast, having made ten miles before we had started. Tied all the mules in a string, to prevent them from scampering about and kicking the loads off. For a new experiment it succeeded wonderfully, and saved us a great deal of trouble. Passed through a wild and undulating country; the principal feature of the whole region being its remarkable aridity. From the summit of one hill we looked down upon a hundred others. The sun was just setting, and Larimie Peak, towering above the rest of his train, partly screened with a shade of the deepest purple a sky of gold. Some few spots still reflected the yellow rays of the sinking fire, and clumps of black pines and cedars leaning from the brows of some rugged steep, seemed majestically contemplating the death-like stillness of a wooded valley far below them. Darkness overtook us before we reached the river, which we had long seen a head, but the horses, impatient of the slow pace of the tired mules, galloped on directly they smelt the water, and waited until we came up. On the banks of the river were some Mormon wagons. The ground was covered with artemisia or wild sage, but unhappily no grass. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

6th.—Tied the mules in two trains, and started at seven; went a couple of miles out of our way by following an old road that led to a camping-ground. The Mormon party, as we passed them, were starting on a hunt for two bears seen this morning a little way up the stream. We were strongly tempted to join them, but have no time to waste. Went in advance to choose a camping-ground. Found a secluded spot where there was a tolerable quantity of grass, and plenty of water. Returned to conduct the trains, and met Fred, with William Nelson, leading the four fastest mules a long way a head of the others. It was past nine when they all got in. Eighteen Mormon wagons stopped close to us, but did not see the good feed, and had only sand and sage bushes for their cattle. They say there are several hundred Mormon families on the road beyond us. This is most distressing news, for even in a grass country the enormous number of cattle they have with them would not leave much for our horses to eat; and in this the soil becomes more barren at every mile. A storm delayed our supper until nearly midnight. Distance, nineteen miles.

7th.—Packed in an hour and a half; reached the north fork of the Platte at twelve o'clock. Here we gave the mules two hours' rest, and breakfasted. Henceforth Fred and I intend each to take charge of one of the trains, and have chosen five mules that will best travel together for that purpose. Jacob is to act as stoker for Fred—William for me. The men have facetiously christened Fred's the express train; and as mine has the slowest animals in it, I have named it the parliamentary. The two remaining pack mules are too slow to keep up, and too old to need special surveillance; one is loaded with odds and ends, the other with pots and pans. That they may not be left behind altogether, the parson keeps them company and jogs along in the rear of all, with little else to do than smoke his pipe out, and fill it up again.

Reached Deer Creek, a charming camping spot, about five; after supper enjoyed the unusual luxury of a bathe. Generally we are too tired or have no opportunity for bathing; and seldom more than one day in the week, I grieve to say it, is allotted for purification. This, perhaps, sounds uncleanly, but I will venture to assert that not one man in twenty thousand who crosses these plains washes so much as his face, on an average once in a month. However, "use doth breed a habit in a man," and as to the appearances, they are no object whatever here. Before we turned in we had a long chat about England and absent friends, and wondered if they were talking or thinking of us. The subject was very exciting, but we managed to sleep soundly nevertheless. Distance, seventeen miles.

8*th*.—The parliamentary started first, and kept the lead all day. These trains are the cause of much rivalry, especially with the stokers, who are sworn enemies. But the greatest advantage is the party spirit they have created amongst the men, who get the work done as quickly as possible, that their faction may be the first in the field. Did not halt till we arrived at the upper ferry on the Platte. At this point there was a considerable difference of opinion between Fred and me concerning the propriety of crossing the river to-night. I tried several places, but found them impassable. Fred, however, was persuaded that we could, and ought to ford without delay; the upshot of our squabbling was, we remained on the south side, and encamped two miles below the ferry in company with the Mormons. Distance, twenty-five miles.

9th.—Endeavoured to ford the river, but the water was too deep for the small mules, and we paid half a dollar to have them ferried across by two men who live here till the emigration is over. Earlier in the year, when the river is swollen and all the wagons are obliged to make use of their raft, these enterprising fellows earn as much as two or three hundred dollars in a day. Sometimes, for a very small sum, they purchase the way-worn horses of the emigrants. They keep them for a couple of months where the feed is pretty good, and then sell them at an enormous profit to another party. They live comfortably enough in a log hut, and can always keep themselves supplied with venison or other game. Fred and Julius dined with them, and were surprised to see a tempting joint of mutton; it was mountain sheep, but they said as good mutton as ever they wished to taste

We were told to-day that, not many weeks ago, a man had crossed this ferry on his way to California, with no conveyance but his legs, and no baggage but what he wheeled in a barrow; that he overtook all who travelled with horses or oxen, and that as long as his health lasted he could walk five-and-twenty miles a day. The weather is hot and the road dusty. When we had journeyed three or four hours Julius remembered that he had left his rifle at the ferry, and returned to fetch it. Halted for an hour at what are called the poisonous springs. After trying the water, which was cold and clear, and finding no objectionable flavour in it, we drank without hesitation, and were not afterwards any the worse for doing so. Overtook more Mormons, and stopped with them at Willow Spring. Distance, twenty-nine miles.

10*th*.—In the middle of the night the parson returned, but had not observed his mare, which we picketted by the road side at the poisonous springs, that he might have a fresh horse to ride on with. It is extremely inconvenient to be obliged to send some one back, for we can neither spare men nor days. As Julius was ill he preferred to remain at the Willow Spring while Potter went for his horse. In the mean time we continued on our way, promising to travel slowly till he caught us up again. This incident, and the consequent remarks made upon one side for having left the horse, and upon the other for not having brought it on, have created some unpleasant feelings, which, it is to be hoped for the general comfort of the party, will soon subside.

Passed sixty or seventy dead oxen; it is supposed they have died from drinking at the poisoned springs. The men are naturally alarmed; but it appears more likely, judging from the poor condition they are in, that the long distances without water, and the scarcity of food, have been the causes of their death. The effluvium which proceeds from their carcases is most disgusting, particularly when it is brought with a fair wind. Were they not so numerous the wolves would quickly remove them, but the supply being greater than the demand, beef is at such a discount that rot and the ravens have more matter than they can conveniently consume.

To the right and left of the road are several lakes from which the water has evaporated, leaving a thick deposit of saleratus. This alkali is a useful substitute for yeast, and is frequently gathered by the emigrants for that purpose. High volcanic mountains are before us, spurs of the Rocky Mountains; on one hand the Sweetwater river, on the other Independence Rock. The Sweetwater is the most considerable tributary of the Platte, and in the valley which bears its name buffalos are seen for the last time on this side of the Rocky Mountains. It has always been a celebrated hunting-ground of the Indians, and is consequently the theatre of war for those tribes which, from their vicinity, claim it as their own preserve.

Independence Rock was so called by a party of emigrants who first saw it on the anniversary of the celebrated 4th of July; it is a curious-shaped isolated block of granite, about one hundred and fifty feet high. On its sides are painted hundreds of names, with the dates on which their owners passed it. On the banks of the Sweetwater the grass was more abundant than we have for some days seen it. There was no wood nearer than the pine on the mountains, so we made our fire of bushes of wild sage, which burns brightly and has rather an agreeable smell. Set up a tent we bought at Fort Larimie. This is only the second time we have slept under cover since we left Council Bluffs. Distance, twenty-two miles.

11*th.*—Found an old stove and baked some bread. Fred and I went out hunting; saw plenty of deer and fresh tracks of buffalo. We followed the tracks through a wild gorge in the mountains, so narrow that it would only admit of one at a time. A severe storm of wind and dust compelled us to seek shelter in the pass. Had a shot at an antelope, which I missed. Surprised to find on our return that the parson had not yet arrived.

12*th*.—Julius joined us at an early hour. He complained that we had not left him anything to eat, and that he had in consequence starved for two days. Fred said that it was his own fault for not thinking for himself. Old grievances were brought to bear, and a severe cross-fire ensued, which terminated without loss of blood, but not without some expenditure of good feeling on all sides. It is shocking when people quarrel about little things, where so much give-and-take is absolutely necessary to the merest approach to comfort; but, upon experience, I am convinced there is no severer trial of a man's temper than such a journey as the one we have undertaken. In reality, every circumstance connected with it is provoking and disagreeable, and it requires a constant and vigorous effort of the mind to delude oneself into the idea that one is performing a romantic and heroic act. Now, when a quarrel arises, and we are told, in language more forcible than polite, that the whole trip from beginning to end is a decided and ridiculous failure; that we individually heartily wish we had never heard of Californias and Rocky Mountains; and that, moreover, we consider each other, without any exception, as the most disagreeable and most provoking companions in the world, the facts are so startling as to suggest the possibility of their being true; and all noble resolutions which one is incessantly making to behave like a man, are shaken suddenly to their foundation by the undeniable fact of somebody having behaved very like a fool.

Stalked some wild geese, and shot one of them; they were marked like what is commonly called in England the Canadian goose. After dinner, Fred and I started to hunt with my two horses; the chestnut I got in exchange at Fort Larimie, and the black mare, which has now quite recovered from her severe wound; we took with us a little pack mule called, from its colour, Strawberry, and packed our blankets and provisions for two days. We rode eastward for about seven miles, till we came to a camp of Mormons; here we found one of our mules that escaped a few days since, and paid the people who had caught it three dollars to take it up to our men. Striking thence for the Sweetwater, we continued along its banks for eight or ten miles, and took off the saddles in a picturesque spot where the river runs through a pass in the mountains. The day was stormy, but cleared in the evening, and a rainbow appeared more perfect in form and colour than any we had ever seen. We remarked at the time, "We shall always remember this 12th of August by that beautiful rainbow."

In the afternoon we had observed several herds of antelope and deer, but did not stop for them, as our particular object was to take advantage of our last chance for buffalo. The spot we selected for our bivouac was everything we could wish. Perfectly sheltered, abundance of excellent grass, plenty of dry wood, and a clear running stream. The surrounding scenery was magnificent, and the night promised to be fine. We picketed the horses close round us, and cooked a leveret for supper which I had shot on the way; with this, and a slice or two of raw ham, we made a delicious repast, and disposing ourselves side by side upon one buffalo skin while we covered ourselves with another, we thought, as we watched the stars through the curling smoke of our pipes, if there were no greater hardships than such as we now experienced, that this prairie life would not be so bad after all.

13*th.*—At daybreak I roused Fred, and soon after five we were following the river in a southerly course. We had not gone far before I saw four antelopes feeding in a bend of the river; dismounting, I approached to within about 150 yards, fired both barrels, and missed. My vexation was so great at this misfortune, that I felt I should not regain my confidence all day. We are by this time pretty good shots with the rifle, and to miss a deer is considered quite a disgrace. For some hours we found no more game; hundreds of deer had evidently been drinking at the river; where they now were we could not tell. When we came to the mouth of the Sweetwater we crossed the Platte, and ascended to the high plains above the river. In every direction we searched for buffalo, but, alas! could see none. We were sadly disappointed, and had no alternative but to retrace our steps. On our way home Fred had a shot at an antelope, and missed it; I also fired at a young one that ran straight up to me, but distinguished myself as my friend had done, much to the disgust of both of us. When we descended again to the Platte, we halted to breakfast, and slept for an hour, while the horses luxuriated in the long grass.

Towards evening we met two young Mormons, bringing down a mountain sheep which they had shot on the hills; these sheep are in their habits like the chamois,—they live amongst the highest peaks, and jump from rock to rock with the greatest agility. They are long in the leg, and have coats of sandy-coloured hair, exactly similar in texture to the deer's; their horns are enormous, and as twisted as a ram's; they are shy and difficult to approach, but well worth the trouble. The hunter of the Far West prefers their meat to that of any other animal.

As we neared our home we remarked two Indians mounted on horses; they no sooner saw us than they turned and galloped off in a contrary direction. Had we seen them sooner, we might have saved ourselves the trouble of looking for buffalo; as it is, we must keep a sharp look-out for our horses. William and the parson had been out hunting, but did not get back till eleven o'clock.

14*th*.—Leave Independence Rock all very much out of sorts; one of the men told a lie about a certain pack; I had accused him of putting some heavy things out of his baggage into mine, which he stoutly denied: having ascertained that he had not spoken the truth, I foolishly lost my temper, and reviled him in the presence of the other men. He had the good sense to hold his tongue, but I knew he would never forgive me, and felt that another breach had been made in the harmony of our party.

A few miles from where we started is a gorge, called the Devil's Gate; Julius and I turned from the road to examine it. We left our horses outside, and clambering over rocks and stones, entered the pass, which we found extremely beautiful. The rocks which form the gorge appear to have been parted by an earthquake to a depth of nearly three hundred feet; at the bottom of the fissure runs the Sweetwater, in some places leaping and foaming over the fragments of granite which have fallen from the sides of its perpendicular walls; in others eddying into deep pools, still and cold from the profound shade which perpetually darkens them. When either outlet is visible, a range of blue hills in the distance, blending with a warm sky, gives soft relief to the gloomy jaws of the chasm. Here we remained a couple of hours admiring the scene; smoked pipes, and bathed; this latter amusement was somewhat dangerous; suffering myself to be carried with the stream, I was severely cut and bruised, and had some trouble to get out again. When we came up with the rear-guard of our party, we found the five mules of the parliamentary train up to their necks in a muddy creek. The packs were sunk to the bottom, and the mules were all nearly choked or strangled. By cutting the ropes by which they were tied together, and getting two or three men to pull at their tails, we at last succeeded in extricating them. By the time we had fished the packs out of the mud and spread them to dry, we were quite ready for our breakfast, but it appeared that Fred had already stopped for an hour, and had gone on with the express and all the food. Julius and I were by no means pleased with this proceeding, but resolved to camp at the first good place we came to, wash the packs, and eat what we could get for breakfast. A brood of sage hens, a bird resembling the grey fowl, opportunely crossed our path; five of these we shot, and congratulated ourselves on being better off than the other half of the party, which had hurried on without us.

As we were employed in the preparations for our meal, Fred's horse came trotting back to us; soon after, the rider made his appearance, and, learning of our misfortune, set off to bring back his train. The adherents of this party expressed their annoyance at having to return and again unpack their mules. The others were equally refractory at having been left without their breakfast, and strong feelings of dissatisfaction were felt and murmured throughout the whole camp. For some time past matters have taken a decidedly perverse turn; day by day our consultations have become fewer. Each one seems to prefer his own plan, and more determined to adopt it. Our manners as Englishmen are perhaps more authoritative and imperious than our Yankee servants have been used to, and I have more than once overheard complaints that might have been intended to be interpreted as threats.

It was evident that such a state of things could not be allowed to continue; and revolving the subject in my own mind, I came to the conclusion that it was necessary to set before the whole party in plain terms the real condition to which we had brought ourselves, and the impossibility of proceeding on the same foolish method. I had before suggested to Julius the probability of being obliged to break up the party; and the catastrophes of the day had, by bringing the general discontent to a climax, convinced me that this measure was no longer to be delayed. Taking Fred aside, I broke to him the painful intelligence of my intended separation. At first it struck him as an unfriendly act. That we should have been such old allies; that we should have travelled so long together; and now, in the very heart of the desert, where we should more than ever need each other's society and assistance, to part, was an unkindness that nothing could justify. I told him why I conceived that not only prudence, but necessity, demanded this step, and left his good sense to acquit me. Our principle of travelling differed in such a variety of ways: one thought it necessary to start early and stop in the middle of the day; the other thought it better to start late, and make no halt till dark. One thought it best to picket the horses at night; the other was for letting them run loose. One insisted upon keeping a watch; the other thought it would increase our fatigue without adding to our safety. In short, I was of opinion that the men were so useless, the packs so heavy, the rate of travelling so slow, and the party so large, that if we got through at all, it would be after endless hardships, and perhaps at the risk of our lives. I then spoke to the men, and repeated to them much of what I had said to Fred, adding, at the same time, that I should take William with me, and that my two companions would each select those they thought most active to accompany them; that the provisions would be equally divided amongst all, and that any of the men who did not keep with us would be furnished with the necessary means of going forward or turning back, as might seem most agreeable to themselves.

They received the communication without evincing any reluctance to part; and it was then settled that we should remain this night together, and begin to-morrow with a new system. Long after I lay down to sleep, the dreary prospects of the future still forced themselves upon my mind. Often I felt inclined to undo all that I had proposed in the morning; often my conscience accused me of unfriendliness; if we were to suffer, why not share each other's misfortunes? Again and again I thought of the many pleasant hours we had spent together, and contemplated with pain the future solitude of our separated lots. But reason suggested arguments that outweighed all these considerations. What if our differences of opinion should lead to a serious quarrel; should we not part then on far more irreconcilable terms than we did now? What if food for our animals became still more scarce, which we had every reason to believe it would, surely where there were so many animals some would inevitably starve where but two or three could have subsisted well. The men, too, had grown mutinous and discontented. They had seen us work to assist them; why should they work for us at all if we could work for ourselves? In a large party we were dependent upon greater numbers, and were subject to twice as many accidents as we should be in a small one. Whichever might be the pleasanter course, there could be no doubt which was the wiser.

15*th.*—Immediately after breakfast the baggage was spread upon the ground, and to each individual was allotted a fair proportion of the provisions. We then tossed up for choice of animals, which hitherto, with the exception of our riding-horses, had been the common property of the three masters. Fred, who had settled to take Nelson and Jacob, chose six mules to pack, and one for Nelson to ride. The parson had offered to accompany me, and we took between us four mules for packing and one for each of us to ride. To Potter and Morris we gave each a riding-mule and an enormously powerful animal, named, from his size, "the Elephant," and frequently, from his slowness, "the Telegraph," to carry the baggage and provisions of the two. William, whom I had meant to take, but had given up as I was determined to have but one companion, packed a black mare that had belonged to Fred, and received as his charger a little mule called "Cream," on account of its perfect whiteness. This, notwithstanding its diminutiveness, was the best-conditioned animal in the herd.

Thus all parties were equipped for their separate starts. About three o'clock Fred was ready to leave us. Before he went, he said he hoped to make thirty or thirty-five miles every day. I said that I should not, unless obliged, travel more than twenty-five, and so did not expect to meet again. Fred gave Julius and myself thirty dollars, reserving only twenty-five for himself, and promised to wait for me at the termination of his journey. We then shook hands and parted with assurances of mutual regard, and expressed a sincere wish that we might never regret the apparently strange and sudden resolution which we were about to test by experiment. Soon after Fred, Potter, and Morris, took their leave; William, preferring his own company to theirs, gave them time to get a few miles in advance. At length he wished us good luck, mounted little "Cream," and we were left alone.

The packing we did not find more tiresome than we expected; but the loose horses were most trying to our patience. I have two besides my mules, and the parson has three, all of them particularly stubborn and pervicacious. Not that he thinks so; on the contrary, he has the greatest possible veneration for their qualities, and would not for the world have one of them a jot less stubborn or mulish. In all we have eleven animals—an awful number for two men to look after, even if we were not mere amateurs in the profession of horse-driving. When the animals were packed and saddled, I had to tie them together to prevent them running away. This occupied me nearly an hour, as we could not get the mules in the proper position, or, when there, persuade them to stand still. Unfortunately for me, a nautical education entails upon me this task, which cannot be entrusted to the hands of the parson; for did he make knots round the necks of the mules, they would soon take advantage of his unskilfulness, by struggling for release till they ended by hanging themselves. Our labours completed, we turned our backs upon this memorable spot: I led the mules, Julius the horses. Alas! what new evils were in store for us.

Scarcely five minutes had elapsed from the time we put foot in stirrups, when the horses turned restive, tried to break loose, entangled themselves in the ropes, and were cast upon the ground kicking and struggling so that we could not approach to set them at liberty. Not daring to leave my charge, for fear of the same thing happening to them, I stopped where I was for at least half an hour. The whole of this time a cold rain was pouring down in bucket-fulls. But I sat soaking in my saddle, the picture of sullen misery. Hardly a mile further on our little black mule, the wildest of the four, took it into her head to kick off her pack, and in so doing set the remaining three to imitate her example. It was almost dark. Our start was doomed to be unlucky. With infinite trouble we separated the animals, and succeeded in packing all but the black. When it came to her turn she would not allow us to come near her. Tired with a series of unavailing efforts, I rushed in and seized her halter; she reared up, and pawing out, struck me on the chin and neck and felled me to the ground. My companion, when roused, is a choleric man; under circumstances of *this* kind, I am not the most pacific. A short consultation was held, and we unanimously agreed to administer punishment to the offender. With the strength of anger we grasped the lariat, and tugging with all our energy, so nearly strangled the mule that she fell powerless to the ground. We then got the rope round her nose, drew it as tight as possible, and while I held on by the end the stronger man gave her a sound thrashing. Of course we were both ashamed afterwards for what we had done, and I should be sorry to attempt to justify the wilful beating of a brute animal; but, could an impartial judge have witnessed the scene, his human nature would, I am sure, have administered some slight correction to the *malice prepense* of the guilty cause of our wrath. Much tamed by the flogging, she quietly underwent the process of re-packing, and when Julius had seen me fairly started, he turned off the road to a Mormon camp for one of his horses that had strayed into their pack.

Jogging along at about three miles an hour, through a wild and barren country, by the light of a full moon, with no company but the four mules, I thought of the other five led animals, and the trouble they were sure to give, and heartily wished that I had done what I once intended at Fort Larimie—taken two riding animals and one pack mule, and travelled entirely alone. Upon the whole, I believe it would have been the pleasantest, and certainly the fastest and least dangerous way of making the trip. In a couple of hours I came to a bend in the river; I tried to ford it, but the vicious grey mule planted her fore legs and objected to take the water. It was out of the question to touch her, for she bites like a dog; once already this afternoon she did her best to spoil the symmetry of my much-respected calves, and for me, once a day is quite enough of that amusement. For an hour I waited to see if Julius would come to my assistance. At the end of that time my patience was exhausted, and I felt a strong inclination to fall asleep; so, preferring my blankets to my saddle, I threw off the packs, the grey mule's among the number, not without serious apprehensions for my legs, drove the picket pins into the ground, prayed that the Indians might not find me out, and closed my eyes upon the most disagreeable day that the journey has yet brought to light. Distance, six miles.

16*th.*—At daylight awakened out of a sound sleep, by the wolves. Called Julius, who had come in about two this morning. Got off at seven o'clock, and travelled pretty well till one. Stopped at a fording on the Sweetwater for nearly three hours, to feed ourselves and cattle. A Mormon train overtook us, and halted at the same place. One old man said, "You chaps don't seem in no hurry anyhow." We had passed each other on the road half a dozen times. I suppose no mule train but ours had ever been seen more than once by any party of Mormons before; and considering that his party had travelled quite as fast as we had, if not faster, he had good reason to believe that we were in no hurry. The remark, however, sounded so much like a taunt, that, had he been a young man instead of an old one, I should have had a strong inclination to tell him to mind his own business. Passed nine men on their way from California to the East. I put some questions to them, but received very curt answers. They were a rough-looking set, and were as rude in manners as in appearance. All I could learn was, that they had five mules laden with gold, packed in small square leather cases, and that the renowned Kit Carson was acting as guide to the party. They were heavily armed; mounted on good animals; travelled at the rate of four or five miles an hour; and were ready to show fight to any impediment they might meet with. After leaving the ford the road turned from the river, and, passing under some high sandy bluffs, brought us into a desert country, covered with sage bushes. We kept on till about eleven P. M., then went two miles off the road to look for water, but found none, and picketed the animals in a clayey hollow, scattered with tufts of dry grass. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

17*th*.—Called Julius before sunrise, and got away in an hour and a half. At ten we came to the Sweetwater. Potter and Morris were just leaving it, and William was packing up. They told us they had all camped near each other that night, and that Fred had left at daylight. I asked William if he would like to join us; he said he had staid behind on purpose to do so. Our work I told him was more than we could well manage; if he would assist us he should have my chestnut horse for his trouble, and the advantage of our advice, to say nothing of our society. He promised to help us all he could, and would doubtless have been glad to do so without the bribe of the horse, as he was too much of a gossip to care greatly for the solitude of the wilderness. Crossing over a range of mountains we again struck the Sweetwater. Four Canadians with a four-horse covered cart, were resting upon its banks. We stopped a few minutes to get a shot at some sage hens, and going six miles further up the river, made an early halt at four o'clock. Distance, eighteen miles.

18*th*.—It began to rain, and grew unpleasantly cold, directly we had packed. Made a considerable ascent during the forenoon. Crossed several creeks. Walked seven or eight miles to keep ourselves warm, and camped on the green banks of a little stream, about a mile from its mouth in the Sweetwater. A high rock sheltered us from the wind, and the sage bushes, which grew to an unusual size, made a warm and cheerful blaze. Distance, twenty-four miles.

CHAPTER VI.

South Pass.—Mules left to the Wolves.—Fall ill.—Travelling Mouse-trap.—Big Sandy River.—More dead Oxen.—Intense Heat.—Green River.—Become worse.—Brandreth's Pills.—We lose the Mules.—Fall out with Rebecca.—Trout fishing.—Trappers.—Express from Oregon.—Character of the Mule, moral, intellectual, and social.—William's Adventure with a "grizzly Bar."—Pine Forest.—Anglo-Saxon Reflections.—Soda Springs.—Lose *the* Spoon and *the* Fork.—Fort Hall.—Falstaff Redivivus.—Thievish Propensities of the Indians.—Snake River.—Basaltic Rocks.—Sand and Sage.—Emigrant Train.

August 19*th*.—It has rained all night. This morning it is bitterly cold, with a thick mist that reminds one of the Highlands in winter. The ropes are like bars of ice, and it nearly takes the skin off one's hands to tighten up the packs. The poor animals look more wretched than ourselves, shivering convulsively, with their ears drooping, their backs stuck up, and their four feet huddled together in a bunch. It took us three hours to pack, and we got away about eleven o'clock, as we guessed, though we had seen no sun for two or three days. About noon the mist changed into a fine rain, and the wind blew freshly from the north-east; so that instead of the fine day we had hoped for, to cross the South Pass, we had a most miserable one, and could see nothing. We stopped a few minutes at a Mormon encampment, on our old friend the Sweetwater; then crossed, for the last time, the last river we shall see whose waters run into the Atlantic, and commenced ascending the nine miles which carry the traveller to the culminating point of this curious pass. From Independence Rock, the road gradually becomes more hilly, but even in this distance the ascent is hardly perceptible. Arrived at the highest point in the pass, the elevation is, according to Fremont, nearly 8000 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico.

The pass itself is many miles broad, undulating on the surface, but not abruptly. To the north is a fine range of mountains, called the Wind River chain. As the day cleared a little, we observed some of the peaks to be very lofty and pointed, and their summits covered with snow. The gravel and sand, which form the surface of the flat expanse between the mountains, produce nothing but artemisia, or wild sage. A mile or two west of the most elevated point in the pass are some fine springs, whose waters feed the rivers flowing into the Pacific. The little oasis, irrigated by the rise of these springs, contrasts strongly in its bright green freshness with the desert aspect of the surrounding country.

The descent on the west side seems as gradual as the acclivity on the other, with no change in the scenery which is not decidedly for the worse. We rode on, longing to find a halting-place for our half-starved animals. But we had lost the little stream, and could meet with no more water. Our patience began to tire, when one of the mules, the grey mare, gave out, and refused positively to go another inch. We had recourse to the usual remedy of beating, but only succeeded in making her more obstinate. At length we gave up a battle almost as disagreeable to us as to the mule, and left her tied by the road side, together with a pony of the parson's, much the worse for wear, meaning to hurry on to a camping-place, and fetch them up in the morning. Another hour's expectation in the dark brought us to a small stream, where the grass was very scanty; however, we were heartily glad to find any place of rest, we were so wet and cold. Here we threw off the packs, and, stimulated with a dram of whiskey, and a slice of raw ham, covered ourselves, and prepared for a nasty night. Distance, eighteen miles.

20*th*.—It has not ceased raining, but looks a little lighter this morning. When I got on my legs I had a severe attack of chills, and felt extremely giddy and unwell. Potter and Morris passed us at about ten, and said they had seen William a few miles back, looking for the horses. They knew, however, that he would not return with *more* than he could drive, for the wolves had eaten the pony, and the grey mare had broken the lariat, and was gone. This, indeed, was bad news: I could only hope that it was not true; but William soon after returned, and confirmed the account. The grey mare, he said, he thought the Indians had taken;—as to the pony, he had given him the contents of his pistol to put him out of misery. On examination of our other horses, old Jimmy was found all but dead. He could not eat, and was too weak to get as far as the stream. The cold of yesterday—the last week's constant wetting—the want of food, and the hard work, have at last conquered his indomitable spirit. The rest of our animals have devoured every blade of grass in this spot; and the country looks as if we should never see grass again. So this faithful old beast, that has carried his master all the way from St. Louis, must wait patiently till he starves to death, or is devoured alive by the wolves. It is a hard fate, but the other animals seem at the close of each day more and more likely to share it. If they do, Heaven only knows how we are to avoid it. Our provisions are barely sufficient to last, with the greatest economy, to Fort Hall, even at the rate we are travelling at now. Should the horses give up, it will be impossible for us to carry enough food to reach that station on foot. There is little or no game in the country; and the Indians, who frequent it, are some of the most inimical tribes.

Julius and I, upon consideration of these matters, perfectly agreed that we had undoubtedly come to a pretty bad *pass;* and the only way to get out of the scrape was to lighten the burden of the pack mules, by throwing away every ounce of superfluous weight. Turning out the contents of our bags on the ground, we selected such things only as were absolutely necessary to existence. What with lead, bullets, powder, geological specimens, and old clothes, we diminished our load so as to make one pack out of two, and left the ground strewed with warnings for future emigrants. Perhaps some of those who come after us will have strange stories to tell of wolves and bears seen prowling about, in red flannel shirts and corduroy inexpressibles. I hope some one, at least, may profit by our loss. The two leather bags, emptied of rubbish, were adopted for carrying the hams. William gave the use of my chestnut horse to the parson, and with a very laudable intention of walking as much as we could, we were once more in decent condition to continue our journey.

Wishing to get feed for the cattle, William and Julius put on the packs; I was too unwell to assist, and about eight in the evening we parted sorrowfully from Jimmy, and left the scene of our disasters. After travelling for three hours, hoping every mile to find water, we came to a stagnant pool, where Morris and Potter had camped for the night; there was no grass to speak of, and we determined to push on. Nothing but sage bushes seemed likely to reward our perseverance, till about two o'clock, when we suddenly descended to a river where wood and grass appeared by the light of the moon to be tolerably plentiful. Here we halted, lighted a fire, the first we had had for several days, cooked some tea, warmed ourselves thoroughly, and were soon asleep in our blankets. Distance, fifteen miles.

21*st.*—The grass which had looked so well by moonlight, did not bear inspection by light of day.

Its component parts were principally weeds which the horses could not eat. I was, however, so unwell that we could not change our position, but decided to remain here all day, and move higher up the stream to-morrow. We are anxious to give our animals every possible advantage before leaving this point, as we do not expect to meet with water again for thirty-five miles—a distance they are in no condition to travel now; and, considering the want of water, one that is likely to prove fatal to some of them, Potter and Morris. A train of Mormons and two men travelling on foot, with their provisions on their backs, camped near us. These last have separated from some company, and will probably have to walk to the Salt Lake, distant about a fortnight's march.

22nd.—Moved five miles up the river to a spot where the grass was a little better. William killed a leveret, and missed a shot at an antelope. He boasts a good deal of his skill as a marksman, and we rallied him on his want of coolness in losing such a chance of getting fresh meat. The leveret, however, was a real luxury to me, as I have lost my appetite, and am suffering much from weakness. Wanting to take something out of my carpet-bag, I had occasion to remove a pair of lace-up boots, and to my sorrow found the top leather of one completely eaten away. On examination into the cause of this misfortune, a mouse jumped out of the hole and made his escape. The little brute must have travelled some distance in the bag, for it had not been opened for a week, and the hardness of the boot had given him a secure abode, while at the same time it furnished him with a respectable means of subsistence.

23*rd.*—Still very unwell with chills and fever. Began packing at two P.M., but were delayed till seven, by having a long job to catch Strawberry. The night was fine but very cold. All the packs came off during the first hour. Eight or nine miles on the road, we arrived at a large stream, a most disagreeable surprise, as we found we had mistaken the river we left to-night, for this one, and had still thirty miles further to go before we came to Green River. There was not a blade of grass here; to the water's edge there was nothing but sand; the river, I believe, is called the Big Sandy, and there was nothing left for us but to push on. Passed more than fifty dead oxen (an ominous sight for our cattle), and met two live ones going east; they were too thin to be of any use to us, so we wished them well out of such a miserable country and let them go. By walking occasionally two or three miles we kept the horses going all night.

24*th*.—About daylight we came to several broad ravines, which we found troublesome to get into, and worse to get out of. As soon as the sun began to be warm we halted our animals; more than repose we could not give them. Poor beasts! they hunted far and wide, but found not a blade of grass, not a drop of water. After we had eaten our raw ham the wind died away, and the heat became insufferable. The rays from the burning sand were hardly less fierce than those which came direct from the sun. My fever was increased tenfold by the want of water. I crawled to the top of a hill and covered my head with a blanket; this protected me from being scorched, but nearly suffocated me for want of air. Never in the deserts of the east, nor within the tropics in the west, have I suffered from heat as I did this day. As I shifted from knoll to knoll, to catch the slightest movement in the air, I watched in despair for a cloud to overshadow the sun. With evening it came, and I thanked Heaven for the coolness it brought upon us. We soon saddled up, and encouraging ourselves with the prospects of Green

River, marched at a good pace. Till midnight there was no change in the dreary scene; all was an ocean of sand and sage bushes. Of a sudden an alteration in the face of the country became visible. Two deep ravines or valleys opened on either side of us, while we still continued our course along the summit of the dividing ridge. On reaching the point of this ridge, which ascended continuously, we at first lost sight of the track, but discovered it again, making a most precipitous descent into the ravine on our left. The moon was nearly at her full, and shone brightly on the mountain-tops, while it cast a deep shade over the abyss into which we were rapidly descending. Pines and cedars started here and there out of the white clayey soil like gaunt spirits of the vale; occasionally they had fallen across our path, causing us to make a circuit neither safe nor convenient by so uncertain a light. This position was, on the whole, novel and striking, and, under any other circumstances, I should have paused to wonder at and admire it.

Every turn in the road we expected would bring us upon Green River, and every little hollow the horses searched for water. At last it "hove in sight;" and men, mules, and horses, rushed on at full gallop, nor stopped till they were knee-deep in the middle of the welcome stream. Our thirst satisfied, the next object was grass, which the animals, not finding on this side, sought on the other by swimming with their packs across the river. We followed, and driving them before us up the right bank, found a spot which afforded all the requisites of a good camping ground. Wet to the waist, tired and unwell, I was glad to roll myself up in my blankets, though they, like my clothes and all the packs, were wringing wet. Distance, fifty-three miles.

25*th*.—Sunday. Kept my bed all day, and had some severe attacks from chills. The parson read prayers, and physicked me with a boxfull of Brandreth's pills. This celebrated empiric answers the same purpose to Jonathan, as old Parr does to John Bull. If he does no good he has the decided merit of doing you no harm.

26*th*.—William shot three ducks, and made a stew, of which I partook and felt much the better for. Potter and Morris, who had come up yesterday evening, started in the afternoon. We followed soon after. Our directions were, on leaving Green River, to keep a north-west course, but to our surprise the trail ran due south. We thought we had made some mistake in our calculations, but could not steer otherwise on account of a ridge of mountains which hemmed us in on the west. Once or twice the road seemed to attempt a more westerly course, but terrific hills drove us down again to the river's banks. After proceeding several miles in this doubtful state of mind we halted to consult, thinking we had better wait for daylight, but having determined to go on we looked about for our mules, and found that they had one and all disappeared. We separated to search for them in different directions, but always met again without any tidings of their movements. William struck a light, and we looked for their tracks on the road and off the road, but we had ridden about so much that it was impossible to distinguish one footprint from another. When all were satisfied that nothing was to be gained with or without the help of the matches, I proposed that we should no longer fatigue our riding animals by a useless search in the dark, but go down to the river and renew the hunt in the morning; the motion being carried without a division, we turned off to prepare ourselves for an uncomfortable night. It was too dark to make out much about the place where we pulled up; we could only perceive that we were in a hollow where harsh wood grew, but no grass; the horses we tied to willow bushes, under which we slept. Distance, six miles.

27*th*.—Nearly all night it rained, and being without blankets we felt the cold severely. Not in the best of humours when I got up, I began to saddle my mule Rebecca, and in doing so received her two heels exactly between the shoulders, which sent me sprawling on my face; and it was not till I had flogged her with a long willow stick that she permitted me to finish her toilet for the day. The direction I took was towards the place we left yesterday. The other two were to search in the timber over on the river's banks. Not a sign or track could I discover, and was beginning to have misgivings about Indians and all sorts of unpleasant probabilities, when a whoop greeted my ears from the bottom below, and I recognised in the glad sound the signal of William's success. All the animals, and, strange to say, their packs were safe. It did not take us long to regain the road which, we now saw, shortly ascended the hills to the west. Crossing them, we arrived at a branch of Green River, where Potter and Morris were already encamped. We also stopped, intending to pursue our route in the evening, but, seeing some trout rising in the stream, changed our minds and went out fishing. Julius supplied us with flies, and, making for ourselves a few yards of line by twisting up some thread, we fastened them to the longest willow rod we could find, and sauntered about flogging the brook as happy as Izaak Walton himself could have wished to see us. About a dozen small fish were as many as I wanted to kill.

The evening was fine, and the brook as pretty as if it had been in Derbyshire. Derbyshire! and L—f—d. Yes, it is a very long way from Green River, yet Green River did remind me of L—f—d. Dear old place, with its coppices and meadows, and the brook that reminded me of all, the brook that I know by *heart;* once I think I knew the trout in it too, but it seems a long time since I saw them, and worse, it seems a long time before I shall see them again. That is the fish, that is L—f—d, that is,—well! never mind. It was a pleasant day's sport, very. William caught fourteen or fifteen little fishes; Julius caught some too, and a capital fry they made. It was near nine o'clock by the time we had finished eating, and then we went to bed.

I must not forget to mention that while I was fishing I met two mountaineers herding their horses on the bank of the river. They were a strange looking pair. The first genuine specimens of the trapper I had seen. One was a tall lantern-jawed Yankee, with a wiry form, and face tanned and freckled till it was as red as his hair; the other was a short, lean, half-starved, creature, with a complexion that showed his Indian blood, in spite of the bad French with which he accosted me. Their costume was an entire suit of deer skin, not unlike washleather in substance and appearance. The shirt is loose and comfortable in warm weather, but quite the reverse when it becomes wet. The trousers are not of the most fashionable cut, yet nevertheless are, with their long fringes of stripped leather, as picturesque to look at as they are soft to ride in.

They informed me they had been twelve years in the mountains, and until lately had gained a livelihood by trapping, but since beaver had become almost valueless, they had taken to the road-side, and were doing pretty well by trading in horses and cattle with the emigrants. They asked me if I had met with any Indians. I told them that I had not seen any for some time, and did not think there were any near the road. So little were we afraid of them that we never picketed our horses at night, never kept watch, or troubled ourselves the least about them. The trappers were amazed at my *nonchalance*, and said we had had a narrow escape. The Crows had been hovering about us all the time we were passing through their country, "and if they'd ha' know'd of you," said the Yankee, "by G—d they'd ha' catch'd yer, and set you all plum a-foot. They wouldn't ha' done naethen else by G—d." I told them I should go through as I had come, and trust to Providence for luck, which, after all, every thing depended on. They shrugged their shoulders, and said something about my doing as "I d—n pleased," but "Injians was Injians, and they know'd it if I didn't." With this philosophical remark we parted, and I promised to visit them to-morrow, and perhaps "trade for a horse with them." Distance seven miles.

28*th.*—Packed up and started at twelve for the mountaineers' camp. We found them at home with their squaws, and a lot of little half-breeds playing about their lodges. Julius produced his mare and traded her for another not much better, and was obliged to give all the whiskey we had, about a gallon, and twenty dollars, to make the bargain. While we were trading twelve soldiers with twelve pack mules came up; they were an express dispatch from Oregon to the States. We were glad to meet them, as they had come the very road we intended to travel, and we asked them a number of questions about grass, water, distance, and so on. The boss, as the head of the party is always called in America, told us that we were 900 miles at least from Oregon, and 200 from Fort Hall. What an awful long way we have still to go! 900 miles sound little enough in a civilized country, but no one can form any idea of the real length of *one* mile till he has travelled a thousand with pack mules. There is no getting used to it; the labour increases in proportion as strength, patience, and courage fail. There is no giving up; you would only starve. There is no going back; it is further to the home behind than the home before you.

On leaving the trappers they gave us a plate full of dried meat, told us we should find grass and water at a fine grove eight or nine miles off, cautioned us once more to beware of Indians, and wished us good-bye. It was late when we reached the pine-grove at the top of some hills, but we found water as we had been told, and we camped. Distance, ten miles.

29th.—All day ascending; the road wound over high hills and through woods of aspen trees. Made an early halt and took off the packs, which we shall always have to do in future, as the animal's backs are getting much galled, and the feed is getting worse and worse. Traversed a succession of small streams; one, more broad and deep than the rest, we supposed may be a branch of Green River. William fired at a sage hen and wounded it, and frightened Rebecca with the shot so that she tried hard to kick me off, but did not succeed, and was flogged for her bad behaviour. When a mule makes up her mind to kick a rider off she generally does it. They are far worse to sit upon than any horse, for they will turn round so quickly, using their hind legs as a pivot, that unless a person is accustomed to waltzing, he is apt to tumble off with giddiness; very often they jump up and throw themselves with such violence to the ground, that they break the girths of the saddle, and free themselves in this manner of their masters. Rebecca is, in some respects, the most cunning and vicious mule I ever saw, but for pacing and walking she is perfection. Any mule can undergo twice as much as a horse, but when they combine the qualities of a good riding animal with their extraordinary powers of endurance, one rude mule is worth six horses for an expedition of this kind.

When we stopped on the slope of a hill, a little way from the track, it was quite dark. William went down into the hollow with the kettle to look for water for our tea. Julius took the hatchet to chop wood, and I stayed to arrange the camp and spread the blankets. Suddenly I heard a voice from the bottom of the ravine, crying out, "Bring the guns! for God's sake make haste! bring the guns!" I rushed about, tumbling over the packs, but could nowhere lay my hands on a rifle. Still the cry was for guns. My own was not loaded, but it was a rifle nevertheless. Snatching up this and one of my pistols, which had fallen into the river a few hours before, and had no chance of going off, I called to Julius, and ran down to the rescue. Before I got to the bottom of the hill I heard groans, which sounded like the last of poor William. I shouted out to know where he was, and to my surprise was answered in a voice that discovered nothing worse than extreme alarm. He said he had escaped—what, I could not clearly make out till he had recovered sufficient breath and presence of mind to say "a grizzly bar." It appeared from his account that he had almost run over a bear, after which the bear had almost run over him. He—viz. William—had no weapons, but defended himself gallantly by cobbling the bear with "rocks." At last he had made a successful shot, and hit the bear either upon the nose or in the eye—which it rightly was he could not swear—but it clearly must have been one or the other, or the bear would not have been satisfied with anything short of eating him for supper. The parson and I laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story. But this only "riled" him the more. He'd be darn'd but he'd like to make meat of bar in the morning. If we would go with him, and follow the trail, he'd go right slick in for her any how. And if his rifle didn't shoot plum, he'd got a knife as 'ud rise her hide any how, and no mistake. We comforted him by promising him his revenge the next morning, and left him in the meantime to enjoy bear steaks in his dreams. Distance, twenty-five miles.

30*th*.—Not quite decided about the hunt, we saddled the mules, but after a look at the enormous tracks the bear had made last night, we left the mules to take care of themselves, put our arms in order, and sallied forth. We tramped over hill and dale, hitting the track now and then, but not often enough to follow our game with any certainty. The bear might possibly have been as much frightened as William was; if so he might now be some miles off in another direction. At all events, we saw him not, and were obliged to go on our way hoping for better sport next time.

About an hour after we started we overtook Potter and Morris, pulled up by the roadside, dividing their "plunder," for a separation. What they had quarrelled about I know not, but considering that they had confessed to me certain fears lest Indians should attack them, being only two, it seemed to me rather remarkable that they should attempt to add to their security by dividing their forces and travelling singly.

Passed through a forest of pines, and observed that they were of a peculiar kind. They taper to a point, and are bushy and round at the bottom, forming in the regular gradation of their branches a perfect cone. The leaf is very fine, long, and of a dark colour. Some of them were above a hundred feet in height, but none of an unusual size. I regretted that it was not the time of year for ripe cones. Their shape and colour would have made them handsome park trees in England, and there is no singularity in the soil or climate of this region to lead one to suppose they might not be raised to perfection elsewhere.

Descended a steep hill, forded a small stream at the bottom, crossed another very high hill, and reached a broad valley, watered by a fine river, and covered with abundance of grass. Used the summer lodges of Indians for firing and housing for the night. Distance, eighteen miles.

31*st.*—Called the "crowd" before daylight, and "built" a fire while Julius and William fetched up the horses. Started in good time, but lost more than half an hour in a swamp, trying to get to the road. Once fairly on hard ground there was no holding the horses, they were so fresh after the good grass. The mules needed no driving, but trotted four or five miles an hour with ease. As to Rebecca she curveted and kicked with a superfluity of spirits that communicated its exhilarating influence to the whole party. Travelling north-west up the valley, we three times forded a stream than ran into the river. At noon we halted, having made eighteen miles before breakfast, a feat which, if often performed, would soon bring this tedious journey to an end. After breakfast Rebecca and the horses ran away, and occupied us an hour in catching them. At the head of the valley we turned to the west, and continued to ascend till we came in sight of a valley still broader than the one we left this morning. The river we should have supposed to be the same, but here it flows from north to south, and the course of the other was *vice versâ.*

For some reason I cannot account for, I felt a nervous presentiment of danger, and went to sleep with my pistol under my head. I had, however, no occasion to use it, nor was I disturbed till daylight. I suppose the lingering effects of my fever were the cause of this unusual feeling. For the life we lead is singularly calculated to overcome anything approaching to timidity, and, indeed, one becomes careless of perils which at other times might be foreseen, but do not now demand immediate attention. It is well for us that it is so, for quite sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Distance, thirty-two miles.

September 1*st.*—A hot day, and the road very dusty. We thought of England and the partridges, and pictured to ourselves sundry individuals up to their knees about this time in the turnip fields. It struck us that their occupation was preferable to ours, and the question suggested itself, what on earth, or rather what in California, had brought us all this way from the partridges to make ourselves miserable upon short commons and convict labour in a desert. It was difficult to find a satisfactory answer to this posing query. People talk about the erratic predisposition of the Anglo-Saxon race. If the Anglo-Saxon race have an innate affection for stubborn mules and rancid ham, the natural consequences of being dissatisfied with railroads and roast beef, I am perfectly ready to respect their self-denial, but cannot admire their taste. Certainly, I am an Anglo-Saxon, and very proud of it too. But with all due deference to the founders of that respected race, I would repudiate my connexion with them at once, if I thought they had entailed upon me no more comfortable legacy, than the faculty of seeking discomfort in every quarter of the globe. Yet what other reason can I give for being here? If I ever had one I have forgotten it now. I believe I had as a boy romantic ideas about Chingachgooks and Longue Carabines, but where they have got to now, Heaven knows; perhaps they are infusing ideal visions of buffaloed prairies and moccasined Red-skins, with all their paraphernalia of scalps and tomahawks into the juvenile minds of future wanderers in the Far West. Alas! that familiarity should be so great an enemy to romance. Alas! that the last of the Mohicans did not live till the 1st of September, 1850. Well, if I have no reason for what I have done, I believe there are plenty of people in the world to keep me company. And, perhaps, some day, who knows, I may fight my battles over again—my battles with mules I mean—and not be sorry that I had a good chance of improving my temper, and of learning that there were things to be thankful for besides railroads and roast beef, be they never so grateful to John Bull.

At six o'clock we encamped on Bear River, in a thick clump of willow brush. The little black mule we could not catch, so left her to carry her pack all night, a just reward for her own folly. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

2nd.—The morning was cold and foggy. The ground was covered with a hoar-frost that made the ropes stiff and painful to handle. However, the pace we travelled soon made us warm, for we trotted and galloped along at the rate of seven miles an hour. The country was barren and dry, and the grass completely scorched up. Coming to a grove of cedars, we overtook Potter and Morris, who have joined company again. They were looking for some soda springs, which they had been told were at a place like this. From the description we heard, we also thought they must have been here. The ground was white with lime; we were at the head of the valley, and the river ran through a pass between two high rocks. The scenery corresponded exactly, but we could not find the springs. Continuing through the pass we came to two roads, one leading to the north, the other to the west. On our left hand was a high cliff, on the right a low range of hills, and before us a large slightly undulating plain. These remarkable features at once showed us our position. We had entered the valley of Bear River. The high rock on our left was called Sheep Rock. The road to the west was one of the most northern branches to California; that to the north led to Oregon.

By this time we had, for various reasons, the lateness of the season amongst the number, given up all idea of California for the present, and made Oregon our point of destination; so, without hesitation, we turned to the right, rejoicing that we could not be more than sixty or seventy miles from Fort Hall. At noon we came to a large basin, on the road side, about ninety feet in circumference and five or six in depth. The bottom was perforated with numberless small springs, sending forth jets of happy to compromise by meeting with a little of our old feed and constant water, instead of heavy hills and barren pastures. Potter and Morris overtook us while fording a little stream with a muddy bottom. We looked about here for grass, but its banks produced nothing but sage-bushes and burnt-up weeds. So we turned off the road, and encamped upon the slope of some hills, where the dry tuft grass was tolerably plentiful. My blankets I spread in a deer-path, which, fitting to the back, made a most comfortable bed. Distance, thirty-two miles.

4th.—Started early, expecting to reach Fort Hall to-day. For fifteen miles we travelled through a desert, with the sand up to the horses' knees. It was hot and heavy work; and, from the appearance of the country, where wild sage, grease wood, prickly pear, and weeds were the only signs of vegetation, one might have thought that a settlement would be the last thing to look for. Suddenly the scene changed. A fertile valley opened below us: at the further side of it ran a broad river, thickly studded with large cotton-wood timber. Near the river was a cluster of buildings, which we joyfully hailed as the Fort. After puzzling our way through a labyrinth of winding rivulets, in one of which William was bogged, we rode up to the houses, and were disappointed to learn that we had only reached a traders' settlement, and that Fort Hall was five miles further on. The settlement was not, however, so unwelcome, but what we could afford to enjoy some of its advantages, in the shape of dried elk and antelope meat, and allow our horses a couple of hours to browse upon the comparatively rich pasture in its neighbourhood. If it had not been for my anxiety to see Fred, I should have stopped where I was; but thinking he might leave before we arrived, I pushed on to a spring two miles from the Fort. Distance, twenty-three miles.

5th.—Was waked by Jacob, on his way back to the emigrant train, in hope of getting provisions from them, as there were none to spare at Fort Hall. This was bad news indeed, as we had not above a week's provisions left. Availing myself of the chance, I desired William to accompany Jacob, and, telling Jacob that William, as an old friend of the party, would be more likely to succeed in purchasing anything the emigrants did not need for themselves, promised to share equally all we got, if he would do the same by us. They left together. In the afternoon, Fred passed, on his way to the traders' settlement, as there was nothing at all to be got at Fort Hall. I was delighted to see him again, and, on his return, walked with him up to the Fort. We both agreed that, though not much happier since our separation, we had travelled nearly twice as fast as we did before; and though the temptation, at least on my part, was strong to reunite, we thought that probably, in the journey before us, we should more than ever find the advantage of being in small parties.

When I reached the Fort (this is a real *nom de guerre* for a very ordinary mud edifice, walled in with adobes), Mr. Grant, the commander, was basking on the shafts of a wagon in front of his portals. His grey head and beard, portly form, and jovial dignity were a ready-made representation of Falstaff, and would have done justice to the character on the boards of any theatre, without the adscititious bolsters and bass voices generally considered requisite to support it. A more satisfactory specimen of "the old country" could not be wished for. He shook my hand as if he had known me for half a century, and conducted me to the sanctum of his castle. Here we met a family party, consisting of Mrs. Grant, apparently a most serviceable wife, two grown-up sons, and two or three very pretty little daughters. At supper I imagined that my prairie appetite would alarm the domestic circle, for I ate new-laid eggs and drank new milk till I almost astonished myself; but when the second course appeared, and I was expected to keep pace with my worthy host in demolishing hot rolls and duck-pies, I felt quite ashamed of my own incapacity, and could only applaud with veneration an example I could not imitate. When the repast was over, and we had chatted and smoked to a latish hour, I took my leave, sighing at the remembrance of my hospitable reception, and walked back to my camp. Fred went with me home part of the distance. After he left me I lost my way, being misled by the fire of some Indians, and was an hour or two before I could find my companions in the dark.

6th.—Breakfast on trout at Fred's tent, and am surprised to find it so great a luxury to be waited on. His three men—he has engaged another man, called Slater, since he came here—keep everything as clean and tidy as possible; and Nelson, who was always a good cook, and a good fellow besides, was most assiduous in his attentions, supplying me with hot fish and clean plates as handily as a London waiter.

With us it is quite another story: there the motto is, every man his own cook, and dirty dishes for us all. After breakfast I returned to take charge of the camp, that the parson might walk up to the Fort. One of his objects in seeing Mr. Grant was that he might get some fresh horses, to take him on. He had not long been absent when I received a visit from two Banack Indians. Their company annoyed me very much, for it obliged me to watch them closely the whole time they remained, for fear they should steal our things, which were spread to dry in the sun. When an Indian pays you a visit, and squats on his haunches in the middle of your camp, he generally manages to seat himself near some object which he has a fancy for, and takes the first opportunity of conveying it unseen into the folds of his blanket or buffalo-skin. From the Banacks I bought some dried meat, a pair of moccasins, and a bag of the dried leaves of a weed smoked by the Indians of this country.

7th.—Julius gave Mr. Grant a cheque for three hundred dollars in exchange for two horses. They are both in pretty good condition, and of a better size to carry his weight than any he has hitherto possessed. Three hundred dollars is a high price, and I have no doubt the Hudson's Bay Company do a good stroke of business in the course of the year by their trade in horseflesh. Bought some trout of an Indian, and cooked them for my breakfast; smoked kinek kinek out of a red stone pipe all day long, and enjoyed the real luxury of gratifying necessary rest. William returned without any provisions, but with a promise from his friends of flour and bacon. Some Indians, passing by as we were trying to catch the mules, were pressed into our service for the occasion. They readily assisted us, and were of the greatest use. It was amusing to see them catch the animals, grown quite wild with their repose and good feed. They galloped after them at full speed, and when within reach of the lariat ropes which dragged from their necks, let themselves drop like monkeys from their own horses, snatched up the rope, and vaulted on again. We stopped at the Fort as we passed it, to say farewell to Mr. Grant, and pay for a cheese which an Englishman had made for me. About sunset we left, with directions to follow a blind path till we reached Port Neuf river. Several times we lost our way in the dark, but at last got to the water. Distance, eight miles.

8*th*.—Discovered the first thing this morning that the two new horses had gone back, and that the pack-cover and a new lariat were left behind. Julius returned to Fort Hall, to see after them. In the meantime William and I amused ourselves by fishing in the river: we caught some fine trout, of two or three pounds' weight, and cut a quantity of red willow bark, for smoking. In the afternoon Julius came back with the horses. Potter and Morris passed us. We were not able to move, as the mules had strayed some distance from the camp.

9th.—Up before daylight. Had a long search for the animals; travelled through low swampy ground, having to cross several bad sloughs, in which the horses sank to their necks. At noon we halted on Snake River, by a large spring. Near this William shot a duck and two sage-hens. Soon after leaving the spring we reached the American falls. They are extremely picturesque, and immediately below them the river runs through a mountainous range, remarkable for its beauty of outline and the curious basaltic formation of the rocks. The columns of basalt are as perfect here, though not so large, as those of the Giant's Causeway. The soil is of the poorest nature, producing no grass, and not even sage bushes. Towards dusk we began to feel alarmed for our animals, but by the greatest luck I discovered a small green patch in a deep ravine, at some distance from the road. We refrained from lighting our fire till a late hour, lest Potter should see it in passing. The motive was shockingly unchristian-like, but there was positively little more than a mouthful of grass for each of ours, and if that had been shared by the others, they would all have starved. Distance, twenty-eight miles.

10*th*.—The morning was cold, and the horses very troublesome, but we travelled at a good pace, and halted at noon upon a small stream where a trail branches off for California. Our course kept to the northward, and a miserably interesting one it was. For sixteen miles the surrounding desert rivalled Sahara for barrenness. I often think that a good honest desert of sand would be infinitely superior to this filthy admixture of sand and sage bushes. There is something strikingly unromantic in a sage bush: it is a unique emblem of sterility. It reminds one of nothing in the world, either pleasant or unpleasant, unless it be of the peculiar smell of and the peculiar dust, which invariably adheres to the ivy that hides a coal-hole in the back-yard of a Brompton villa.

The road was rocky in places, but generally knee-deep in the finest possible sand. A strong and very cold wind blew dead in our teeth, and filled every pore, and covered us from head to foot with the dust. William presented such a ludicrous appearance that the parson and I burst into fits of laughter every time we looked at him. An old felt hat, fastened on by a red cotton handkerchief, tied under his chin, partly hid his lantern-jawed visage; his face, naturally of a somewhat melancholy cast, was screwed into wrinkled contortions by the efforts he made to resist the piercing wind. The dust, almost as white as flour, had settled thick upon him; the extremity of his nasal organ being the only spot which, on account of its prominency, retained its pristine tint and brightness. A pearly drop occasionally descended from this salient point, and lodged upon a chin which, if possible, protruded beyond the nose; his shoulders were shrugged up to a level with the top of his head, and his long legs, dangling from the sides of the smallest of mules, were not more than an inch or two from the ground, apparently quite independent of the owner, and giving him a marked resemblance to a hobby-horse in a masquerade. The animals were quite as much annoyed by the wind and dust as the rest of us, and ran about as if to avoid it, giving great trouble to drive them along.

About sundown we came up with the emigrant train we had met the other side of Fort Hall. They were encamped on a small stream, in a marshy bottom, below the plateau of desert, which divides this creek from the last. We stopped and supped with them, upon buttermilk and bread. They complained bitterly of the hardships of this life, lamenting their folly in leaving comfortable farms in the States for the uncertainty of finding better in Oregon. They seemed to think their troubles would never come to an end. They had already been more than four months on the march, and they had got a long way to go. Their oxen were suffering from the stony roads, and the men were tired of their labour. We encouraged them as much as we could, and, by comparing our case with theirs, proved to them that there were others in worse predicaments than they; which most people, when aware of, think a subject of congratulation for themselves. We told them that, however slow they travelled, they had their homes and families continually with them. They were all, more or less used to some hardships, and driving oxen in a waggon was no harder work than driving the same oxen in a plough. They had plenty of provisions; their wives baked them good bread, for they carried stoves with them; they were always protected from the weather, for if the ground was too wet, they could sleep perfectly well in their covered wagons; whereas the labour of packing mules three or four times a day; the impossibility of sending, as they did, one of the party in advance to choose a camping ground, and the consequent uncertainty of sustaining the animals; our weakness, if attacked by Indians; the fatal results that would ensue upon the sickness of any one of so small a party; the want of provisions, and the constant exposure from being entirely without tents, were evils which, when combined, were what few emigrants had ever undergone, and which, when compared with theirs, should remind them of the many advantages they possessed. Distance, thirty-two miles.

11*th.*—Bought 14 lb. of bacon, 15 lb. of hard bread, and three loaves, all at a reasonable price. It is fortunate for us that these emigrants had provisions to spare. We had none left of our own, and there are no wagons behind that we could fall back upon. After breakfasting with the emigrants, for which we had to pay three dollars, Julius and

William each left a horse to be brought on with the wagons, and we started, having nothing now but serviceable cattle. My little black mare, Gipsy, as I call her, is the only remaining one of all the animals we bought in the States. Bad as was her wound from the buffalo, and constant as her work has been, she still carries me faithfully. Made fourteen miles through sage, and nooned upon a small creek with moderate grass. Dine off raw ham and water, without bread. At nine, we camped above Snake River, without a morsel of food anywhere near. Distance, twenty-seven miles.

12*th*.—No change in the country. Have to ride eighteen or twenty miles before we find water or grass. The road was full of pointed rocks covered sometimes a foot deep in loose dust. When I took off Rebecca's saddle, at noon, I observed a small sore place, about the size of a sixpence, on the skin over the back-bone. It is almost impossible to ride an animal all day and every day without chafing it somewhere. I had hoped that the thick skin of a mule would escape the certain fate of all horses; but this nasty place on the tender part of her back distresses me beyond measure. I know so well from experience the dreadful progress of that little sore.

clear water, strongly impregnated with soda and carbonic acid. At first the taste of this water was acrid and unpleasant, but a little use made it drinkable, and even agreeable. It reminded me of flat soda water, but more nearly resembled Seltzer, wanting only a dash of rotten egg to render the flavour altogether similar. The basin itself and the ground surrounding it are composed of a scum which forms upon the surface of the water, and, accumulating at the edges, crystallizes and becomes exceedingly hard. The animals, like ourselves, soon became accustomed to it; and though at first they jerked away their heads the moment the fizzing liquid touched their noses, they finally drank it in such large quantities that I was quite prepared for a case of spontaneous combustion. After resting here for two hours, we hurried on till dark, when, reaching a small stream, we turned off the road, but found the ground too swampy for camping. A little further on was a thick cluster of willows; amongst these we took up our quarters for the night, choosing a sheltered spot to protect us from the wind. William was much alarmed about his mare, which nearly choked while feeding. Found this evening that we had left *the* spoon and *the* fork at Soda Springs;

rather unfortunate, as the only knife I have left is more than a foot long, and big enough to cut down a small tree. Distance, thirty-five miles.

3rd.—A sharp frost in the night. Passed camp-fires still alight. Since the emigrants had left them this morning, three bears, a mother and her two cubs, had followed them on the road for more than a mile. I should think the track of the big bear's hind foot was at least ten or twelve inches long; the marks of the toes and claws were so plain in the mud that we were expecting to see them every minute. In the middle of the day we overtook the emigrant train, consisting of six waggons. They were the same party that William belonged to when he left the States: he had forsaken them, thinking he should travel quicker some other way, but, after all, had not gained much by the exchange. The emigrants told us that Fred, whom they described, had passed them two days since; therefore we shall catch him at Fort Hall. Leave the waggons, and seem to be getting out of the mountains. In this vast country, all its features are on a large scale. A month or two back we were constantly travelling in prairies, till we got tired of them; now we have had just such a dose of mountains, till we should be

Four of the parson's horses have been killed by degrees from the effects of these deadly wounds; and already I see myself deprived of the invaluable services of the best animal of our band. In the afternoon, we travelled by the stream we halted upon, till it sunk into a cañon and became inaccessible for eleven or twelve miles. After dark, we arrived at an opening, which enabled us to get to the water, and descending, we took off the packs in the hollow. Distance, thirty miles.

13*th*. Rose reluctantly. It is hard work to be up at daylight every morning, camping as we do, several successive nights, after ten and eleven o'clock. However, there is no help for it: nothing but patience and perseverance will bring this drudgery to an end. Stopped a mile from Snake River, and about the same distance from the trail. Owing to the height of the banks above the river, we were not able to give water to our animals, and with difficulty procured a pailful for ourselves. Two miles further on the road brought us close to the edge of the cañon. Here we discovered a small path, and descending a declivity of nearly eight hundred feet, arrived at the bottom just before dark. While searching for grass, we lost sight of Rebecca and Gipsy, and were obliged to leave them for the night, and go two or three miles down the river. Fine grass was growing in great abundance, but in consequence of the long drought was so salt that the horses could not eat it. Distance, twenty-two miles.

14*th*.—Sent William up to the road to look for my journal-book, which I left there last night. Walked eight or nine miles up the cañon to seek for Gipsy and Rebecca. The mare I found in some willows; the mule was hiding herself amongst the rocks, half-way up the bank. Rebecca's back was worse to-day; so that I am obliged to pack her and ride little Strawberry: a bad exchange for me, as he has never been ridden before, and does not like having a bit in his mouth.

The track by which we came down last night being too steep to ascend, we followed the river along the bottom of the cañon. In some places, it was a difficult matter to get the horses on; but bad as the road was, I would rather travel ten miles here than five by the beaten track through sand and sage. The scenery at this part of Snake River is most extraordinary, and by no means devoid of beauty. The banks are often supported by basaltic columns, from six to eight hundred feet high. The river, which averages three or four hundred yards in breadth, is deep and clear, with a fine sandy bottom, perfectly free from all alluvial properties. This is evident from the barren nature of the soil which it inundates. Unlike other countries, the nearer the water the less fertile is the land. The whole region bears undoubted indications of volcanic action. The rock is perforated or honeycombed like a cinder, and, where the walls of the cañon have given way, large quantities of vitrified matter may be found amongst the crumbled mass. The dust, also, on the surface, too fine for sand, appears to be the ashes of antediluvian eruptions in a pulverised state. Leaving the river, we struck a track which brought us to it again at a camping-place. We halted here for three hours, and started about seven with a full moon.

Crossed a rapid stream, and trotted along in high glee at the rate of six miles an hour. Shortly before midnight we were attracted from the road by a light. On riding up to it, we found a party of Snake Indians. Some of them were engaged in drying salmon. Others were asleep upon the ground. We gave them a small flask of powder, and picked out half-a-dozen fish. They seemed perfectly satisfied with the bargain, although powder was not of the slightest use, as there was no rifle or gun in the party.

An hour after we left them, we came in sight of the salmon-falls. They are formed by a succession of rapids, extending more than two miles down the river. The body of water which runs over them is immense. At a point where the river again becomes smooth, the road ascends rapidly, winding along the brink of the precipice. From this spot the view was magnificent. The moon shone brightly upon the rushing waters a thousand feet below us. The deep shadow of the high cliffs falling upon the bends of the river, contrasted in their impenetrable darkness with the brilliancy of the reflecting foam. The vast plain, which we overlooked, fading in the soft light, rose gradually into a low range of distant hills. The continuous roar of the rapids, and the desert stilness of all else around, combined to produce an effect upon the mind more imposing than the sight of the great Niagara.

As the moon went down, the clouds gathered thick in the west, and frequent flashes of lightning were accompanied by large drops of rain. It was too dark to proceed, and the threatening storm compelled us to camp on the hill. We had no grass and no water. This continual want of water is the greatest of all our evils, as it is the source of all. It seldom happens that we can make sure of water once in twenty-four hours. And unless this can be done, the horses suffer so much from thirst, that they cannot swallow even the small quantity of food they are able to gather. Our proximity to the river only tantalises without relieving their sufferings. The depth of the strange chasm, through which it flows, entirely shuts out all intrusion of four-footed beasts, and in very few places is it accessible to man without endangering either life or limb. The weak and feverish state of the animals increases their thirst, and the fine flowing dust, which everywhere covers the ground, and rises in clouds as we travel, fills their mouths and nostrils till they can hardly breathe. Distance, thirty-eight miles.

15th.—Up with the sun. Julius could not find his horses, William had also to look for his. Finally they discovered their animals, but lost each other, themselves, and the camp. All this I observed from a lofty eminence, but was a long way off, and could not, for the colour of the rock, make myself visible to them. Not wishing to waste time, I took the mules, and had driven seven or eight miles before they caught me up. At the first break in the cañon we descended to the water. Before we got to it, I had a narrow escape from reaching it in rather a premature manner. Little Strawberry, whom I was riding, being in a desperate hurry to get down, took it into his head that the shortest way would be to avoid the regular path, and take a line of his own over the precipice. I, of course objected to this, and struggled to make him follow the leaders; but a mule is more fond of his own way than of any body else's, and he plunged about till he was within a foot or two of the edge. In another minute nothing would have saved us, when fortunately the girths of my saddle gave way, and I rolled on the ground. The bridle was in my hands, and making a picket pin of myself, I held on till Julius came to my assistance. After quenching my thirst, we followed as we had done yesterday, rather than return to the road; but we found the path worse than we anticipated. It skirted a steep slope of loose sand, which was continually giving way under our horses' feet. Notwithstanding this, the march was a pleasant one. The river was full of small rapids, and deep pools, and salmon of all sizes were rising in great numbers. On arriving at a small patch of willow brush, we agreed to stop the remainder of the day, and try our luck at fishing. Close at hand were some deserted Indian wigwams. Taking the longest and thinnest of the lodge poles from these, we supplied ourselves with primitive but serviceable rods. The parson, who was quite the sportsman of the party, produced his reels, and a bookfull of flies; and in the course of an hour or two we were wading up to our waists, flogging, splashing, and flicking off the flies, but catching no fish, and never indeed getting a single rise.

While we were enjoying ourselves in this manner, I asked William to give me a sketch of his life. It had neither been remarkably eventful, nor remarkably common-place; but as it is, no doubt, a very fair specimen of the biography of hundreds of his class in this country, I will endeavour to tell it as he related it to me, substituting only a familiar English phraseology, for a less intelligible Yankee one.

CHAPTER VII.

William's Story. — Salmon Spearing.—Snake River.—Disastrous Crossing.—Danger.—Death.—Marvellous Escape.—Pas Seul, with chorus of Wolves obligato.—Novel mode of wearing one's Shirt.—Indian Village.—Extempore Canoe.—Recross Snake River.—Find Indians.—"Seized of my Goods and Chattels."—Resume Possession thereof.—"A Trifling Mistake corrected."—Loss of my last Pistol.—Hot Springs.—Boisée River.—Traffic.—Monetary Value of Percussion-caps.—Seductions of Broiled Salmon.—Arrival at Fort Boisée.—A Samaritan in the Desert.—Mr. Craigie.

WILLIAM'S STORY.

I WAS born at Maumee, or Miami, as some call it, in the State of Ohio. I think it is about forty years ago, but I can't remember rightly, for I never knew the date of my birth. My father was a timberer, and gained his livelihood by bringing rafts of timber down the river, from below Fort Wayne, to Maumee. When I was old enough to assist him in chopping, he took me with him. Four times in one spring we made the trip together. I liked the occupation better than stopping at home, for when we got up to where my father used to chop, I was always sent into the wood with his rifle to hunt for game. Sometimes I brought home half a dozen squirrels, sometimes a turkey, and now and then I was fortunate enough to kill a deer. I became a good shot, and as fond of my father's big rifle as he was of me.

The last time we brought the raft down my father fell ill on the passage. After he sold the timber, he took to his bed, and, though my mother—good soul! did all a wife could do, the old man died, leaving her, however, money enough to buy a small farm, and me the rifle, a score or two of traps, and his blessing. All that summer I felt the loss of my father, and, being without occupation, got into idle habits, by making the acquaintance of all the idle boys in the village. My mother used to take me to task for being so seldom at home. She said I ought to get employed somewhere near, so that I could be kept out of mischief in the day time, and be glad of a supper and a bed at night. She also said that her neighbour had spread a report that I was courting the daughter of an English family that had lately emigrated to this country. She hoped it was not true, for she was sure I meant no good; and if a son of hers was to be the ruin of honest people, she wished she had never given birth to such a bad boy. Such lectures as these, which were liberally bestowed upon me, made my home of all places the most disagreeable.

When I look back upon that time of my life, I see in the constant anxiety of my mother the real affection she entertained towards me. I remember how she used to cry when I got into any serious scrape, and how she would listen for hours to the tales I told of hunting bears below Fort Wayne. But still she scolded me for keeping bad company, and still she talked bitterly of English Mary; and for these reasons I believed that she disliked me, and I resolved in my heart to wait till winter was over, and start with spring to seek my fortune elsewhere. I watched with impatience the breaking up of the ice, and, when the time arrived for my departure, I had no regret in leaving Maumee, except in the strong attachment I had formed for English Mary.

Amongst the number of my acquaintances was one Jefferson Blurton. He was six or eight years my senior, and had already made several trips as a timberer on the Wabash river. To him I had confided my intention of making hunting my calling. He was a clever fellow in his way, and had always shown me great kindness from the commencement of our intimacy. On this occasion he applauded my resolution, and, naming a day, said he should start for the Wabash, and would take me with him. It was finally agreed that, if I proved a successful hunter, we should bring the skins down with the raft, and, by becoming partners in our different speculations, share the profits of the trip at the first place where we could sell our articles. Sunday was the day fixed for leaving. I remember the fact of its being Sunday; for, while my mother was at church, I went home, made a small bundle of my clothes, slung my traps across the old rifle, put four dollars in my pocket, and joined Blurton outside the village.

Four days' tramping brought us to the head waters of the Wabash. We had followed an old trail, known to Blurton, till we struck the river; here we squatted,—Blurton to commence a clearing, I to find meat for us both and skins for the trade. It was a pleasant life we spent up in that wild place. "Jeff Blurton could chop a cord as quick as the next man, and the old rifle didn't use to crack twice at a squirrel's head in those times. Once I come nigh a fixing myself to all 'ternity on the banks of that blessed river. I kep a lot of traps in a swamp whar a heap o' musk rats used fre*e*quent; it war a high old place for musk rats, it war, but a 'nation bad place, fix it how you would, for getten up the traps. One day as I was thar, I missed one of the traps, and couldn't find it no how. Last I catched sight of it sticken out 'an a house. A reglar screamer had draged it more 'an a rod from whar I set it. Well, I makes slick for this here screamer, when, quick as buck-wheat cakes, I slumped through the moss hags and was up to the waist before I could say, Borsting!"

The first thing as I did was to throw the rifle crosswise and hold on by that. It was no use floundering about and wasting my strength in the mud, so I thought a little, till I remembered that Jeff couldn't be more than a mile, and began to halloo to him for help. I hallood till I was hoarse, and was afraid that he hadn't heard me after all; at last I saw him looking for me from the banks of the river, and shouted to him to pull me out. He ran back to his clearing, fetched a rope, and tugged away till I was safely landed on hard ground.

About three weeks after this, Jeff had cut as much timber as would make a good-sized raft, and I had collected a tolerable lot of skins, mostly squirrels' and musk rats'. So, floating the raft, and putting all our things aboard, we started with the stream. It was near a fortnight before we reached Clinton, about a hundred and fifty miles down the Wabash, and not far from the mouth of Red River. Jeff had sold his timber, once or twice before, to the owner of a saw-mill at Clinton, and the day after our arrival we went to the same place. The boss of the mill bought Jeff's raft, and introduced me to a friend of his, with whom I afterwards traded the skins. My friend and I now had nearly four hundred dollars between us; most of the money was paid in silver, and, as Jeff was the oldest and perhaps the strongest of the two, it was settled that he should carry it till we got a canoe to take us up the Wabash. Jeff agreed, when he sold his timber, to help to get it into the mill; so, when I had got through trading skins and given him the money, we set off for the raft.

As we were passing through the town, Jeff asked me if I wouldn't liquor. I guessed I would; and so we went in at the first bar we came to. Having an unusual supply of money, we invited several bystanders to drink with us. The end of all this was that both of us became slightly intoxicated. Jeff Blurton, however, would go to the mill, and when we got there the men were dragging the timber with mule-teams up from the river. The mill itself was situated close to the bank, and the wheel was turned by a sluice running through a natural channel, formed by a ledge of rocks on one side and the main shore on the other.

When the boss of the mill saw Jeff, he asked him to help in getting the timber up. Jeff went to work with the logs, but he hadn't been five minutes at it, when of a sudden a big tree struck him as it was rolling down the bank, and knocked him headlong into the sluice. I heard the splash, and saw something in the water, but it was only for an instant. He had sunk with the great weight of dollars he had about him, and most probably was carried soon after into the bed of the river by the under-current. At least, I never set eyes on him again; and, though we had the whole sluice turned off, Jeff Blurton and every dollar I had in the world were lost to me for ever.

This accident was a terrible blow to my brightening prospects. I remained but a few days in Clinton, and then retraced my way back to the shores of Lake Erie. I did not go to Mawmee, for I was ashamed to return home with nothing to show for my absence, and in the second place I had made the acquaintance of a gentleman who lived at Chicago. I had before thought of trying the northern part of Wisconsin for furs, and, as this gentleman proposed that I should accompany him, I readily accepted, and we went together.

Soon after I arrived at Chicago, Mr. —— informed me that a person like myself was wanted, to carry the mail to Millwankie, which was at that time a military post, many miles distant from Chicago. To perform this journey on foot, in a given time, at all seasons of the year, in the heat of summer and the snows of winter—to travel through the country of a hostile tribe of Indians, whose language I did not then understand a word of, was a severe and perilous undertaking. But I was fond of adventure, and could undergo any amount of hardship, so I engaged myself for the place, and for three years carried the mail between Chicago and Millwankie.

During these three years of my life I constantly suffered from severe privations, and more than once narrowly escaped with a whole skin and a scalp on my head. I remember on one occasion—it was in the middle of winter—I had been told by a half-breed friend of mine that a couple of Indians whom I had "cow-hided," a month or two before, for stealing some of my powder, had sworn that they would have my scalp before the winter was over, and that unless I took a fresh trail when I left Millwankie this time, they would lie in ambush for me, and attack me unawares. I knew that these two Indians would some day seek an opportunity to revenge the disgrace of the flogging, and I also knew, if they had made up their minds to attack me at once, that either they or I would "be bound to go under" the first time we met.

I didn't want to kill the poor "creturs," so I resolved to make a slight deviation from my usual road. The snow lay very deep on the prairie, and it was as much as I could do to travel twenty miles a day in snow-shoes. After I had been out about three days, I found I had made much more westing than I expected, and was obliged to return a good piece of the way I had come, on account of a forest which I did not wish to travel through, and yet could not avoid if I now struck south for Chicago. It was late when I spread my blanket for the night, and charging my rifle afresh, I laid myself down to sleep.

I can't say whether I was awake, or whether I was dreaming, but I thought I heard a sound like the creaking of footsteps in the snow. Raising my head gently from the mail-bag, I listened attentively for several minutes, but hearing nothing I took my rifle and stood up to look round. I was no sooner on my legs than a dark crouching object caught my eye. In an instant whirr came an arrow, and quivered in the stock of my rifle with such force that it nearly knocked the gun from my hand. The white ground showed me the mark as clear as daylight. I couldn't exactly see the light well enough to draw a fair beed, but the nigger was "thrown in his tracks" as neat as could be.

I did not wait to load again, but ran to the spot with the empty rifle in my hand. The shot had struck him "plum" in the chest, and he had ceased to breathe before I got to him. I recognised the features of one of the Indians who had stolen my powder, and was surprised that the other thief was not with him. I guessed, however, that he couldn't be very far off, so I kept my eyes open all night. I saw nothing of him, and in a couple of days I arrived safely at Chicago.

This trip was the last I made in the capacity of mail-carrier. I was no longer a fit person to carry despatches of importance through a country where I had made enemies of a whole tribe of red-skins. I was paid off, and for the next two years earned a living as a trapper on the northern shores of Lake Michigan.

Having by this time collected sufficient money to buy a small farm, and anxious to see once more my aged mother, I returned to Mawmee after an absence of nearly six years. The sight of my native village made my heart beat when I thought of the many changes that might have taken place since I left it to seek my own fortune. Every house was familiar to my eye, but I hardly met one person that I knew, and I was unknown to all. The lads and children with whom I used to play were at their games just the same as when I was one of them; they seemed to me to be the same boys, but their faces were all changed, and they took no notice of me. Once or twice I passed a face that reminded me of some one I had seen before, but the figure was a man's; the face I remembered was a boy's. I knocked at my mother's house; the door was opened by a blooming girl of about nineteen. She was wonderfully changed. I never could have thought she would have turned out so handsome. But the alteration could not deceive me. I should have known her smile with my eyes shut. "Is my mother at home, Mary?" said I. "Your mother!" she exclaimed. "Is it possible! Then you are William come back at last."

My mother was dead. She had never heard of me, and thought I had been dead. She had left the house and a small farm to a cousin of mine, to be given up in case I returned. This cousin had another farm in Indiana, and the English emigrant, Mary's father, now occupied it as his tenant. Mary told me she had had many offers from some of the smartest young men in Mawmee, but she knew I should come back some day, and wouldn't have married anybody else if I had staid away six years longer. The Englishman and I farmed the little property between us. We had plenty to live comfortably upon, but you see, sir, I have five children, and there's none of them old enough, except the biggest boy, to earn anything for themselves, so I thought I would just have a look at Oregon and California; and if I find either of them places where I am likely to do well, I shall return to the States next spring; sell my farm at Mawmee, and take my family across the plains.

END OF WILLIAM'S STORY.

16*th*.—Stop all day, and renew our efforts with the fly, but fail to get a single rise, though the water is alive with the noblest of the finny tribe. At noon an Indian appeared on the opposite bank, and in less than half an hour had speared ten large salmon. We made signs to him, and he swam across to us, with a fish weighing about 15 lb. This we boiled in the tea-pot, and found of excellent flavour. In the evening William and I waded up to our waists, and caught a number of small fry, but could do nothing with the large. It seemed impossible to avoid hooking some of them. In whatever direction we turned our eyes, four or five were leaping at the same instant.

17*th*.—Start at eleven. Leave the river, and strike the trail. We suppose that in the last two days we have made a *détour* of at least fifteen miles, as the course we now have to steer is entirely different from the one we have been making. About four we attempted to cross the river, but found it impassable; two miles further on it widened considerably, and we discovered tracks which led us to believe we must have now reached the proper place to ford. The parson took the lead; I followed with the mules, and William brought up the rear.

At about equal distances from each other and the main land there were two small islands. The first of these we reached without difficulty. The second was also gained, but the packs were wetted, and the current was exceedingly rapid. The space now remaining to be forded was at least two hundred yards, and the stream was so strong that I was obliged to turn my mare's head up stream to prevent her being carried off her legs.

In the meantime William had come close to me, the water half way up to his saddle, wanting to know if I meant to cross. The parson was now within thirty yards of the bank, and, as I thought, past all danger, when, to my surprise, his own horse and the one he was leading disappeared for an instant under water. I now saw there was a deep channel along the bank, and by the swimming of the horses judged the current to be stronger here than in the middle. The parson, however, landed in safety; and his two horses with the mules which followed them were also upon dry land. William, who had been anxiously watching the events of the last five minutes, informed me, with a most pitiable countenance, that he could not swim a stroke, and should certainly go back to the old road. I told him, if he did so, he would most undoubtedly starve, for the mules were all crossed with the provisions, and it would be impossible to recross them, or supply him with food; besides, there was nothing to fear, the little mule had swam with him through Green River, and could carry him easily over this, which was not near so broad. At the same time I cautioned him strongly to give the animal its head, to hold on by the pummel of the saddle, to take off his spurs, and, if possible, to keep his long legs out of the way. He promised to obey my injunction, upon condition that Julius and I would help him in case of accidents. I agreed, of course, to do so, and taking off everything but my shirt, pushed on for the channel.

In a few steps down went my little mare completely under water. Prepared for this, I slipped from the saddle, and began to make for the shore; when, remembering William, I looked back and saw him clinging fast to the mule, which was plunging vigorously to relieve itself of the load. Seeing me turn, he called for assistance; I knew the parson could do nothing for us, so hastened at once towards the drowning man. By this time, he was forty or fifty yards below me, and before I could reach him he separated from the mule, and was vainly endeavouring to keep above water. I do not think he heard me tell him to put his hands on my shoulders. He seemed hardly conscious of anything. His long hair concealed his features, and his arms and hands were stretched out as if imploring help. I seized him by the collar,—unfortunately it was with my right hand,—leaving only my left to stem the torrent. At length

I touched bottom in a shallow spot. The water was not more than three or four feet deep, but I could not stand against the stream. It was rapidly carrying me back into the channel. I tried to hold him up—to keep his head above water—but he was a dead weight without consciousness. His feet touched the ground, but his legs bent beneath him.

For the first time, it struck me that I could not save him. He was either dead or dying. If not dead, how could I leave him? He was still in my hands. His fate seemed to hang on my will. Once gone from me, he was gone from this world for ever! Oh, how insignificant I felt!—how unable to avert the decrees of Providence even for a moment. My strength was failing me. The water was nearly up to my shoulders. I was aware of the effort I should be obliged to make to save myself. William was drowned, and I relaxed my hold. He fell like lead till his back lay on the bottom. I looked through the clear water and saw the fixed expression of his familiar face. A few bubbles broke on the smooth surface, and I floated noiselessly from the hunter's grave.

My first attempts were to gain the right bank, where my remaining companion now stood. Finding this impossible, I struck out for the left. It seemed, however, that I made no progress; and again I altered my mind. Whichever way I turned, the current brought me back to the middle of the stream. Sickened with the remembrance of poor William's fate,—exhausted with my repeated struggles,—the drowning mule sinking and rising a few yards below me,—darkness rapidly increasing,—I began to despair. Suffering myself to be carried with the stream, I tried to release myself from the encumbrance of my flannel shirt. The endeavour was useless, and the quantity of water I swallowed made my condition worse than ever.

I now thought to rest myself by floating on my back. Again I failed, and again I swallowed water till I was nearly choked. I lost my presence of mind. I felt that I must sink;—I felt that my hour was come;—I said to myself, "Is not this struggle more painful than death? Is life worth it? Shall I die?" —It was but the doubt of an instant. I called on God to save me, and at that moment I trusted fully in his mercy. I felt, at least, my confidence restored, and believed my energies were so. I turned my head from the bank that I might not see how slowly I approached it; and, praying that my life might be spared, resolved to swim as long and as quietly as I was able. Never shall I forget my feelings as I touched the ground. At that moment I was filled with new life. The shoal on which I rested was still some distance from the shore: I paused but for an instant, and plunging in, with a few strokes was landed on the bank. I staggered, and fell almost senseless; but raised myself on my knees, and, with tears in my eyes, thanked the Almighty for the mercy he had shown me.

My strength somewhat recruited, I began to consider how I should cross the river, for I had landed, after all, on the left bank, nearly a mile from the fording. My first impulse was to get to the second island at once, in order that I might only have the broad and worst part to cross in the morning. I ran back to the old starting-point, descended to the river, and commenced wading it. I soon found myself too weak for the undertaking, and determined to give up all hopes of joining my friend till the next day.

The light of a fire on the opposite side now showed me where Julius had camped. Going to the narrowest part of the river, I hailed him to say that I was safe. He answered and congratulated me, assuring me that he had believed I was drowned. I learnt from him, that none of the mules were missing but William's, and told him that I should make no further attempts to cross in this fatal spot, but should walk back at daybreak to a place which I described, where I imagined the river would be easier to swim. We wished each other good night, and I was soon coiled up in some long grass trying to get warm, and reflecting on the strange events of the day.

The night was cold, and what with excitement and want of clothing, I foresaw that I had no chance of sleep. Every now and then, I jumped up to circulate my blood, or pull more rushes to keep me warm. There were a great number of wild rose-bushes about; these I tore up to make a covering to my bed.

Towards morning I heard distant cries which sounded like Indians, but as the noise approached, I could plainly distinguish the barking of a pack of wolves. They had got scent of me, and following my trail, came up in full chorus to within a few yards of my lair. I looked everywhere for stick or stone, but it was too dark to find either, so I danced about, singing and whistling as loud as I could, hoping to keep them at bay till daylight. The stratagem proved most successful, for as soon as the first streaks of dawn appeared, snarling and fighting in disappointment, they gave me a farewell howl and dispersed. This predicament of dancing a *pas seul* to an orchestra of wild beasts, with the fear of the river, to whose precipitous bank I was gradually retreating, reminds me of a passage in King Lear:—

> "Where the greater malady is fix'd,
> The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
> But if thy flight lay towards the raging sea,
> Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth."

I hardly know which alternative in my case was the more uninviting.

18*th.*—Rejoiced at the termination of one of the most disagreeable nights I remember to have ever passed. I shouted to the parson and told him to take my horse up the river, following the bank, that he might see where I intended to cross. I suggested also, that I was in want of both food and raiment, and that my blanket and a slice of ham would be most acceptable luxuries. When I had given my instructions, and seen the horses start, I set off as fast as the soreness of my feet, and the hardness of the ground allowed. But the path was full of sharp stones and prickly pears, and I was unable to proceed.

At this important crisis, I happened to reflect that personal appearance was no very great object, and without violation of decency, I might safely convert the ornamental part of my garments into the useful. The idea once entertained was soon carried into effect. I divested myself of my shirt, and tearing it into stripes, tied them as sandals round my feet, in a manner which effectually preserved them from all further molestation of the flints. Thus fortified, I trotted away at a brisk pace till a couple of hours brought me to the appointed spot. Alas! the parson was nowhere to be seen. The river looked very deep the whole way across, the current was stronger than I thought, and the width little less than below. At any other time I could have swam twice the distance, but the thoughts of yesterday unnerved me; I felt unwilling to risk my life, when, if I was drowned, no one would witness or know my fate. I do not think I am more of a coward than the generality. But I own, on this occasion, I thought it would be a great satisfaction to all parties concerned, if somebody could be present while I was drowned; that is, if I was doomed to be drowned. There was something so remarkably solitary about the spot, and such a peculiarly lonely idea connected with the prospects of an untimely end in such a place, that I was really obliged he prepared a raft; canoe they had none. The structure was a simple one. Three large bundles of rushes, such as are used for chair-bottoms, were lashed together, and stakes poked through to secure them. A tow-line was made fast; the raft was launched, and I was invited to embark. A young Indian took his place by my side, with a long pole in his hand, to steer our frail bark. Three others swam behind to push, and the old man, taking the tow-rope between his teeth, tugged away with a vigour that astonished me. All the time we were crossing, the young men were shouting, diving, and playing tricks, with as much ease and delight as if water had been their natural element. I rather wished at the time that it had been mine, for the top of the raft was already half a foot beneath the surface of the water, and the tricks of my amphibious friends threatened very soon to send it to the bottom.

Landed in safety, I started, accompanied by all my watermen, in the direction of my camp. When I reached it, after a long and tedious walk, the parson was still absent; but, to my surprise, in his place were at least a dozen Indians. I fully expected that they had stolen all our valuables, which had been laid out to dry after their yesterday's soaking. It was possible they might be hostilely disposed; if so, I had better have acknowledged the law of possession at once. However, I thought, I can try a stroke of diplomacy, which will soon decide this question.

The Indians with me expected to be rewarded, but the Indians against me had possession of the rewards. Now if I took my things from the present possessors to appropriate them to myself, they might knock me on the head for my trouble: but if I borrowed from my enemies to give to their friends, they perhaps might not object to part with their plunder. If, on the other hand, they did object, I could set on my friends to help themselves, and so get rid of them all on the principle of the battle of the Kilkenny cats.

Poor William's clothes were the first objects that attracted my eye. Quietly divesting the present wearer of some three or four of his shirts, I made them over to the old man whom I had first met. Either a respect for his years, or a proper sense of my justice, silenced all comments on my behaviour; and, taking advantage of their ready submission, I repeated the operation of skinning all the interlopers, and bestowing their spoils upon more worthy objects of my hospitality.

Having freed them from the burden of all the valueless property, besides any ideas they might have entertained concerning their rights to the same, I hunted up my rifle, and loaded it with all the haste I thought it prudent to evince. With such a friend I was a match for the whole party; and showing the effrontery of conscious superiority, I requested them one and all, in the civilest manner, to retire to a respectful distance, while I arranged my toilet, and restored the camp to order.

Late in the evening the parson returned. He had hunted for me fifteen or twenty miles along the river, and had at first given me up in despair. His presence relieved me of all anxiety about the Indians, who began to move off, as their chance of entering the camp was less than ever. Julius, good-naturedly, made me some tea, and before turning in, we packed up the remains of our luggage, preparatory to making an early start in the morning.

Never was I more worthy of a blanket than this night. The sun had scorched me all over, and my feet were blistered and sore with the little thorns of the prickly pear. Till midnight I slept like a top, when a disturbance amongst the animals, which we had picketed close to us, caught my ear, prepared by habit for the slightest alarm, and made me jump up to see what was the matter. I was hardly on my legs before the horses and mules rushed past the camp at full speed. Calling to Julius that the animals were stampedoed, we seized our pistols and started in pursuit. By guessing at the direction they would take, we managed to get ahead of them. They stopped, and no Indians were to be seen. We were trying to account for their sudden alarm, when we observed a wolf skulking away from us. This apparition at once accounted for the whole disturbance, for which he would have paid the penalty, but being on the *qui vive*, as well as ourselves, contrived to make himself scarce before we could get a shot. When I got back I missed my pistol; I returned to look for it but it was lost. It was the last small-arm that I had, and was moreover the present of a friend.

19*th*.—We were much troubled by the mules and horses, in consequence of the millions of little sand-flies which bit and teased them. The Indians also, our friends of yesterday, bothered us the whole time we were putting the packs on, till I thought we never should get away from this ill-fated spot. For some distance the road was hilly and very stony, and we fully made up our minds to meet with the usual scantiness of water and grass; at noon, however, the prospect brightened, and we reached a country that promised an abundance of both. One stream we forded three times in less than as many hundred yards. The grass was up to the horses' bellies, and it was with difficulty we were able to keep the trail. Just before dark we reached a rocky plateau, out of which were bubbling three beautifully clear springs.

Here we threw off the packs, and stooped down to refresh ourselves in the sparkling waters, when, to our disappointment, we found them to be at nearly boiling heat; the mules scalded their noses in several fruitless attempts to quench their thirst, and at last wandered down the stream, with an instinctive hope that the farther from the fountain the cooler would be the water. We found the water, when at a drinkable temperature, was free from any unpleasant taste; a slight smell of sulphur issued from the steam, but its flavour was not perceptible in the tea, nor did it spoil the half of an excellent salmon, which we boiled in it for our supper. This fish the Indians had captured in the morning, while floundering in shallow water close to our camp. It weighed nearly thirty-five pounds, and was not by any means in its best condition. Distance, twenty-one miles.

20*th*.—Julius went to hunt up the horses, while I lit the fire and prepared our morning meal. He had been absent nearly two hours, and I began to fear the Indians had at last taken advantage of our incautiousness. At length he appeared, tugging the five mules and four horses, with the lariats over his shoulders, like Gulliver with the Lilliputian fleet; I could not help laughing at the struggles he made to advance, and at the obstinacy of the mules in hanging back.

Towards mid-day we rested on a pretty stream, shaded by thorn-bushes and willows. In the evening we left the high rocky hills, at the base of which we have been travelling for the last two days, and opened upon a dry and undulating country. In the hollows tuft grass was always to be found, but every water-course was without water. Unable to find a stream, we unpacked and picketed the horses about nine. Distance, twenty-four miles.

21*st.*—At starting, three antelopes paid us a visit, I gave them a random shot, but they were out of reach; they are the only game we have met with for many hundred miles. From the summit of a high hill we saw a party of Indians equipped for a hunting excursion; some of them rode up to us, and helped to pack one of the mules. At the bottom of a deep ravine we stopped to cut kinnek kinnek, which grew in large bushes upon the edge of a muddy stream. When we were ready to go on, the black mule had separated from her companions and could not be found.

After hunting for her in every direction, we were forced to give up the search until we had unpacked and secured all the others. I then took a horse, Toby, belonging to Julius, and rode back to the place we left this morning. I knew the print of every animal's foot in the herd, but could not distinguish the lost one's anywhere. If she was lost, our provisions and blankets were gone with her. The mule we could ill spare. To lose her pack would, indeed, be serious. Coming back I kept a bright look-out, but this I had done as I went, and had no reason to expect better success now. Suddenly, when looking over the brow of a hill my eye was attracted by two little black points, like the tips of a pair of long ears; there could be no mistake about it, the mule was there. It was a wonderful piece of good fortune finding her again; five yards further I should have been too low to have seen her, and the mule, blankets, and provisions, would have become the prey of wolves, or Indians, whichever happened to fall in with her first. I drove her back as fast as I could gallop; and thinking ourselves the luckiest fellows in the world, we were consoled for the loss of the day, by cooking in the ashes of our fire some of the recaptured flour. Distance, seven miles.

22*nd*.—The night was wet and hot; the morning cold and showery. The road was very hilly, but we made about five miles an hour, and halted at half-past two, upon the Boisée river. Like all other rivers in this country, it was completely walled in by a deep cañon. Some distance below its outlet from the mountains, the cañon widens into a fine rich valley, but the surrounding region still preserves its sterile character; that is to say, the table-land is abruptly separated from the valley by a sudden fall of forty or fifty feet in the level. After escaping from the cañon, the banks of the Boisée are thickly wooded with willow, quaking-aspen, alder, wild cherry, and cotton wood. The afternoon turned out wet; the rain of the last twenty-four hours is the first we have had for five weeks. We are afraid that the rainy season will soon begin. When we left the States we were used to being wet through, but the long succession of dry weather has spoilt us for the minor pleasures of wet blankets and water-beds. We camped nearly two miles off the trail, close to the river's edge; the grass was four feet high and very thick. The advantages of this place to the horses compensated for the discomfort to us of being without wood, and although I went to bed cold and without supper, I felt better pleased than if the disposition of circumstances had been the other way. Distance, thirty miles.

23*rd*.—A sharp frost made our blankets stiff with ice, and until the sun came out the frozen pack-ropes cut my hands, already sore, and caused them to bleed in several places. The severe cold at night does more harm to the horses than to us. Gipsey's shoulder is as big as a buffalo's hump, Rebecca's back is perfectly raw, the chestnut is slow and worn out. Our spurs are hardly of any use, yet the horses would be useless without them. All the time we are riding we stick our armed heels into the horses' ribs, as a man helps a jaded hunter over his last fences. Poor brutes, they groan at every kick, but trot they cannot. After all we shall have a hard job to reach Fort Boisée, which cannot be more than fifty miles distant.

Halted close to some Indian huts. The men were absent; the squaws were dressing fish and hanging them on poles suspended in front of the lodges, to dry. One old woman was watching the progress of a broiling salmon, turning it from time to time upon a forked stick, which stretched it before the fire. As the nicely crimped fish simmered and browned with the steady heat, my lips watered at the sight, and I was strongly tempted to break a fast of thirty hours, by seizing *vi et armis* the delicate morsel I had no means of paying for. On consideration, however, of the unprotected state of the females, and the certain knowledge that they would get a pole-hiding from their husbands, should these return and find no dinner, I resisted the temptation with a sigh: virtue was its own reward; on putting my hands in my pockets my fingers came in contact with a quantity of percussion caps. Taking them out as if I had at last made up my mind to part with an invaluable treasure, I selected, in the attentive presence of the squaws, five of the brightest; they were all damaged, and of as little service to me as to them; and pointing to the salmon held out the golden looking ornaments. The effect, of course, was electric, the old woman flourished about the salmon, too delighted to exchange, with the fork and all into the bargain. A more sagacious bystander wanted more caps before she parted with the fish, but this I strenuously objected to, more indeed for their sakes than mine, for however little dearer the fish would have been to me, caps to sit upon a stone and give all the pros and cons their due amount of consideration before I ventured to decide what course to pursue.

After waiting some time in an unenviable state of indecision, I concluded that Julius had gone further up the river, and I walked in that direction for the chance of seeing him. I had not gone far before I came suddenly upon an aged Indian engaged in spearing salmon. He was astonished at the unexpected vision, and might have taken me for an Albino of his own race. I greeted him with a respectful salute, and explained as well as I could by signs, the difficulty I was in. I drew the figure of a man and horse upon the sand, then pointed to the bottom of the river, and made him understand how they were drowned. I too had tried to cross, but was a poor swimmer; if he could take me over to my camp in a canoe he should be rewarded with a handsome present. He listened attentively, and signifying that I was to follow, led the way in the direction whence he had come.

We had walked nearly six miles, when my guide stopped at a small thicket of willow brush growing close to the water-side. Some half dozen savages collected together, gathered round the old man, and with inquisitive glances at me, began to question him, and in turn listened to his description of my misfortunes. While these were holding a consultation several others joined them from out of the willows, and I observed a band of children hiding behind the bushes, evidently too much afraid to come into the open space. They all stared as if they had never seen a white man before. I will answer for it they never had, at least, in the same unfortunate plight as myself. As they gained courage, they increased also in impertinence. The feminine portion of the population more particularly buzzed and giggled as if there had been something positively ludicrous in the fact, of converting a shirt into a pair of stockings. The more they were amused the more I was annoyed. I remonstrated against this unkind behaviour, and begged to be shown to my canoe without further delay. Observing my trouble, they led me through the willows, and offered me some dried fish to eat.

The interior of the thicket was a regular village, containing a large number of families. The tops of the bushes, woven together, supplied the place of roofs, and a dog's skin, spread upon the ground, completed the furniture of their primitive dwellings. The old man bid me be seated, and refresh myself, while would evidently become cheaper with them. In fact, the sole merit of the bargain existed in the delusive supposition with regard to the intrinsic worth of copper caps. The parson was mightily pleased with the barter, and we both agreed upon experiment that although the salmon might be cheap, it was anything but nasty.

In the evening we forded the river, not without some trepidation, for the current was very strong, and took little Strawberry, who is again packed on account of Rebecca, off his legs. We both thought of Snake River, as the mule was carried down the stream; but we did not refer to the subject, for the remembrance of poor William's death is so disagreeable, that by mutual consent we never mention his name. On the north side of the river we observed signs of Indians, but could not tell in what direction they were, so we chose a very secluded nook between a hill and the river for our night's lodging. Distance, twenty-three miles.

24th.—It began to rain at two in the morning and continued pouring till eleven. All this time we sat shivering round a fire we could hardly keep alight for the wet. At noon it cleared and we started, whipping and spurring, but never exceeding two miles an hour. About sunset we thought we saw smoke a-head of us. What could it be? an Indian camp perhaps. Soon we passed a herd of tame cattle; this was a sign that the fort could not be far off, twenty or thirty miles perhaps. If we were lucky we might reach it the day after to-morrow. What an inspiring prospect, only one day's march to Fort Boisée. Once there we shall consider our journey ended. Three hundred and fifty miles will be a mere nothing when there is nothing behind it. And oh! what a blessing when this nothing is accomplished. One's impatience increases as the length of the journey diminishes.

Passed more cattle and fresh tracks of horses, saw more smoke, then a light, then several other lights, and then Indian lodges, and at last a square built house, a fort. As we rode up a white man was catching some horses in a corral. "Pray, sir," said I, "is this Fort Boisée?" "Yes." "Thank God for that," I answered. The gentleman then informed me that his name was Craigie, that he was the master of the Fort, and the only white man in the place. "Fred," he said, "was here, and intended to start in the morning; he had lost a man and a mule, both drowned in Snake River." Strange coincidence! Who was the man? Mr. Craigie did not know. "Was my name Coke?" It was. He expected and was glad to see us. I asked about Fred's horses; they were in a terrible condition, and there was not a horse or mule to be had at any price. We accepted Mr. Craigie's invitation to pass the night under his roof, and hired an Indian for a blanket to watch and herd our animals till the morning.

Mrs. Craigie, a Panack squaw, cooked some of our own ham and flour. Milk and salmon was all their hospitality could afford. The milk at all events was a luxury, and under the circumstances we could have enjoyed anything, even if our host had not done his best to make us comfortable. Mr. Craigie is a Scotchman by birth; he came out to this country as a common labourer, served for some years in that capacity to the Hudson's Bay Company, and by his integrity and good conduct obtained the post he now holds. In a pecuniary point of view the preferment is worth very little. As to the honour and glory, to any one short of a hero they would be imaginary enjoyments. He is banished from all intercourse with his own species, and what is worse, is surrounded by a number of the most rascally tribe of Indians. The comforts of life are easily dispensed with by a mountaineer, but Craigie's situation denies him its common necessaries. The house he lives in was built by his own hands, and the river which runs by his door supplies him with salmon, the only food he subsists on. Flour he seldom procures, and all attempts to raise vegetables have been frustrated by the mischief of the Red Men. How a human being can continue to exist in this voluntary state of exile, I know not. Give me Botany Bay and a grey-coated companion in my miseries, and I would not change places with Mr. Craigie.

One consolation this worthy man may find in his present condition, is that of doing good. Since the days of emigration Fort Boisée has been an asylum to the sick and needy, and its master has always fulfilled the part of the Good Samaritan. Many are the instances of his charitable deeds, and many are the travellers on these plains who survive to pray for blessings on this disinterested and generous being, to whom they owe their preservation. At the present time Mr. Craigie has one emigrant under his roof, who but for the hospitality of Fort Boisée, must have perished on the road. This man is suffering from the effects of a gunshot wound. His rifle exploded accidentally, while he was in the act of cleaning it.

The ball passed through the shoulder, fracturing the bone, and cutting the principal muscles of the arm; the wiping-stick was also driven through the flesh; parts of it were extracted from the back of the neck; parts still remain in, and occasionally force their way through the skin in splinters. The wounds appear very much lacerated, and the whole arm is in a terrible state of inflammation. Twice a-day does Craigie wash and bandage these wounds, performing with assiduity the double office of nurse and surgeon. The patient is a Swiss. He came out to work at the mines. He is destitute of means, and his accident, if he survives it, will prevent him from earning a living in this country. All therefore that Craigie does for him is from disinterested motives and kindness of heart, animated by a sense of Christian duty.

When I retired to my blankets, spread, the first time for many weeks, in a comfortable room, I could not help reflecting upon the multitudes of poor wretches who had suffered on these plains; some from disease, some from accidents, like this man's; some from starvation, some from the Indians, &c. &c. So far I have arrived safe. I was never in better health in my life, and I have escaped from every mishap. I would wish for more adventures, but to do so would be ingratitude to Providence. If I complete the rest of the journey as successfully as I have accomplished this part of it, I shall feel thankful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Journey Resumed.—The Shothone Tribe.—Malheur River, Night Thoughts—Toby "gives out."—Salmon Shooting.—Blessings of Sunday.—Provisions become scarce.—Another chorus of Wolves.—Aurora Borealis.—Grand Rond.—Different species of Fir.—Lose our sole remaining tobacco-pipe.—Kaqua Vocabulary.—Another Emigrant Train.—London Fog.—The Columbia.—Proceed on Foot.—Henry Clarke joins us.—Norfolk Dumplings.—The Quenelles.—Shadow "gives out."—More Emigrants.—Indian Exquisite.—John Day's River.—Narrow Escape.—Techuty River.—Sowete Soup.—Ford the Techuty.—The Dalles at last.

September 25th.—Called Craigie at daylight, and rowed across to Fred, who had come down the south side of the river, and was encamped for safety on a small island. Fred gave me an account of poor Nelson's death. He was drowned in attempting to save a mule that had got out of its depth while drinking. It was singular that accidents so similar should have happened to both of us.

We all breakfasted together at Craigie's, after which Fred left us to continue his journey. Before starting he cautioned me to be more careful of my horses. Twice had his own been stolen by the Indians, notwithstanding he kept a strict watch, and had his horses picketed every night. What Craigie tells me of these Indians confirms the worst accounts I have heard about them. Of all the Indian tribes the Shothouc, or Snake Tribe, is probably the most numerous. It formerly occupied the whole of that vast territory lying between the Rocky and the Blue Mountains, and extending northward to the lower fork of the Columbia, and to the south as far as the basin of the Great Salt Lake. Formerly the Shothoucs were as powerful as they were numerous: but the inroads of the Crows, the Blackfeet, and the daring tribes from the eastern side of the Rocky Mountains; the immigration of the white men through their country to the mines of California, and to the supposed riches of Oregon; the disappearance of the buffalo, once innumerable in the rich valleys of Bear River and the Colerado, have all combined to degenerate the nation. War and the chase have been relinquished for the less manly pursuits of fishing and pilfering. Roots and other spontaneous productions of the soil are substituted for buffalo meat, and in the winter time their means of sustenance are so precarious that the people are often compelled to eat their own children, in order to avoid starvation.

The men are diminutive in stature, and both sexes are remarkably coarse-featured; and, generally speaking, the Snake Indians are much afflicted with consumption. This disease is probably caused by exposure, and the necessity of being constantly in the water during those months in which the salmon are taken. The cholera, and other epidemics, disseminated by the whites, have also made their ravages amongst *this*, in common with nearly all the *other*, North American tribes; and, degenerated as they now are, the time cannot be far distant when the red skin will be as scarce as the buffalo on which he subsisted.

I was surprised to find that of all the families camped about the Fort there was not one that had a horse for sale. I told Craigie that I could not possibly get on unless I had a fresh horse of some kind, and I gave him little Gypsy and the chestnut to make any bargain he could for me. After a deal of bantering and bothering, he managed to persuade one old fellow to take my *two* for a large black mare, which he had most probably stolen from the emigrants. The bargain was a good one for both of us; though, if it had not been for poor little Gypsy's sore shoulder, I would not have parted with her for all the horses in the country. In the afternoon I bade farewell to Mr. Craigie and the little mare, and, taking our baggage, I crossed to the island in a canoe. The animals, in charge of an Indian, swam the river and reached camp in safety. As the evening was fine I bathed in the river, and spread all the things out to dry in the sun.

26th.—A party of Indians came to breakfast, and cooked their fish at our fire. We made them pay toll by selecting the choicest morsels of the fish for ourselves. Their mode of dressing the salmon is simple and good. They take out all the bones and the greater part of the flesh; then stretch the skin on crossed sticks, and broil it over a slow fire. By this process the flavour is preserved, and the superfluous richness got rid of. About nine o'clock we started, and left Snake River, never, I hope, to see it more.

Still the same wretched country—sage and sand. Rebecca seemed to think she had had enough of this desert. We had hardly made a couple of miles on the way, when, without the slightest provocation, she set off and galloped back, at her very best pace, to the grassy island. Some Indians were travelling in the same direction as ourselves. A boy belonging to their party saved me the trouble of a chase by bringing Rebecca back again; more than once in the course of the morning's tramp, this lad did me a good turn. Little Blackey as usual, must needs run about after Rebecca, and kick her pack off as fast as we put it on. Whenever the boy saw that we could not catch the mules, he always gave his pony the whip, and, circumventing the refractory brutes, fetched them up in no time.

Amongst the Indian party there were several squaws. These have to attend to the pack animals, while their lords and masters ride on a head to fish and hunt. Every time one of our packs was kicked off, the squaws overtook us, and, to judge from their laughter, made some excellent jokes amongst themselves at the expense of our awkwardness, and disasters. I must confess, I blushed to see myself beaten by women at *packing*, and that too, after all the practice I have had.

A ride of eighteen miles brought us to Malheur River. Here, on account of the heat, we halted until nearly sunset. Unfortunately the moon did not rise till ten o'clock; so that for more than three hours it was pitch dark, and we had the greatest difficulty to keep the track, and avoid losing the mules. At one time I thought we should lose both. The wild mule turned off the trail and fell down, and we were nearly an hour in raising her up and repacking her, she thus had plenty of time to feed away out of sight. Luckily the moon began to rise, and by her light, we were soon enabled to whip up the stragglers and trot on. Travelling at night I have always found disagreeable. It may be better for the animals, but it is certainly more tedious for a man. There is nothing to mark the way or measure the distance by. If you chance to fall asleep you may wake and find yourself in a bog, or your horse feeding, Heaven knows which side of, or how far from the road. True, it is a fine time for romantic reflections; but really one has so many opportunities for reflection, that both the novelty of the employment and one's stock of ideas are much given to wear out. For my part, when I am in want of a new idea I am forced to adopt the plan of the midshipman, who when he is hard up for a clean shirt, begins again at the bottom of his dirty clothes bag. As for castles in the air, I build them as fast as Mr. Cubitt does his three-storied houses in Belgravia, and they are as fragile. I have laid out plans for the future which, even were I now but a boy, I should not have half exhausted at the age of Methuselah. But new ideas,—What have I to do with new ideas? I must finish this day's work or I shall lose my dinner.

I left off when the moon began to rise, &c. Well, it is a tedious business, this night travelling; and this particular night's travelling was a particularly tedious business. Old Brenchly would go to sleep, and old Toby, his horse, would not go along. Old Brenchly I did stir up, but old Toby could not be persuaded to move; nor whip, nor spur, nor pushing, nor pulling, had other effect than to make him look very like "giving out." And give out he did. But who would have thought it?—he was a take in—a screw.

Here, then, we were,—planted, the first day of a fresh start!—four hundred miles to travel, and Brenchly only one horse left! Certain it was, Toby would carry him no more, and equally certain that he could no more carry Toby than he could fly. So then the saddles were changed and the packs taken off. Toby was left to the wolves, and, after a waste of two hours, on we went again.

But it was a tedious night this: the last star of the Bear's tail was plump under the Polar constellation, but still we tramped along, and still no sign of water! And now there was a range of hills ahead, and now the road winds through a deep cañon, and the moon is on the meridian, and all is bright as day: and now the cañon opens, and we are on a high plateau—and beneath is a broad valley; and a dark streak, like willows, lines the bottom, and a bright streak, like water, runs amongst the dark trees, and we descend; and the dusty nostrils of the jaded mules are laved in the limpid stream, and the wearied travellers seek soft places on hard rocks, and find sweet repose.

27th.—Up soon after sunrise; follow the stream in search of the cattle; find Fred on the point of starting. Our Indian friends of yesterday came up and stopped to partake of our dried salmon. One of them assisted me to cast Rebecca for the purpose of washing the sore on her back, which has already eaten a hole to the very bone. Made a late start. While we are repacking, Rebecca, old Pots-and-pans, and Blacky, who is as troublesome to-day as ever, stray nearly out of sight. What perverse brutes these mules are! It is evident to me they do all they can to torment one, intentionally. In trying to drive them back, *one* would go this way—the *other* that; and if they went together, it was sure to be in the wrong direction. I had a mind to dismount, sit down, and have a "good cry;" but abandoned that plan, reflecting that it would have been, under the circumstances, of little avail, and, in all probability, a secret cause of exultation to the mules. If ever I do meet a mule after I have done with them this trip, may I be doomed to pack him if I don't pull his tail till his nose bleeds. Eh, the beasts! How I hate 'em!

Keep company with the Indians, who are very pleasant travelling companions. They are a party of Kayuxes, with four squaws and one Snake. All going to Wallah-Wallah, on the Columbia. One young squaw, who really was not bad-looking, made herself particularly amiable. What with signs, and a few half-Indian, half-English words, we managed to hold a very interesting conversation. However, whether it was that I paid more attention to her than to the mules, I know not; but the brutes, I dare say, thought it would be a fine opportunity; and on looking for them among the Indian herd, not one of them was to be seen. So, much to my sorrow, I had to tear myself away from my Dulcinea, and ride back for my four-footed tormentors.

It was dark by the time I had found them and overtaken Brenchly. We hurried on for some time, in hopes of catching the Indians; for we had left the main track to be guided by them by a short cut; but we could neither see nor hear them anywhere; and in perfect ignorance what direction to take, we followed the mules, hoping that they might follow the path if there was one. Of course, instead of helping us, they only involved us in farther difficulties. They made for the nearest stream, and, in their precipitancy, stuck themselves up to their packs in the mud. This decided us to wait till the morning. After pulling and kicking, and getting very wet, we took off the packs in a sheltered spot, where there was a good supply of long grass. Rebecca not to be found!

28th.—Find mule and Indians in a bend of the river close to us. Remain a short time to see the Indians catch salmon. This they did by means of a hook fastened to a long pole, and using it as a gaff, struck the fish as they ran up the shallows.

Follow a stream through a winding valley. High mountains on both sides of us. Stopped at a pool and fired eleven shots at salmon. Brenchly also fired several times, but without killing any fish. Whilst we were amusing ourselves with this sport, Master Toby strays out of sight. The bottom of the valley was thickly grown with willows and small timber, and it cost us at least two hours before we were fortunate enough to find him again. Halt to bait on the hillside, at some height above the bottom; but this was a useless precaution, as the horses fed down to the thicket, and the mare which I have given to Brenchly was lost for a considerable time. The scenery this afternoon was unusually picturesque. We were compelled, by the steepness of the hills, to keep on the banks of the stream, which we were constantly fording, and even were often obliged to ride in the water to avoid the fallen trees that obstructed the path.

At one place where I forded, my mule shied at a salmon that must have actually passed between its legs. I should think this fish weighed above 30 lb. Leaving the stream, which now turned to the south, we ascended a gully to our right, crossing and recrossing the rivulet till we reached the low part of the mountain-ridge. Descending into another valley, we came to another little stream, and here encamped for the night. I had intended to make a much longer march, but it was so dark, and I was so fatigued, that I was obliged to content myself with eighteen miles and a bed without supper.

29th (*Sunday*).—Never did I know the blessing of Sunday till now. I should not mind if there were half-a-dozen in every week. At all events, *one* more; for the Sunday which is, is by no means a day of rest to us; only comparatively speaking is it a sort of consolation which we try to make the most of.

To-day, now, is a very fair specimen of Sundays, as Sundays go. Sometimes we have more to do—never do we have less.

30*th*.—Pack by moonlight. Off half-an-hour before dawn. Come to a little stream, with soft, muddy bottom. The mules are tied together. One jumps—others hang back; ends in both tumbling into the ditch. Lose an hour in repacking. Lovely day. Cool breeze. Good road. Country becomes hilly. Get fine view of Blue Mountains ahead. Halt at two. Cook ham with stinking weeds; and even this fuel very scarce. No water. Horses and mules both looking wretchedly. Little Strawberry, too,—the dearest of mules!—is getting a sore back. Ah me! I wish we were on the other side of the Blue Mountains. Pass several dead cattle, and one alive. Ascending all day. Arrive at a great flat valley, which we at first suppose to be the Grand Rond. Decide afterwards that we cannot have reached that place yet. Turn about a mile off the road to the left. Find a small pond of fresh water, and camp in the dark, having made a very long day. Distance performed, forty miles.

October 1*st*.—This month, please God, will see us through. The animals, I am sure, will not survive another. As for ourselves, we have but few provisions.

The season, too, is getting late; and if we are out much longer, I fear we shall suffer greatly from cold. Already, a blanket and a buffalo-robe are little enough covering for the nights. My buffalo-robe, which I spread over the blanket, is always frozen quite stiff; and the water in the bucket had this morning a coating of ice nearly two inches thick.

Eager to push on, we started without breakfast, and made the most of a level country and good road. Forded twice a small river; its banks prettily wooded and covered with abundance of long grass. Being too early to stop, we went four or five miles further, and halted on a narrow watercourse. At the present time it is dried up. One hole we managed to find with a small supply of stagnant water in it, with which we made our tea; but though very highly scented, I cannot say that the flavour was particularly pure or the taste remarkably agreeable.

The hills which surround us are thickly covered with pine-trees—a sight we have not enjoyed for some time past. About eight, we turned out of the road to a valley on our right. Here, having found a small spring of clear water, we halted. This was one of the snuggest spots for a camping-ground we had met with. We were completely shut in by groups of trees, resembling the black-thorn in shape, and not unlike it in foliage. The lower boughs were mostly dead and dry, and afforded us as much good fuel as we needed. Beneath the shelter of the wide-spreading branches of one of these trees, we laid our blankets, and heaping a huge pile of dry wood upon the flames, lighted our pipes, and turned-in to enjoy that sound sleep which our hard day's work always insures us.

As I was dozing off, a pack of hungry wolves that had scented us out set up the most infernal chorus ever heard. In vain I pulled the blankets over my head and tried to get to sleep again. The demons drew nearer and nearer, howling, snarling, fighting, and moaning together all night; creating a noise which, in the perfect stilness which reigned around, was absolutely terrible. For some time I bore it with patience. At length, jumping up, I screamed out, in a voice that made the valley ring, "Will you be quiet?" The question was immediately answered by perfect silence; but hearing them tuning up for a second concert, I made a blazing fire, and once more retired to my lair. For a few minutes, I lay awake to admire a brilliant Aurora Borealis shooting out perpendicular streams of light. Then turning over on my side, I never moved again till day-light. Distance performed, twenty-five miles.

2nd.—Breakfast, by way of change, and start at nine. In a short time we arrived at the Grand Rond. This time we had no doubts concerning the identity of this remarkable place. It is a basin about fifty or sixty miles in circumference, situated in, and surrounded by, part of the highest and most picturesque range of the Blue Mountains. This basin is a perfect flat, oblong in shape, and extending nearly north and south. It is intersected by several small streams. The soil is a rich loam, and but for its isolated position, the Grand Rond is better capable of supporting a small settlement than almost any tract of country between the Blue and the Rocky Mountains.

Before we again began to ascend, we were joined by two Kayuxes. They galloped up to us at full speed, stared at us with the usual Indian curiosity, examined our horses, and finding probably that we had nothing worth stealing, turned back, and galloped off.

The ascent was so tremendously steep, that we were nearly two hours before we reached the summit. Once on our old level, the view from this side the valley was very different from that on the other, and very much finer. In front and around us, for many miles, was one vast undulating sea of pine forest. Beneath was the beautiful round valley, and behind stretched the long range of lofty and jagged peaks, a few of which now shone brilliantly in their caps of perpetual snow. To us the absence of sage-bushes, and the sight and smell of the magnificent fir-trees, formed a novelty that we thoroughly appreciated. The only drawback was the small prospect there seemed to be of getting grass, or finding water. At dusk we crossed a broad and shallow stream, running southward through a deep ravine. There was not a morsel of forage, but we did not venture to risk the chance of having to camp without water as well; so, throwing off the packs, we let the animals pick where they would, and we set to work collecting pine-logs and bark for a fire. Distance performed, twenty-one miles.

3rd.—When we got up, not a house was to be seen in the clearing by the river side. The wood all round was as thick as could be, and, owing to the roughness of the banks, it was impossible for the animals to follow the river, either up or down the stream, for more than a quarter of a mile. I almost despaired of finding them; Julius took one direction, I another. I scrambled through the thicket, and hunted along the bank for tracks till I was almost tired out. At last, hidden among some bushes, the fair Rebecca greeted my sight. I rushed to the capture, thinking to find the whole herd with her; but, to my disappointment, old Pots-and-pans was her only companion. They both looked their sulkiest at being found out, and stoutly refused to be driven back across the river. Rebecca, however, knew me too well to trifle long; so, laying her ears flat on her neck, she gave two or three kicks, and set off for the camp. When I arrived there with my two prizes, I rejoiced to see Julius with the remaining three in tow. We forthwith packed and departed without breakfast. The ups and downs were very distressing to the cattle. Two miles was all we could make in the hour; and, even at this pace, one of us was obliged to walk behind poor Shadow, with a big stick, to keep her up with the rest.

In the course of this morning's tramp I have remarked four distinct kinds of firs; one resembling the larch, one the silver-fir, but with leaves finer and of a lighter colour; one the Scotch, but with much longer leaves, and of a lighter green (this is the most common); and lastly, the hemlock-fir, which both in size and beauty surpasses all the rest. Most of these trees average above a hundred feet in height; some of the hemlock species are at least two hundred, and from three to five feet in diameter. The forest was so thick, that we hardly got a glimpse of the sun all day; and notwithstanding the incomparable virtues of my martial coat, the cold wind found its way to my very bones. In addition to this, an empty stomach made me long heartily for a good camping place.

In the evening we arrived at a little muddy stream, and a small opening in the forest. It was a wretched place, and perfectly barren. In the middle of the clearing were two graves. The bodies were not put under ground, but housed over with logs, as a better protection against the wolves. Leaving this uninviting spot, we filled the kettle and cantine, watered the animals, and proceeded in hopes of meeting with better grass.

Before we reached a suitable place, I had the misfortune to spill nearly all the water from the kettle, owing entirely to the obstroporous behaviour of Little Strawberry, who began to be uneasy for the want of his supper. This was a great loss, as we were obliged to bake some bread, and had hardly sufficient water left for a cup of tea. However, we were somewhat consoled by a most glorious fire, which we lighted in the uptorn roots of a dead pine. For a few hours the whole tree was in a blaze; and by getting as close to it as possible, we contrived to thaw at least one side at a time.

Yesterday I met with a disaster, which distresses me exceedingly. I broke my pipe, and am neither able to repair nor to replace it. Julius has one, the fumes of which we are compelled to share. If this should go (and it is already in four pieces, and bound up like a mummy), I tremble to think of the consequences. In all our troubles the pipe is the one and only consolation. Distance performed, sixteen miles.

4th.—Oh, how cold it was this morning, and how cold it was in the night! I could not sleep for the cold, and yet I dreaded the approach of daylight, and the tugging at the frozen ropes which it entailed. But there was no help for it. I might lie in bed till the sun was up, but must, in consequence, be another night in the mountains; and the animals, who suffer more than we do, could not stand this. So we tied them close to the still burning log, and, little by little, with the help of a warm every minute, we got the packs on. Poor beasts! they actually cringed when the saddle touched the great raws on their backs; the frost had made them so painful. What would I have given for a mouthful of hot tea or coffee before starting. But these are luxuries one must not think of. It seems as if this sort of life were to last for ever. Day follows day, without the slightest change.

Towards mid-day the forest became less dense, and the country opened up in large rolling prairies. Far beneath us was the Umatilla River. We hailed it with delight, as a sign that we were out of the mountains, and only forty or fifty miles from the Columbia. We were no sooner out of the woods than we observed with astonishment numerous herds of horses grazing on almost every hill, and in every hollow—black, white, grey, and piebald, all colours; sometimes as many as three or four hundred in a herd, and no one to watch or prevent their being stolen.

About halfway down the mountain were two round springs. At these we halted and dined. While at our repast two Indians rode up, and jumping from their horses, seated themselves at the fire. They told us they were Kayuses, and begged for something to eat. This I absolutely refused, showing them at the same time the small supply we had for ourselves.

In a short time two others rode up. With one of these we exchanged three salmon for a rib of beef. They all remained till we started, and helped us to drive in the mules. One young man, who was remarkably intelligent for an Indian, tried his best to make himself understood. He told me that the Kayuses were a great and good nation; that they never hurt white men, and never stole their horses. The Shothones, he said, were bad Indians. They were very deceitful. Their mouths were full of lies, and they kept their hands concealed; but in a few more suns, he said, the Kayuses were going to hunt buffalo, and then let the Shothones hide themselves. They would be punished. I asked him if he would barter a horse for a mule. He said he had plenty of horses, and did not want the mule. I told him I had no objection to receive a horse as a present, since he had so many. This he pretended not to understand, and shook his head. I showed him some gold, upon which he pulled out a bagful of five-dollar pieces, saying, "The Kayuses were very rich, and wanted nothing. They had plenty of cattle, plenty of corn, plenty of potatoes. When they wanted money, or cloth, or blankets, or paint, they bartered their horses for these at Wallah-Wallah or Willamette."

The following are a few words of the Kayux language, which I learned from him:—

Cush, Water.	*Tacmal*, Cap.
Alap, Fire.	*Taitz*, Good.
Walty, Knife.	*Capsis*, Bad.
Sheekern, Horse.	*Tbork*, Pipe.

When we got down to the river our friend, who had ridden on before, joined us, and led the way to his lodge, which was completely concealed in a thicket of willows and tall underwood. The walls were made of matting, and consequently would not afford much protection against wet or cold; the inside, however, had an air of comfort and cleanliness seldom seen in an Indian domicile. A pot of potatoes was boiling in front of the entrance. I would willingly have waited any length of time to have tasted a vegetable which I have not seen for months, but the grass was so scant that the mules might have starved in the meantime. Leaving Julius, therefore, to make interest for anything he could get, I took the mules on to a small gulley, about a couple of miles from the river, and camped. Distance performed, nineteen miles.

5th.—Had to walk four or five miles before I could find the animals. Breakfasted on some coffee that we had reserved for the cold weather in the Blue Mountains, but which we never had time to use there. Before starting I filled my pockets with wild cherries and little dried pears, which grew in great quantities along the gulley.

Ford the river, and leave it to cut off an elbow. Pass an emigrant train of twelve wagons and about 150 head of cattle. The poor people looked half starved. They had been restricted to a fourth of their proper rations for more than three weeks, and could not make what remained last above eight or ten days. This, they said, would be quite long enough, for the Indians had told them that the Dalles was only four days ride from the Umatilla. Therefore, the distance could not be more than eighty or ninety miles. I told them they had forgotten that Indians often ride fifty or sixty miles a day, and, according to my calculation, we were upwards of 140 miles from the military post at the Dalles. This information seemed to dishearten them very much, and they begged me, if I arrived before them, to send out some provisions to meet them. This I promised to do, and, wishing each other well through this tedious journey, we parted. At dark I turned off the road, and, descending a steep corrie, struck a branch of the river and camped. As usual, this being Saturday night, I was so tired that I went to bed without supper. Distance performed, twenty-five miles.

6th.—As soon as it was daylight I arose, after a sleepless night, partly owing to the cold, and partly to the sharp stones, which, turn as I would, persisted in running into me. Looking round, I saw, to my sorrow, that the ground was as bare as the stones which covered it. The mare and Shadow were standing on the side of the hill, face to face, waiting patiently to starve. Having looked up a better place about a mile distant, I drove them down to it. Strawberry and Toby had already found their way to the best feed. Rebecca and old Pots-and-pans were wandering arm-in-arm along the wooded bottom of the river. These old stagers I left to take care of themselves, though, poor brutes, they are nearly past caring for. Rebecca is a perfect skeleton, and the black mule has quite wasted away all but her shoulder, which gets bigger and bigger every day. The mare, I feel sure, won't travel another week, and Shadow falls down with weakness almost every time we pack. Little Strawberry is a miracle—a perfect love of a little mule. But alas! he too begins to fade. I wish I could tell them all that they have only 130 miles to go. A hundred and thirty miles! It seems nothing; but at fifteen miles a day—and such days—it is a terrific undertaking. Well, thank God, we can walk, but I do wish we were through!

7th.—Hunted two hours for Rebecca and her ancient companion, but could find no trace of either. The wood, indeed, was so thick that we might have hunted for a week with like success, and to lose a day was now worse than losing two useless animals. As for the packs, they were easily arranged. To Strawberry we gave nearly all the weight, leaving only the blankets for Shadow to carry. I rode the mare, and with a parting sigh "to those we left behind us," we commenced what we hoped would prove the last week of our journey.

Before we had proceeded four miles an Indian overtook us, who said he had seen two mules, and would bring them to us if we would give him a blanket. I offered him five dollars for his trouble, promising to pay him when he returned with the mules. To this he agreed, and set off at full gallop. I don't know whether he concluded that the two mules were worth more than five dollars. At all events, we saw no more of our friend, and could only hope that if he had stolen them, they would behave with their usual amiability.

Forded the Umatilla three times. Travelling through the most disgusting country. Exactly the old scene over again. Sage, sand, weeds—sand, weeds, sage. Expecting to see the Columbia. Thick London fog all day—camp on the top of a hill. No water for supper, and no wood to make a fire with. Feel rather anxious about the mare, for the sand has been deep for many miles, and notwithstanding a halt in the middle of the day, it has been hard work to drag her along till dark. Distance performed, eighteen miles.

8*th*.—The night was cold and squally. As soon as I was up, I saw the mare lying within a few yards of my bed. She lifted her head to look at me, but I saw she could not rise. On close examination I found that, through weakness, she had ruptured some internal vessels, and was utterly destroyed. I picked up a pistol to put an end to her sufferings, but had not the heart to use it. As I had now no more hopes of riding, I threw away my saddle, and other horse-gear, and having packed the mules, set myself with a good grace to walk the remaining hundred miles. In about a couple of hours we were cheered by a sight we had long wished to behold—broad, straight, and as blue as the sea, the great Columbia flowed before us.

How welcome was that sight! We hurried till we reached the water, then paused to quench our thirst and admire the refreshing scene. Invigorated in mind and body, we again jogged on. But oh! shall I ever forget that day's walk? I do not exaggerate when I say, that the sand was more than a foot deep. For every two steps forward, it seemed as if you slipped one step back. The sun was hot; I had heavy boots on, reaching above my knees. Notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, I was already losing sight of Julius, who was more than half a mile ahead. Above all, I was weak from exhaustion, having hardly tasted food since yesterday morning. There was no change in the scenery. The banks of the Columbia seemed, if possible, more barren than those of other rivers in this miserable country. Everything combined to make me sick and dispirited. By the time I had walked about fourteen or fifteen miles I overtook Julius, and mounted his horse, while he took his turn on foot.

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Shortly afterwards, a lad came up on an Indian pony. In answer to my questions, he said, that his name was Henry Clarke, that he was fifteen years old,

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that his father died at Fort Boisée, where he had lingered for some weeks under the hospitable roof of Mr. Craigie, and that he had ridden with a party to Wallah-Wallah, which place he left yesterday. He had five pounds of flour with him, but nothing to mix it in. No bread, meat, or other provisions of any kind. He had been told by Mr. M'Bean, the master of the Wallah-Wallah fort, that in three days he would reach the Dalles, a distance of 130 miles, which he could not have accomplished in twice that time. I told the boy that if he liked he might go with us, promising him that he should share our salmon while it lasted, provided he helped to drive the mules, and make himself generally useful. He was delighted at my offer, saying that he felt it very lonely, particularly at night. I was really quite pleased to think how providentially he had fallen in with us. Had it not so happened, he would have ridden his horse to death in three days, and then have been starved himself.

At two, halt on the river, and eat like wolves. Make two or three miles in the afternoon, and camp in some willow brush. I made two Norfolk dumplings, which were boiled successively in the teapot; but the operation required a great deal of labour and patience, for we could not find a stick of dry wood. Distance performed, nineteen miles.

9th.—Ride Julius's horse in the forenoon. Forded the Quesnelles, then took the high table-land above the river. In the afternoon the wind got up and became piercingly cold; and the dust, which flew in clouds, both blinded and choked us. All this time we were out of sight of the river which we longed to see, both in order to camp and that we might be able to quench our thirst, which the particular nature of our food is, I find, very apt to excite.

Even as yesterday; much annoyed with my walk, and vowed internally, that if I should be obliged to make such another, I would cast my impediments to the deuce, and ride little Strawberry, with what speed I might, to the Dalles. At dark, Shadow gave out, and we were necessitated to stop on the summit of a mountain, in sight of the river, but many thousand feet above it. The boy Henry was sadly distressed for want of water, not being so accustomed to this privation as we were. He threatened to descend the hill-side; but this I prohibited; so we went to bed thirsty. Much consoled, however, by one of the dumplings of the preceding evening. This night we all felt the cold excessively. Distance performed, twenty-five miles.

10*th*.—Turned down to the river, and found encamped on the bank six wagons full of emigrants. They talked of getting to the Dalles to-morrow. I assured them it was a good five days' journey for them, and at least three days' for us.

A band of Kayuses, with their squaws and a number of loose horses, passed us. We followed their trail along the bank of the river, instead of taking the wagon-track over the hills. I do not think we gained much by the transaction, for their path was not only dangerous, but so rocky, that we scrambled along at a very slow pace.

Halted as soon as we came to a place where we could get wood enough to cook some dumplings. We begin to find that going without bread is pernicious to the health, now that we eat nothing but salt meat or salmon, and very small quantities of that. Yesterday I tightened my belt to the last hole; in fact, we are becoming more and more attenuated; and the waist of my gigantic companion is almost as delicate as that of a woman.

Late in the evening an Indian rode into our camp with a couple of horses. He was very smartly dressed, and armed to the teeth. His leggings, mocassins, tobacco-pouch, and bow-case were all of red cloth, and richly embroidered with variegated beads. He had a bright green blanket thrown over his shoulders, and his long dark hair, carefully parted in the middle, gave almost an effeminate expression to his regular features, which contrasted strongly with his manly form. It was already dark, and the glare of the fire round which we were seated fell full upon the new comer. Waiting for us to notice him, he stood perfectly still, holding the lariats of his two horses, which continued snorting through fear at the smell of the white men. At first I paid no attention to him, but continued to smoke in silence; but being struck with his uncommon appearance, I motioned to him to be seated, and offered him my pipe. After inhaling a few whiffs he returned it to me with considerable grace, asked for some water, and at the same time examined the contents of our kettle. Understanding by this that he also wanted food, I gave him a salmon; but he indignantly rejected it, and pointed significantly to the pot. I showed him the dumpling, and explained that it was not yet cooked, but invited him to wait supper, and camp with us for the night. He readily accepted, hobbled his horses, spread his blankets by the fire, lighted his pipe, and, for aught I know, was a few minutes after thinking as little of the place and of the then present time as I was.

Henry soon announced that the dumpling and salmon were waiting to be eaten. As this was always the great event of the day, we did not keep them waiting long. At supper, the Indian began to be more communicative. He informed us that his name was Wenan Pisnote, the chief of the Kayul tribes; that he left the Umatilla this morning, and was on his way to visit the Chief of the Whites—*i. e.*, the commanding officer at the Dalles. He had ridden already more than sixty miles to-day, and would have continued riding all night had he not seen our fire. I learned from him that our lost mules had been picked up by one of his tribe. He said, if I wished it, he would send them to me when he returned. As, however, I never wanted to see them again, I gave them to him as a reward for his honest behaviour. He seemed much pleased with the present, but refused to accept it, unless I gave him a paper stating that he had received them as a present, and not stolen them. I wrote a few words to that effect on a leaf of my pocket-book. This document he carefully deposited in the bottom of his tobacco-pouch. Before we retired for the night, he asked me a multitude of questions—such as, whether I was a chief in my own country, and, if I was a chief, why did I dress in rags?—where I was going to?—why I had come to this country, and so on. Distance performed, eight miles.

11*th.*—Called all hands at daybreak. Wenan Pisnote left us. Caught two horses that were with our own; took them on, and left them with some emigrants whom we soon after fell in with, where the wagon-track came down to the river. Showery and cold. Followed the Indian trail by the river-side. Terribly rocky. Saw several wicker-huts on the opposite bank. Met a great number of Kayuxes, and several Indians belonging to other tribes, going to and returning from the Dalles. They had all been there to trade in horses. The usual price for a good horse is six blankets; the blankets being valued at ten dollars each.

Arrive at John Day's River—a most welcome point. We have only forty-six miles more to go; in other words, only two days' work; which suits us exactly, as our provisions could not well be made to last over to-morrow. Distance, sixteen miles.

12*th.*—With Indians all day, still keeping the river-track. In some places the path was not a foot wide, and the stones were so loose that with all our care we could scarcely keep the mules from slipping.

It happened, while we were creeping along through one unusually dangerous spot, that a party of young Indians, seeing the difficulty, gave a tremendous whoop and a yell that made the mules think the devil was after them. Master Strawberry, who was behind, started ahead, and tried his best to push Shadow off the path. My hair stood on end! Shadow's hind-legs were almost over the edge. Another minute, and I expected her to roll into the river, nearly a thousand feet below us. It was neck or nothing. I had a stick in my hand, and gave her a sharp cut behind. She forgot her danger, made a spring forward, and again stood on the ledge of the precipice.*

Within a mile of the mouth of the Techuty are some large rapids. Around these, on the right bank of the river, is an Indian village, the inhabitants of which live upon the fish taken at the falls. These people invited us to camp among their lodges; but, in the first place, there was no wood, and, in the second, what few things we had remaining I did not wish to be stolen. So, giving half a dollar for some acorn-bread and a hatful of camash-roots, we moved about a quarter of a mile up the river, and camped. After a good deal of trouble we managed to make a fire with a small log and a quantity of green rose-bushes, and after a great deal more trouble contrived to make up the last of our flour, and to cook it in the shape of a dumpling.

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* By threatening the Indians with the medicine I had just administered to Shadow, and by making Henry walk between the mules, I obviated any further accident till we reached in safety the Techuty River.

And so this is to be our last supper and our last night on the march. To-morrow we are to reach the Soldiers' house! I can hardly believe it possible. The life we have led so long seems as if it must last for ever. What is there in this night different from other nights? And yet it is the last! No change of scene. No sign of settlement. No increase of comfort. No diminution of labour indicates in the smallest degree our approach to civilisation, or release from this long stage of drudgery, want, and annoyance.

To-morrow we shall be through! Never did I so rejoice at any prospect as I do at this; and yet at this moment I know how it *will* be. I feel sure that I shall not rejoice when I am through, so much as I do now at the thought of being so. I shall long again for that delight with which I rolled myself in my blankets after a hard day's work, and watched the calm magnificence of the starry heavens till I fell asleep, without a care for the troubles past or the troubles to come. I shall long, with regret, for that perfect state of health which made one laugh at trifles, which at other times would have been the source of grievous annoyance. I shall long for that sense of freedom, which made one feel that one depended only on Providence and oneself for everything: and above all, I shall feel a weary vacuum in my existence (though this perhaps will not last long), a painful sense of being without an object, without an end or purpose; without the hope, as I may say, which has carried me through to the last. Well, hurrah for to-morrow!—but to-morrow is not here yet, and perhaps never may be. Distance performed, fifteen miles.

12*th.*—While packing, an Indian and two squaws came down to our camp. One of the women was particularly good-looking,—a fact which I had insinuated to her yesterday, *en passant.* I suppose she came this morning with the hope of fascinating some present out of me; at all events, in consideration of her good looks, I gave her my share of the pots and pans and other rubbish—things invaluable to her, but which I should never want again. This put her in such good humour that she insisted on packing little Strawberry by herself, and as far as concerned the arrangement of the pack she adjusted it admirably; the fastening of the ropes, however, was rather too much for her Amazonian capacities, and she was obliged to call in my assistance.

When all was ready, we went together to the village. Here my fair friend introduced me to the inside of her lodge, and gave me a mat to sit on while she prepared a mess of *sowete* for my breakfast. This dish consists of the bruised seeds of a kind of sunflower; the *camash*, a root which grows, like the truffle, underground; and the cartilaginous parts of a fish's head. These ingredients, when boiled together, with a small quantity of water, form a thick sort of porridge, not unlike pea-soup in consistency, though the flavour is very different and rather insipid. Having eaten a few spoonfuls of the *sowete* (a little of which goes a long way), I lighted my pipe and had a chat with my hostess, who, though not very quick in the art of sign-making, was remarkably amiable and merry, and would, I have no doubt, on a longer acquaintance, have proved very affectionate into the bargain.

I invited her to ride with me to the Dalles, promising that I would give her as much paint and beads as she liked. She seemed half inclined to go with me, but gave me to understand that her husband would return to-night. This, of course, settled the matter, and so we parted.

Our two other visitors had given Julius a breakfast; and the man had agreed to act as pilot across the rapids. Finding him so complaisant I explained to him that I had no horse, and would give him a blanket if he would lend me one of his animals for the day. He immediately acceded to the proposal, and mounted me on an old black mare, blind of one eye, and lame in her fore-leg. He then equipped himself for the journey, dressed up in the choicest finery of his wardrobe. A piece of gaudy-coloured chintz made into the form of a cape, tucked up with several flounces, and tied close round his neck, descended not quite to his waist. On his head he wore a kind of Scotch bonnet, ornamented with the stiff plume of a military shako; his hands were adorned with a pair of dirty white cotton gloves, and a blanket, which enveloped the lower part of his body, completed his somewhat fantastic costume. Mounted on a fiery little pony, which capered about in all directions, he reminded me of a dressed-up monkey, dancing on a barrel-organ.

Our pilot led the way, and we took the river a little below the rapids; the distance across might be about three hundred yards, but the current is so strong, and the bottom so rocky, that it is necessary to pick the way, and to make a considerable curve. The water rushed up to one's knees, and nearly took the horses off their feet. My lame old brute stumbled frequently, and more than once nearly pitched me into the torrent. The scene of Snake River vividly recurred to me, and until we reached *terra firma* on the other side, my heart was beating all the while to the very top of my throat. Our road was very hilly, and on the summit of the hills the wind was bleak and raw; but we pushed along right merrily, the Indian keeping by my side to flog on the lame mare; and Henry singing, hooting, and laughing, running behind the mules, and twisting their tails to keep them in a trot.

A change in the scenery now became visible, the distant hills were covered with timber, but not all of pine-wood as heretofore; occasionally a few oaks (the first we had seen for months), were dotted along the bottom of the vallies and scattered up the slopes, enlivening by their bright green the dark tint of the sombre pines. At every turn in the road we expected to see the buildings of the Soldiers' house; at last the white tents of a military post peeped through the trees. "Soljar house!" exclaimed the Indian,—and the Dalles were before us.

Jumping off my horse, I enquired of the first private I met, who was the commanding officer? "Major Tooker," said the man, in a strong German accent. "Ax for Major Tooker." "Very good," said I, and started with Julius to the tent pointed out to us. "Pray, sir, are you Major Tooker?" I enquired of a middle-aged gentleman, in undress uniform. "Tucker, sir. What do you want of him?" "We are two English travellers," I replied, "Our names are so and so, and we shall be most happy to avail ourselves of your hospitality." The Major laughed. We certainly did not look very respectable; indeed, our appearances, independent of such a request, would have undoubtedly subjected us, in England, to the full penalties of the vagrant act. But the Major knew who we were; Fred had arrived two days before us, and had prepared the officers for our coming. A tent was appropriated for our use; soap and water and clean shirts were liberally supplied, and in the course of an hour we were sitting at table at the officers' mess, drinking wine and eating roast beef, with that peculiar degree of satisfaction which we might be expected to feel at such an agreeable termination to a ride of twenty-two hundred miles. For nearly a month we had been on very short commons, and forgetting that—

"Famished people must be slowly nursed,
And fed by spoonfuls, else they always burst,"

we eat so ravenously that we made ourselves quite ill for two or three days.

During our stay at the Dalles we were treated by the officers with the greatest kindness. The post has only lately been established, so that the officers, all of whom live in tents, had it not in their power to entertain us as handsomely as they might have wished; but considering the hardships we had lately undergone, our present life was a most agreeable and luxurious one. 'Tis true, for several nights my rest was frequently disturbed by visions of starved horses and kicking mules, and I had some difficulty to persuade myself when I woke at my usual hour, just before dawn, that I had not to get up and put packs on; yet the daily supply of roast beef, and the unlimited number of pipes smoked, in uninterrupted hours of leisure, convinced one at last of the reality of our position, and allowed one to be truly thankful to Providence for a safe deliverance from dangers that were past, without disturbing one's mind with the contemplation of difficulties that might perhaps be in store for us.

CHAPTER IX.

Leave the Dalles.—Magnificent Scenery.—American Settler.—Old Gooseberry.—Yankee Patriots.—River Navigation.—Threatened Boat-wreck.—More Patriotism.—The Church Militant.—"Cape Horn."—Fort Vancouver.—Oregon City.—High price of Land and Houses.—Valley of Willamet.—English and American Emigration Policy contrasted.—Oregon Cathedral.—Embark for the Sandwich Islands.—Detained in Baker's Bay.—Regret the Prairie.—Hurricane.—Fleas, Rats, and Cockroaches.—Land at Honolulu.—Female Equestrians.—The Maro.—Cleanliness of the Natives.—Manufacture of Kava an exception.—Tamehameha III.—Presented at Court.—Awkward Accident.—"Royalty is Royalty."—Loohou Feast.—Playful Flirtation.—Native Dancing.—Poe.—Flirtation resumed.—Romantic Adventure.—"Me no bad."—Departure for California.

On the 20th, we procured a canoe, capable of containing seven or eight persons, and embarking with our baggage, Fred, Julius, and I, took leave of the Dalles. Two Chinook Indians rowed the boat, and a Yankee, to whom it belonged, acted as pilot. Fred and I rejoiced at being again together; and the parson, who stretched himself on his blankets at the bottom of the canoe, thought this mode of travelling far preferable to pack-mules.

For some few miles the river is confined in a channel of basaltic rock. It is here narrow, and excessively deep. Further down it gradually widens, and is ornamented by groups of small wooded islands. At one of these islands we landed in the middle of the day to rest the Indians, and eat our lunch.

Towards evening we again put ashore, at an Indian village, where we supped, and afterwards camped for the night, a few miles below on the north bank.

21*st.*—The scenery on the river to-day was most magnificent. It reminded me a little of the Danube, below Linz, or of the finest parts of the Elbe, in Saxon Switzerland; the resemblance, however, is only that which the miniature bears to the full-sized portrait. Here, as throughout America, one is struck not only with the wonderful variety of form and colour, the beautiful combination of wood, water, and mountain, but, with the immensity, the grandeur of the scale upon which the whole is proportioned. The rivers are actually wider, the mountains are actually higher, the pines are taller, the colours are brighter, than the eyes of a European are accustomed to look upon in his own country. As a general effect produced upon the mind of a traveller, the whole of the scenery, in the northern part of America, is upon too large a scale to be considered more than astonishing.

Travelling, as a man may, fifteen hundred miles upon one river, will, no doubt, surprise him if he has been in the habit of considering the whole length of the Rhine a very *respectable* tour, or the voyage from London to Gravesend, as a serious undertaking. But long enough before he has travelled half the length of the Rhine upon any one of the North American rivers, except the Hudson or the St. Lawrence, he will begin to sigh for some change in the scene. He would willingly yield the honour of travelling another seven or eight hundred miles upon the same river, for a sight of a few such interesting objects as the ruined castle of Heidelberg, the grandeur of Drachenfels, or even the beauties of Richmond, or any such river-side place or places, which we Cockneys are wont to take pleasure in. It is the same with the great fresh-water lakes, Superior, Huron, Ontario, &c. They are, no doubt, much bigger than Lake Constance, or the Virginia Water; but in four hours' steaming on almost any of the American lakes you are out of sight of land, and may steam away in one direction for two whole days, and still be out of sight of land. It is astonishing that there should be so much fresh water collected in one spot, no doubt; but I, for one, would every bit as lief be at sea, particularly when these same fresh waters are so rough, that some five or six hundred passengers in one vessel are all as sick as if they were fairly on the Atlantic, or any other part of the briny deep. Rivers or lakes, mountains or prairies, one sees so much of each by itself, and so little of them combined, that what is really beautiful in scenery is rarely to be met with in North America.

The day was fine, and we set our sail to a fair breeze. In the afternoon we reached the Cascades, as they are called. They are the beginning of an immense fall in the river, and form a succession of rapids nearly two miles long. Close to the Cascades, an American settler has built a couple of houses; he is now putting up two others of zinc, which he proposes to fill with such stores as will be necessary to those emigrants who come from the Dalles by water, instead of taking their wagons over the Cascade Mountains. We found no boat or canoe to take us from the lower end of the rapids, so we carried our baggage up to the settler's house, and staid the night, with the promise of a boat the next day.

There were two gentlemen staying here, who, when they heard that we were strangers, invited us to pass the evening with them. An officer of the Mounted Rifles was also of the party. Our new acquaintances insisted on our drinking half a dozen of bad *gooseberry*, which they called champagne. There were no such things as chairs in the house, but we were all accustomed to sit upon the ground. I managed to seat myself in the corner of the room; and as the flooring was only partly laid down, contrived very fortunately to pour my share of the champagne through the boards.

In a short time the party began to be a very noisy one. Healths were drunk—toasts proposed—compliments respecting our different nations were made in the most flattering terms. The Anglo-Saxon race were destined to conquer the globe. The English were the greatest nation under the sun; that is to say, they had been. America would take the lead in time to come. We questioned this. The Americans were certain of it. The big officer of the Mounted Rifles, a genuine "heavy," wanted to know where the man was that would give *him* the lie. Was not the Mounted Rifles the crack regiment of the American army? and was not the American army the finest army in the world? What fool could compare the Peninsular campaign to the Mexican war? Talk of Waterloo! Let the Britishers look at Chepultapec. As to Wellington, he could not shine with General Scott, nor old Zack neither. *We* wished for a war, just to give the "Mounted Rifles" a chance of being annihilated by the "Horse Guards." *They* wished for nothing better, and struck their fists at the walls of the zinc house till it sounded like the roar of artillery.

Then it was considered by all sides that there was too much noise. Britishers and Yankees were not such fools as to quarrel. Let everybody drink everybody else's health. A gentleman in the corner thought supper would be a good thing. The gentleman's health in the corner was then proposed for having suggested the idea, and a Dutch cheese was produced with great ceremony and much *éclat*. Some one here coupled the ideas of Dutch cheeses and Yankee hospitality. Some one else thought English manners might be mended. Confusion was then drunk to Yankee hospitality, English manners, and Dutch cheeses. After which, a song being called for, a gentleman sang "The flag that has braved the battle and the breeze for a thousand years," and proposed that the stars and stripes which had done wonders for nearly ninety years, should also be sung by the stout "heavy" of the Mounted Rifles. This gentleman, however, was not to be trifled with; he could not and would not stand it. Doubts were expressed whether he could at that time stand anything, whereupon he challenged the whole company, and fell down. It was nearly daylight before the party broke up. It was thought by some that a swim in the cascades would be rather refreshing. But the plan was given up, and those who were suffering from the warmth of the discussions composed themselves to sleep, without further to do, in the open air.

21*st.*—Early in the morning the settlers' boat came up, and we were taken about a mile down the river, till we found a larger boat ready to convey us to Fort Vancouver. This boat was manned by a Maltese sailor and a man that had been in the American army. They both had their own notions concerning the theory of seamanship. But the more ignorant of the two, the soldier, happened to be part owner of the boat, and therefore its commanding officer; and the Maltese was obliged to obey orders accordingly. At noon the wind freshened, and the river became so rough that we were wetted from stem to stern at almost every plunge. It was found, at length, that if the Maltese was kept at the helm, the soldier was not capable of managing the sails. In this difficulty, "the heavy," who was still with us, proposed that both men should work the sails, while he took charge of the steerage. The plan was adopted; but in a few minutes the boat was nearly swamped, and all hands proclaimed that the change had been for the worse. The "heavy," however, was too much alarmed to trust any one but himself, and insisted upon keeping his post, while he shouted to the men to trail up the jib, haul in the weather sheets, &c. The Maltese was so completely 'pwerted by these extraordinary orders that he began to curse and swear in every language that he knew an oath of. As to the poor soldier he expected every minute to go to the bottom. Fred, who had been laughing heartily at the miserable condition of the party, gave it as his opinion that I, who had been professionally a sailor, should change places with the mounted rifleman. The "heavy" could not deny that his knowledge of nautical matters had been principally obtained by frequent trips in river steamboats, and that, perhaps, he might be of more service if he were to "stand by" the haulyards, and be ready to *let go the main mast*, in case the worst should come to the worst. The breeze continued to freshen, and having taken a reef in the mainsail, and let the boat go as free as our course would permit, we slashed along at a good brisk rate. The Maltese began to be restored to good humour, and the soldier to recover his courage. The heavy, who sat on the weather gunwale, dripping from head to foot, and shivering till his teeth chattered, was the only unhappy-looking being in the party: to add to his discomfort Fred and the parson, who lay snugly smoking their pipes in the bottom of the boat, made him the butt of their jokes.

We were now approaching a high point, which we were told was called Cape Horn, from the bad weather which is invariably met with in passing it. In order to weather this it was necessary to tack. I gave the word, "ready about," and put the helm down. We had run as near the rocks as we dared before we went about, and our position would in any case have been rather critical had I not known that a small boat is quick in her stays, and that we could fill and be under good weigh in less than a minute. No sooner had I given the words "ready about" than the pintail gave way, the tiller was knocked out of my hand, and the boat flew round into the wind. "Out with the oars," said I, but no oars were to be got at. It was useless to hold the rudder with my hands; the boat had no steerage weigh. In an instant all was confusion and uproar. The Maltese swearing; the "heavy" wringing his hands, and crying, "I told you how it would be;" the soldier out of his mind, and proposing a thousand things in a breath; Fred begging the whole lot to be quiet; the parson fumbling to get out an oar; and I, in anything but a pleasant state of mind, watching the boat drifting rapidly into the surf, and calculating how many bumps she would stand on the rocks before she would go to pieces. Luckily the water shallowed, and the men, by jumping overboard, were able to drag the boat through the breakers into a small bay a little above the point. We drew the boat high and dry upon the beach. Got out the provisions, lit a fire, and agreed to stay where we were till the storm had blown over.

After dinner the wind moderated, and Fred and I were for mending the rudder and continuing the voyage. The Americans, however, would not budge. Some wrangling ensued about the folly of wasting time on one side, and the folly of risking our lives on the other. The Yankee skipper, who had got drunk upon our whiskey, supported by the "heavy," maintained that, soldier as he was, he knew as much about boat-sailing as any midshipman, aye or post-captain either, in the British navy, and be darned if he'd be taught by any of them. He concluded with the stereotyped Yankee assertion that his nation could whip all creation.

We had been laughing so much at his boasting that he doubtless thought himself safe in accompanying the remark with an insolent look of defiance. But what was his surprise when the parson, usually a most pacific giant, suggested that if Fred would take the Maltese, I the amphibious captain, he himself would with great pleasure thrash the mounted rifle, and so teach the trio to be more civil and submissive for the future. Whatever the other two might have thought, the "heavy" was by no means inclined to make a target of his fat ribs for the sledge-hammer blows of Julius's brawny arms, and with a few remarks upon the folly of quarrelling in general, and of fighting on the present occasion in particular, not forgetting to remind us of "one original stock," "Saxon race," &c., the good-natured "plunger" effected an armistice, which was sealed and ratified with the remains of the whiskey-bottle.

22nd.—The gale continued blowing all night, till, towards daylight, there was a slight lull. The Americans were now clamorous to depart, but as they had refused to start when we were ready, we thought it would be a good joke to lie in our blankets while they waded up to their waists in the cold water to launch the boat. The "heavy" was sadly annoyed at our foolish conduct, but seeing no help for it, turned his trousers up to his knees, and without shoes and stockings began paddling about in the mud; at one minute sinking so deep that he could not extricate his legs, at another setting his naked feet upon a sharp stone that made him limp, to the amusement of the whole party. When all was ready we embarked, and rowing till we were clear of Cape Horn, hoisted our jib, and scudded before the wind, which had now veered round to the north-east. We reached Fort Vancouver just in time to find the gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company sitting down to dinner. We were kindly received by Mr. Ogden, and took up our quarters once more under the glorious protection of the British Flag.

Close to the old fort of the Fur Company is a military post belonging to the Americans. Handsome quarters have lately been built, and are now occupied by a detachment of the regiment of Mounted Rifles. A small town is springing up. The district is extremely healthy, and that portion of the land which has been cleared and is under cultivation produces heavy crops of wheat, and excellent pasture for sheep and cattle.

On the 26th we crossed the river, here about a mile in width, and hiring horses from a settler on the southern bank, rode to Oregon city in about five hours. Our road lay through a forest of pines, and most magnificent trees they were; many of them measured from thirty to forty feet in circumference, and some of them were two hundred feet high, and as straight as an arrow. Falmouth and Millwankie are two flourishing little towns on the Willamet River. As we passed through them, their whole population were busy in clearing the timber, building log huts, or attending the saw mills. There are two pretty good hotels in Oregon city, but at present the company is not very select. Mr. Ogden, mindful of this circumstance, had furnished us each with letters of introduction to English gentlemen of his acquaintance, who had houses in the town. Mine was to Dr. M'Cloughlin, formerly chief factor in the Hudson Bay service, and founder of Oregon city. With great hospitality the Doctor invited me to become his guest. I availed myself of his offer, and stayed in his house for a couple of days.

The capital of the Oregon territory is situated on the Willamet River, a tributary of the Columbia. The main part of the town lies in a deep cañon, and, owing to the fall of the river at the head of the city, possesses the advantages of splendid water power. Six or seven mills are already built, and are capable of being worked even at the driest time of the year. There is still room for almost an unlimited number, and when Oregon becomes thickly populated, as it soon will, this must be one of the largest manufacturing towns in America. At the present time Oregon city contains about 500 inhabitants. Buildings are springing up in all directions, and lots of land yet uncleared are being bought up at high prices. Small wooden houses, with no more than two or three rooms, rent at 150 dollars to 200 dollars a month. A lot of 160 feet by 100 feet cannot be bought near the town for less than 200 dollars. Plans are actually being made for public promenades and other ornamental improvements, and while these energetic people have hardly made their own roofs weather proof, they are exercising their ingenuity to raise a capital, which for its advantages will summon consumers from the remotest corners of the country. From the sterile nature of the land in the immediate neighbourhood, no cultivation of importance can be carried on. But at a distance of thirty miles is the beautiful valley of Willamet. Its soil is, perhaps, unequalled in fertility by any in the world, and in extent it is capable of supporting a very large population. I was told that forty and even fifty bushels an acre was considered an average crop of wheat upon a farm in Willamet Valley; and I have myself seen potatoes and onions half as big as a man's head; and turnips, cabbages, and other vegetables grown in the field, with the smallest amount of culture, finer than the same vegetables produced in England, even with the superior advantage of spade husbandry. From this valley to Oregon city, a distance of about thirty miles, the Willamet River is navigable for vessels of fifty or sixty tons. A steamer is now being built, so that transport will be thoroughly facilitated between these agricultural and manufacturing districts. I could not help contrasting the prospects of an American settler in Oregon, with those of the emigrant in our neighbouring colony at Vancouver's Island. Here, if a man be a farmer he may have the best of land to work upon —if a manufacturer or mechanic, the widest field for advancement. In Vancouver's Island there is scarcely sufficient arable land to supply a small colony with food. It is in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company; and the most fertile districts are not to be purchased but at a price more than double the government charge.

On Sunday we went with Dr. M'Cloughlin to the Roman Catholic cathedral, where we were edified by the sight of an Archbishop in purple and fine linen, and heard a very good sermon in French upon the subject of confession. The next day we returned to Fort Vancouver, and on the 14th of November, embarked for the Sandwich Islands in the Mary Dare, a brig of 120 tons, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. We were told that we ought to make the passage in three weeks, and laid in provisions accordingly.

Our start was by no means propitious. We ran aground several times going down the river, and when we got to the mouth of the Colombia, we were obliged to lie at anchor ten days in Baker's Bay, on account of bad weather and strong winds, which prevented us from attempting the narrow and dangerous channels at the entrance. This fortnight had sickened us of ship-board. The constant wet had confined us to a little cabin about twelve feet by eight, in which we all slept, fed, and lived. We had no mattresses for our berths; only two or three blankets, and swarms of fleas. Upon the whole, we declared the prairies were infinitely more comfortable, and the want of exercise and close imprisonment were quite unbearable.

When we got to sea matters did not mend; after a day or two the wind, which should have been a trade, blew in gales from the south-east, the very point of our course. At the end of a week, our fresh provisions were nearly exhausted. All our books had been read twice through, and everybody was out of humour. Week after week came and went, and still no change in the wind. For a day or two there was a dead calm, and all hands waited anxiously to see if the next wind would be fair. No, worse than ever; still from the same point, but this time a regular hurricane; the gunwale of the little brig constantly under water, the sails splitting, the jib-boom carried away, the crockery smashing at every meal, the soup (lobs-skouce) always in your lap. The captain damning the mate; the mate the men; and we the steward.

At night it was positively dangerous to sleep; for a heavy lurch would break your nose, or knock your front teeth down your throat;—and then the fleas, rats, cockroaches! never was such provocation. The pigs died because the long boat in which they were kept was filled accidentally with salt water, and when the 25th of December at last arrived, we had been six weeks on board, and had nothing but drowned pork, salt salmon, and lobs-skouce for our Christmas dinner.

We had not even any wine left, nothing but rum. Of course, we did not say, "Well, we might have been worse off, and this is better than starving on the plains;" but we *did* think ourselves great fools for leaving England for our own amusement, and such amusement as this; and we *did* think that we were making the very longest voyage between Fort Vancouver and the Sandwich Islands ever yet recorded; and we blessed the "Mary Dare" as a coal tub in consequence.

I should imagine no people were ever more disgusted with a sea voyage than we, when at the end of the seventh week the land appeared to finish it. How beautiful the islands looked as we steered between them, with a fair wind, and studding sails set on both sides. I thought the tropics more charming than ever. The water looked bluer; the palm-trees taller; the vegetation greener; and Nature seemed to receive us with open arms. She seemed to say, here I am, happy and beautiful as ever; enjoy me to the extent of your will.

The pilot could not take us in that day, so we hired a shore-boat, and in half an hour had passed the coral reefs, and were landed at the town of Honolulu, the capital of Woahoo. Our first object was to call upon the Consul-General, Miller. He was kind enough to give me a room in his house; a nice little cottage, as pretty and comfortable as if it had been in England. Fred and the parson were quartered upon an English merchant. Our first impressions of Honolulu were particularly pleasing. The irregularity of the town, the beauty of its situation, the picturesque grass houses, surrounded with wide verandahs, and shaded by groves of trees, and the cheerful and manly look of the natives, were all most agreeable novelties.

From the shores of the bay the country rises gradually into a range of lofty mountains. Immediately behind the town is the beautiful valley, with a road winding up it which leads to the other side of the island. This valley is richly cultivated, principally with fields of tarro, a large root not unlike the yam, but requiring regular and constant irrigation. Here and there are small villas, with gardens full of every tropical production. The bread fruit is one of the most flourishing; bananas, plantains, orange trees, and limes are amongst the number. Melons and pine-apples are as common as turnips, and, strange to say, are much better eating. Higher up the valley, where it becomes too steep and narrow for cultivation, vegetation is rich in all its native luxuriance. Acacia trees, sandal-wood, bitter oranges, maple, and many others, wave their heads over the tangled mass of evergreen shrubs and underwood. The high peaks constantly in the clouds arrest the moisture of the sea atmosphere, and numbers of little rills pour down the mountain's sides, making all fresh as constant spring. The climate is one of the least changeable in the world; the sea-breeze blows day and night; and in the whole course of the year the thermometer does not vary more than five or six degrees, the average temperature being about 84° Fahrenheit.

At the eastern extremity of Woahoo is an extinguished volcano: there are many others in the island, but none of them have been in action within the memory of man. Between the one at the east end and the town is a wide plain about four miles long. Here the natives ride every evening after the heat of the day has subsided; on Saturday, their favourite day, Rotten Row is not more gay and lively than this plain. The wyheenes, as the women are called, riding *à l' Amazone* decked out in all the colours of the rainbow, with the gaudy maro twisted round their legs, and sweeping to the ground; their pretty little straw hats covered with ribands, or their uncovered heads, with their black hair streaming in the wind, confined only by a wreath of fresh orange flowers; their laughing faces and merry voices all seem so graceful, so good-humoured, and so purely natural, that it is impossible not to be delighted with them. They are fearless riders; and although the horses are not what we should term thorough-bred, they are made to gallop at such speed that it is not an easy, though very amusing, matter to keep up a running flirtation with their dusky propellers.

The men are fine swarthy fellows, rather above than below the average height; the only clothing they wear is the maro, a cloth manufactured by themselves from the bark of the acacia. The maro is about two yards and a half long, and not more than a foot wide; they pass it between the legs, and then once or twice round the loins. Formerly the women wore a short petticoat made of the same material: but since the introduction of missionaries this simple garment has given place to a most unfashionable gown of European stamped cotton stuff, constructed in the form of those articles worn by our lady ancestors some hundred years since, with the waist close under the arms, like a second tier of throat. It is to be hoped that this sacrifice of appearances has been followed by a proportionate improvement in their morality, for doubtless the intention, however unsuccessful, has been to make them as unseductive as possible.

The habits of the islanders are simple and remarkably cleanly. Their food consists almost entirely of poe, a paste made of the tare root, and eaten after it has undergone fermentation and is become sour. They use no spoons, but sit cross-legged around the poe-tub, and dip their two fore-fingers into the paste, which is thus conveyed to their mouths. Generally they eat raw fish at their meals; when this is the case, each person has a small pan of fresh water by his side, wherein he carefully washes his fingers after each mouthful of fish, before he sticks them into the poe-jar. Bananas and cocoa-nuts are also ordinary articles of food; sometimes, but more rarely, rice and the sugar-cane.

One peculiar custom is the making of the *kava*, an intoxicating liquor, of which the natives were immoderately fond. Now, it is *tabooed*, or prohibited by authority of the missionaries, and is, in consequence, only made secretly. The *kava* is a small root, I believe, of the pepper tribe; it is chewed by women, who spit the juice into a bowl, and, being diluted with water, it soon ferments and becomes exceedingly potent. The effects of drinking too much of this liquor are similar to those produced by opium. A torpor succeeds the first stage of drunkenness; and in the course of time the bodies of those who take it are emaciated and palsied, as if they had suffered from a paralytic stroke. The method of making the *kava* is certainly not an instance of their cleanliness; nor, perhaps, is their primitive mode of eating poe and raw fish. But with regard to their persons I never saw a more cleanly race. They are constantly bathing; even the women and young children remain for hours in the water, and swim with as much ease as the men.

After we had been ten days or a fortnight in Honolulu, we were informed by General Miller that, if we wished it, he would procure us an opportunity of being presented to His Majesty Tamehameha III. A day was appointed for our reception at court, and, having fitted ourselves out for the occasion with suits of black dittos, made by a black tailor from the United States, we put ourselves under the shade of our Consul's cocked hat, and marched in a body to the palace. When we arrived, a native band of music was playing our national anthem, but whether in honour of His Majesty or of our presentation I am not aware. For about half an hour we were made to wait in the entrance-hall, where we were introduced to several chiefs dressed in European uniforms. What their names might have been it is difficult to say: one sounded like Tooey-Tooey, another like Pooh-Pooh—all equally incomprehensible to us, but probably very aristocratic and distinguished in their own language.

At last the Minister of Foreign Affairs, a gentleman with a powerful Scotch accent, and an enormous star upon his breast, came to conduct us to the royal presence. The audience chamber was crowded with the nobility and gentry of the Hawaian kingdom. His Majesty and the Queen were supported on one side by the male, on the other by the female members of their family; those on the Queen's side being arranged in chromatic order, from a spare young lady in short petticoats and trousers, to the royal consort herself, who stood up, perhaps because the throne would not have conveniently held her; while those on the other were reversed in gradation, the greatest in dignity being almost the least in person.

When we entered, an envoy from the United States was reading, in good Yankee, a long letter from the President to the King, to which address His Majesty paid the most profound attention, though not understanding a single word of English. In the meanwhile, we amused ourselves in pulling on our white kids, and looking at some coloured prints of the English troops, which reminded me very much of the pattern papers in the tailors' shops, or the recruiting placards in the neighbourhood of the Horse Guards.

Having wandered for several minutes up and down Parliament Street to the drone of the Yankee envoy, I was "brought to" by a tap on the shoulder from the bustling Scotchman with the star. Fred, it was settled, was to be *done* first, and the parson and I were to follow. Apparently, there was some difficult point of etiquette to be decided upon between the Foreign Affairs and the General, as to which of the two should present us. The Consul carried the day, and the Foreign Affairs compromised the matter by preceding the party and interpreting our names to the King.

Now, as a general rule, it must be observed, Tamehameha III., not finding his imperial duties in daily requisition, is much given to pass his unoccupied hours in company with a brandy bottle; and whensoever an occasion like the present does occur to force upon him the pomp and circumstance of his position, the only consolation for leaving the bottle behind is that of taking the contents along with him. He had evidently adopted the plan this time; and, as we approached, it was easy to see that if his hand had slipped from the arm of his throne, his royal person would, in accordance with the laws of gravitation, have measured its length on the floor. Such an accident did not happen; but, summoning all his presence of mind, he commanded the Lord High Admiral, a giant of six feet five inches, to snuff the candles, and briefly expressed his delight in our visit.

Notwithstanding the agreement made between the Consul and the star-man, the latter, unwilling to lose an opportunity of showing his importance, took Fred by the hand, and, addressing the King in a long rigmarole of the broadest Scotch, said that it was seldom that the Sandwich Islands were "v*ee*sited" by strangers of such "dist*ee*nction;" that somebody—heaven knows who—ought to be proud of the present occasion; that the Duke of this and Lord the other were the greatest noblemen in the world; and wound up with a quotation of a column and a half long from Shakespeare's play of "Henry V."

My bow was soon made, but as I retired in due form, with my back to the door, I had the misfortune to set my heels on the toes of a black and tan terrier, a privileged dog of the general's. The animal shrieked; and in my anxiety to take care of my legs, I turned so suddenly round that I lost my balance, and nearly fell into the arms of the princess in trousers. This shock to my *gravity* was enough of itself to make me laugh, but when I saw my friend the parson, the awkwardest of men, trip over a stool and fairly turn his back upon the throne, I was glad to make my escape as quick as possible, and vent my mirth in the midst of the crowd. So ended our glimpse at the Hawaiian court. Upon the whole the levee might be considered highly respectable, and, as the foreign affairs afterwards remarked to me, "We do things in a humble way, but, ye'll obs*ee*rve, royalty is royalty all over the world, and Tamehameha is as much the king of his dom*ee*nions as Victoria is the Queen of Great Br*ee*tain."

A few days after this event, an English gentleman, the principal merchant in the island, invited us to a Loohou feast that he was about to give to some thirty or forty of the natives. The head of the beautiful valley of the Woahoo was selected for the celebration of this ancient custom. Mounted on horses with which Mr. —— had furnished us, we repaired in a party to the appointed spot. It was early in the afternoon when we reached it, and none of the guests had yet arrived, excepting a few men who were employed in thatching an old shed to afford shelter from the sun, and strewing the ground with a thick carpet of palm leaves. In a short time groups of horses and the gay fluttering dresses of the women were seen galloping up the valley. No men were admitted but those who had been expressly invited, but each lady of importance was given a *carte blanche* to bring as many of her own sex as she pleased, provided they were both pretty and respectable. As they rode up we, of course, with proper gallantry, offered our assistance while they dismounted. Seeing one that was decidedly possessed of beauty, and I took for granted, of the other *sine-qua-non*, respectability, I prepared to lift her from her saddle, when, to my astonishment, instead of a gracious acknowledgment of my services, she gave me a cut with her whip that I did not at all relish. Here, thought I, is one remarkably handsome, but singularly devoid of good behaviour. The beauty laughed at my wry faces, and I was given to understand that it was mere playful flirtation on her part, and, in short, that it was the custom of the country.

When the party was assembled preparations for the feast were made. Pigs, poultry, and dogs, and all sorts of vegetables, were rolled up in plantain leaves, and put into holes in the ground, covered with stones. Fires were then lit over them, and the men were set to work to grind poe, while the women danced and sang. The songs were recitals, entirely, I believe, of imaginary love adventures, sung in an extraordinary, monotonous tone, accompanied with descriptive motions of the limbs. To us, who did not understand the language, they appeared to be *impromptu*; at least, so we judged from the constant repetition of the same words and sentences. The singer never for a moment hesitates, but continues his or her exertions, hardly pausing to recover breath, till nearly black in the face. This performance acts as an excitement to the dancers, who, having decorated themselves with a flounce or petticoat of plantain leaves, start up at the conclusion of the monody, and wriggle about in a most ungraceful manner, to a continuation of the song chanted by the dancer herself. As in a perpetual jig, the object is to hold out as long as possible; the spectators scream applause to each new posture, till at length, almost frantic with her efforts and the noise, she falls down completely exhausted.

When the food was sufficiently cooked, it was spread upon the ground, and with little pretence at decorum each person seated herself opposite her favourite dish. The animal condiments soon disappeared, but, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of dog or pig consumed by these charming creatures, each one contrived to stow away as much poe as would fill a hat. This statement may sound rather apocryphal, but it is nevertheless a true one, and had I not seen it I never could have believed in the condensable nature of poe, or in the elastic nature of a wyheene's stomach. Wine or spirits were served round after dinner, a bottle of either being allotted to a certain number. As the use of all liquor is strictly prohibited by law, little sufficed to upset them. But with that little they were by no means satisfied. Drinking fair—for they had never heard of Mrs. Gamp—was decidedly not *their* motto, and as the quantity in the bottle diminished, their anxiety to get at it increased. Such scratching, pulling of hair, crying and kicking, were never before seen, and our utmost endeavours were required to separate and to reconcile the belligerents.

The next object was to put them on horseback. This task was the most difficult of all, for by the time two of us had perched one in her saddle, and balanced her with the greatest nicety, another that we had just left would lose her equilibrium, and fall with a scream to the ground. It reminded me of packing mules in the prairies, though in this instance we laughed as much as we should have been vexed in the other. When all were mounted the word was given to start, and away they galloped at full speed down the valley. Amongst the lot was one whose horsemanship I particularly admired, but on coming near I saw she owed this distinction to her abstemiousness at the feast. From the first I had been struck with her beauty, and may add, also, with her whip, for she it was who had so kindly initiated me into the "customs of her country," when I offered my arm in the morning.

Intending to renew my acquaintance, I put spurs to my horse, in order to overtake her. The animal I was riding was unusually high mettled. I thought, however, I could pull up when I pleased: so giving it the rein, I rode straight for my object. Hearing some one racing close behind she swerved her horse, but so close was I, and so fast was I going, that I had no time to turn an inch from my course. The two horses brushed one another. I leant on one side, to avoid striking her, but my knee caught her leg, and she was hurled from the saddle in an instant. I thought I must have killed her, she fell with such force to the ground. Luckily, however, she was very light, and the turf was soft, and by the time I had jumped from my horse, and stood by her side, she had recovered the shock, and said, with the prettiest and most good-natured smile, "No bad—me no bad." You mean, thought I, that you are not hurt, but your words are true in every sense. You decidedly are *not bad;* I never met a more charming little creature in my life. I expressed, as best I could, my horror at the accident, and my delight that she was not bad, and having set her on her saddle, this time she did not give me the whip. I escorted her to her house, felt very much in love, and went home to the Consul's.

After a sojourn of six weeks in this delightful country, Fred and I became anxious to turn our face to the East. It was nearly a year since I had received one syllable of news from England, and we both hoped to find a packet of letters waiting for us in California. An excellent opportunity offered itself for our departure. A fast-sailing brig, named the "Corsair," was to sail in a few days for San Francisco. The captain was an Englishman, and had the credit of being a boon companion and a good caterer. Julius would not go with us. He wished to visit some of the other islands, and had taken his passage in a small schooner bound for Owyhee.

The great volcano, Monna Roa, in this island, is the largest in the world, and but that it would have delayed us at least another month to have seen it, I should have felt ashamed to leave the Hawaian group without having made a pilgrimage to the death-place of Captain Cook, and climbed the burning mountain which is close to it. Of sight-seeing, however, we had had our fill, and what small amount of travelling energy remained to me I determined to reserve for my disagreeable stay, as I anticipated it would be, in the gold regions.

CHAPTER X.

Farewell to the Tropics.—Arrival at San Francisco.—Reflections non extant.—Reclaimed Letter.—Eldorado Hotel.—Excellent Cuisine.—The Judge and the Major.—English Gentlemen and English Blackguards.—Trumps versus Fingers.—A Californian Hell. — Sacramento.— Lynch-Law.—"Jim was a Britisher."—Geographical Location of Botany Bay.—Captain Sutter.—Reform and Revolution.—Yankee 'Smartness.'—The Coachman's Story.—Voyage Homewards.—Conclusion.

On the — February—a Friday, by the way, for the captain said all the lucky voyages he had ever made begun on that falsely-censured day—we set sail in the "Corsair," and steered, for the first time for many months, with our backs to the west. Julius remained on board till we were five or six miles from the land, when, with a parting bumper of champagne, we drank success to each other's future wanderings, and said "Farewell!" The breeze did not carry us more than three knots an hour, and it was nearly dark before the familiar hills and valleys in the neighbourhood of Honolulu faded from our sight. Many times, as I leant over the taffrail of the brig, straining my eyes at the shore, I thought to myself—Beautiful tropics! beautiful nature! graceful palm-trees! ingenuous savages! warm seas! and sunny climes! when—when shall I see you again? All my reminiscences of my native country, all my resolutions never to leave it more, vanished before the wish to return, —to set foot on that distant white sand, to see the pretty face of the wyheene who had taught me "the customs of her country," to be where nothing was *cold* and *chilly*—not even hearts!

Oh! Woahoo! If you were within reach of sixpenny steam-boats, what a place for . . . .——You would not be what you are, though. But you're *not* within reach of a sixpenny boat! Thousands of miles, and many days of sea-sickness, perhaps, must be got over before any one can possess himself of your charms. As far off, you are, as many another happy place. Well! so it is. The bee that makes the honey bears poison in her sting; the rose has thorns; and any other old and appropriate simile you please; but sure, what is easily got at, that *is* really worth the getting? Not the Sandwich Islands!

Some people dislike a sea voyage. They complain of sameness; and, though their stomachs be not disordered by the motion, they hate ship smells, creaking beams, and rattling noises of ropes. Everybody that has ever travelled, and ever written anything about his travels, has not forgotten to say something about sea voyages. Therefore, not wishing to run counter, I conform to the received custom. It is not to be expected, however, that any new ideas can be coined on so old a subject; but, as nothing *is* new under the sun, there can be nothing extraordinary in saying or writing what has been said or written a thousand or two times before. This, I conceive, is sufficient apology for the most fastidious. For myself, conscience does not accuse me, be a thought ever so threadbare, if it was the *genuine* result of the most common cause. It is a harmless gratification to register or to recall it. So thinking, I maintain that any person taking the trouble to keep a journal (under what hindrances none but they who keep them know), has an undoubted right, since such persons perform, on the whole, for public amusement, to indulge in part for his own private satisfaction. Now, though it can hardly interest any one to know the minutiæ of an idle five minutes, as they happen to a person they never heard of, lounging on the quarter-deck of a brig they also never heard of, occupying a few feet of water in the midst of an ocean which they care much less for than they do for the puddle in the road; yet these same five minutes so often recur to all in like situations, and did so often recur to me in the present one, that, without any intention of being rude, I shall just * * * * * * *Cætera desunt.*

It is not quite three weeks since we left the Sandwich Islands. The voyage is considered a short one, and here we are letting go the anchor in the bay of San Francisco. What an astonishing number of vessels there are going out, coming in, loading, and unloading! How magnificent is the bay! — one cannot see from shore to shore. The town, too—why it looks as big as Liverpool. The day is rather wet, but it is impossible to stop on board. We cannot say that we are in California till we have landed; so to the shore we go. How shall I begin to describe what I saw? The place has all the characteristic features of an American town. Everything has the appearance of being new. The streets are paved with planks; and the people are busy, bearded, dirty, and heterogeneous. Yet there is something decidedly Californian about it. Perhaps it is the gambling-houses, perhaps the gold in the shop windows, perhaps——. But here is a letter I wrote; it is the best description I can give. Unknown to me till long afterwards, it was published in the *Times* newspaper. Had I written it for that purpose, I should probably have expressed myself with more care; as it is, it was merely intended for the eyes of a private friend, and, without design, things were set down as they came uppermost.

So many books, so many letters, concerning California have appeared before the public within the last two years, that I will not venture to trespass on their patience now, either by an historical sketch of the country, or by a dissertation on its political condition, or by an idle exposition of my own speculations. The more enlightened reader I am incompetent to instruct; the general reader, if I may judge by myself, will be as well satisfied with a simple account of the common events of a *Californian's* every-day life, from which he may form the truest conceptions of the state of society, as with a complex analysis of State laws, or a dry list of tariffs, port dues, taxes, &c.

"*San Francisco, California, March 14th.*

"It is now nearly a month since I arrived in San Francisco. During that time I have been busily employed, visiting all the different and most important mines in California. After the time and labour that it had cost me to reach this country, I fully expected that nothing could repay me; but I am agreeably surprised, and consider that I am now amply rewarded for all my troubles. Even as a common-place traveller, I find in California a wide field of interest. The strange conglomeration of society; the practical results of an experimental system of self-government; the peculiarities of a constitution, framed not so much on the models of others as from individual causes and local necessities, are things which no other part of the world affords such perfect specimens of as California. Political economists and funded proprietors speculate on its immediate influences; while philosophers, on the other hand, prognosticating its ultimate destiny, look upon this country as the means of advancing civilisation and propagating Christianity from the eastern to the western shores of the Pacific. Without, however, indulging in any such lucubrations, with which I have but small concern, I content myself with the ordinary avocation of gratifying curiosity and of being amused.

"On entering the bay of San Francisco, the first object that strikes one is the enormous mass of shipping. London and Liverpool are of course beyond comparison, but with the exception of these, and perhaps of New York, I know of no other port which contains so great a number of vessels. The town itself is equally remarkable. When one reflects that eighteen months ago a few scattered tents were the only habitations in the place, one looks with amazement on the city, which is daily increasing, and which already numbers over 30,000 inhabitants.

"The site of the town is a steep sandy hill, but Yankee ingenuity is rapidly removing this inconvenience by levelling the hill and filling up the bay. The greater number of the buildings are upon piers stretching into the sea, and a lot of some forty feet square of "water surface" is worth about 5000 dollars. In the very centre of the town are several large ships, dismasted and roofed over. Their strange-looking broadsides are decorated with the signs of different shops; and as they form a portion of the regular street, one wonders, at first, what eccentric characters have taken the trouble to paint their houses with two black stories and a white one in the middle. Already there are several theatres, a French Vaudeville, and one Italian Opera! And notwithstanding the strong national propensity of the people for business, one of the principal features of San Francisco, and indeed of every town in California, is the gambling-houses.

They are never closed, and they are always full. It would be difficult to give you a correct idea of these infernal regions, or to describe the strange scenes which daily take place in them. Picture to yourselves enormous rooms gaudily decorated, filled with some 400 or 500 people of all classes, without distinction of age, rank, or sex. 'Monté,' 'faro,' 'rouge et noir,' are the favourites among a variety of games. The tables are covered with money, and surmounted with ornamental lumps of gold and bags of gold dust. At one end of the room is, of course, a bar, at the other is a band. The excitement of the play, the effects of the liquor, the influence of the music, and above all the confusion of languages, is, as you may imagine, what the Yankees call "some." Everybody is armed, from the ruffian who transfers his treasures from the mine to the gambler's table, to the frail fair one who relieves the gambler's pocket for the benefit of her own. Four times since I have been here—I wonder that it has happened no oftener—differences of opinion, concerning, no doubt, points of *honour*, have been summarily discussed and as summarily decided in those places by virtue of a 'five-shooter.' Three times out of the four the survivors experienced the pleasures of that prompt decision which they had so warmly advocated. In less than six hours after the quarrels the law of Judge Lynch had done its work, and order was again restored.

"Leaving San Francisco, I took my passage in a steamer to the city of Sacramento, a large town, about 150 miles up the river which bears the same name, and situated at the extreme point of inland navigation. A day or two at this place sufficed to disgust me with a repetition of the scenes I had witnessed in San Francisco. Accordingly, by the first opportunity that offered I took my departure for Marysville, which, from its vicinity to the various branches of the Sacramento river, is the grand depot for all the miners of the wet 'diggins' in Northern California, and consequently a point of interest to a sightseer. After spending a pleasant evening with the editor of the 'Marysville Herald'—who, by-the-by happened to be a genuine cockney, serving the city of Marysville in the several capacities of editor, play-actor, concert-giver, and auctioneer—I started the next morning for the 'Forks of the Yuba.' A few hours' ride along the Spurs of the Sierra Nevada brought me at last within sight of the gold-hunters. Two or three hundred men were at work upon what had formerly been the bed of the river. By the law of mutual agreement each miner is entitled to a certain portion of this 'bar,' as it is called, in which the gold is found. And as the precious metal cannot in such diggings be separated from the soil without the process of washing, the allotments are measured by thirty feet on the bank of the river, and so far back as the bed extends—thus giving to each man his allowance of water. Generally speaking the original possessors have long since made their fortunes, and sold their claims to others for large or small sums, according to the richness of the soil. The result is, that these claims are now falling into the hands of small companies of three or four, who, in their turn, will sell them, as immigration increases, to companies of six or eight, and so on, till the individual gains are so small that the price of labour falls and the capitalists become the sole proprietors of the mines. Where three or four together possess a 'claim' each attends to his own department of the labour—one loosens the soil, another fills the barrow or cart, a third carries it to the river, and the fourth washes it in the 'rocker.' If the dust is very fine, quicksilver is afterwards used to collect it from the black sand. For the most part the mining is above ground—*i. e.*, the depth of the soil is seldom more than six feet above the rock. In some places there are what they call 'coyote diggins:' these produce the same kind of dust, and are worked like coal mines, having shafts sunk sometimes as deep as sixty feet.

"The average weight of gold made by each miner throughout the 'wet diggins,' or diggings where water is used for washing the gold, is nearly half-an-ounce, or seven dollars a-day. To give you an instance, however, of the amount of metal in the soil—which I had from a miner on the spot:—Three Englishmen bought a 'claim' 30 feet by 100 feet, for 1400 dollars. It had been twice before bought and sold for considerable sums, each party who sold it supposing it to be nearly exhausted. In three weeks the Englishmen paid their 1400 dollars, and cleared 13 dollars a-day besides for their trouble. This 'claim,' which is not an unusually rich one, though perhaps it has been more successfully worked, has produced in eighteen months over 20,000 dollars, or 5000*l.* worth of gold. After all one had heard of the dissipated habits and questionable characters of the miners, I was prepared to 'rough it' during my visits to the mines, and when I found myself about to pass a night in a small tent designated the 'miners' home,' in which over forty of these gentlemen were assembled to drink, board, and lodge, I cannot say that I anticipated much pleasure in the prospect of sleeping four in a bed, or being at the 'rude mercy' of a 'crowd,' of which I was the only one unarmed. But, strange to say, I never saw a more orderly congregation, or such good behaviour in such bad company, and the only thing that disturbed my peace was that one night the bunk in which I slept, not being sufficiently strong to support its unusual burden, yawned in the middle, and deposited its contents on the ground. I returned to San Francisco, and thence I went to the 'dry diggins' in the south. The country is here truly beautiful, and, unlike the plains of the great valley of the Sacramento, is exceedingly fertile, and possesses unlimited resources. Even in the present drought its valleys are watered by frequent rivulets, while throughout, the arid nature of the soil, combined with the uncertainty of the seasons, will prevent the Sacramento district ever becoming agricultural. Its mineral wealth is, perhaps, the greatest in the world. The quartz rock, which is supposed to be the only permanent source from which gold will eventually be derived, extends north and south for more than a degree-and-a-half of latitude; and the quicksilver mines, now rendering from 3000 lb.

to 4000 lb. of metal daily, threaten to destroy the previous monopoly of the Rothschilds. At Mariposa, in the district of the quartz, a society possessing several 'claims' have established, at a great expense, machinery for crushing the rock. They employ thirty men, whom they pay at the rate of 100 dollars each a-month. This society is now making a clear gain of 1500 dollars a-day. This will show you what is to be expected when capital sets to work in the country. It is difficult to say what the average proportion of metal is to the proportion of quartz; but taking only the richer part, which is all they work at present, the gold may be represented by 15 or 20, and the quartz by 100, making about one-fifth metal; and it is ascertained that one-fifteenth will pay. So much for statistics. I might enter more fully into detail, or I might enlarge considerably on general views; but I think that you have had pretty nearly enough of the one, and I know that you are better able than I am to perform the rest for yourself. In the limited space of a letter, it is difficult, where so much may be said, to say what is interesting and to leave unsaid what is not interesting; and more particularly in writing to you, it is no easy matter to make statements which, however new to most people, you most probably are already conversant with. The interest, however, which must be felt concerning California, and the little that is at present known about it, must be my apology for so great a trial of your patience. Imagine how anxious I am to hear some news when I tell you that my last letter from England is more than nine months old! I have relinquished the idea of South America, and purpose returning by the States instead. On the 15th, I leave this, by steamer, for Acapulco; from that point, I shall ride through Mexico; and (*D. V.*) before the end of the summer I shall be again in England. And you may be sure I shall not be sorry when I can exclaim with truth, '*Jucundi acti labores!*'"

Fred and I, while at San Francisco, lived at the 'El Dorado,' the first hotel in the town. We had one bed-room between us, and generally dined at the *table d'hôte*. As in all American hotels, there were four meals a-day—breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper. The dinner was as good a one as could be got at the Astor House in New York. Plenty of everything, clean, and well-dressed. Venison, grizzly bear, Sandhill crane, snipes, quail, wild fowl, &c., were standing dishes in the game department. The beef and mutton always good, and, in short, *all* excellent fare. For our board and lodging we paid eight dollars, not quite 2*l.* a day; wine of course is extra, and neither very good nor very cheap. As there is always a rush for places when dinner is announced, we used to secure, beforehand, a couple of seats at one end of the table.

Amongst our regular neighbours were a judge and a major;—be it observed that probably every tenth man in the room was either one or the other;—the first of whom we were introduced to, the last had introduced himself. The Judge was a man we always referred to for any information that we wanted on any subject whatever. He was a shrewd, intelligent, hawk-eyed lawyer; had travelled in Europe, had seen a good deal of the world, and had acquired no small amount of miscellaneous information, which he was always ready to produce whenever occasion demanded it. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance excepting his nose and eyes; by nature, he was the quintessence of a Yankee, but not of the most offensive kind; and I firmly believe if he had only been born a gentleman it would not have been his fault if he had not made a tolerable imitation of one.

The Major—I must beg pardon for describing him

—was the reverse in all things of his friend the judge. The major *was* a remarkable man, no less so in appearance than in character. Tall, upright, mustachoed and stiff-necked, he looked like a soldier. Corpulent and exceedingly florid in complexion, he looked like a major. His being slightly drunk before he sat down to dinner, looked as if he was enjoying his leave; and a very seedy green cut-away, fastened with one brass button over a much stained yellow waistcoat, looked as if he was just the man to do it.

"Major," said the Judge, "allow me, sir, to present you to these two English gentlemen. Mr. B——, Major M——; Mr. C——, Major M——."

"Gentlemen, your most obedient. You observe, Judge, I had already done myself the honour of making their acquaintance, but I had not the pleasure, you observe, of knowing their distinguished names. Gentlemen, will you confer upon me the pleasure of taking wine with me. You observe," said the Major, twisting his mustachoes, one side up, the other down, "you observe, if there is a proud moment in my life, that moment is," sipping his wine, and passing his hands through his hair, "that moment is, gentlemen, when I find myself taking wine with an Englishman. Yes, sir, an Englishman," here an oath, "that is, an

English gentleman, is the finest thing in the world, sir,—finest thing in the world. But, sir, if there is a human being that I hate and despise,—you observe,—that being, sir," smashing a wine-glass, "is an English blackguard. I, gentlemen,—as every man in the American army knows,—am a man of honour. You observe—this sort of thing, sir," poising his arm, and pulling an imaginary trigger,—"yes, gentlemen,—for *gentlemen* I see you are—so long as you remain in California, or in the United States, if ever you should be in want of a friend, Major M—— is that man." "But, Major," said the Judge, "perhaps these gentlemen may not require a friend in the sense which you refer to." "Sir," said the Major, "they are men of honour, and as men of honour, you observe, there is no saying what scrapes they may get into. I remember—it can't be more than twenty years ago—a brother officer and I were opponents at a game of poker.* That officer and I were most intimately acquainted.—Another bottle of champagne, you nigger, and fill those gentlemen's glasses. Very fine that, sir,—I never tasted better wine," said the Major, as he turned his mustachoes up and poured the gooseberry down. "Where was I, Judge? Ah! precisely,—most intimate acquaintance, you observe. I had the highest opinion of that officer's honour—the highest possible opinion," with an oath. "Well, sir, the luck was against me—I never won a point! My partner couldn't stand it. 'Gad, sir, he *did* swear. But my friend—another slice of crane, nigger, and rather rare; come, gentlemen, help yourselves, and pass the bottle—that's what I call a high old wine, you observe. Where was I, Judge? Ah, just so.—Well, my friend, you observe, did not say a word; but took it all as coolly as could be. We kept on losing; they kept on winning; when, as quick as greased lightning, what do you think my partner did, sir? May I be stuck, forked end up, in a 'coon hole, if he didn't whip out his knife and chop off three of my friend's fingers. My friend, you observe, hallood loud enough. 'You may halloo,' says my partner, 'but (an oath) if you'd had five trumps, sir, (an oath,) you'd have lost your hand' (an oath). My intimate friend, you observe, had been letting his partner know how many trumps he had by putting out a finger for each one; and having the misfortune, you observe, to hold three when my partner found him out, why, sir, you observe, he lost three of his fingers."

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* A sort of whist.

"I think," said the Judge, "I have heard the story before; but, excuse me, I do not see exactly what relation it bears to these gentlemen and your offer to serve them." "That," said the Major, "if you will give me time, is exactly what I am coming to.—Nigger, bring me a dozen cigars.—The sequel is soon told. Considering my duty, as an officer, a friend, and a gentleman, I cut my friend and shot my partner for insulting him—and if, you observe, these gentlemen will honour me with their friendship, I shall be most happy to do the same by them." "To shoot those who insult them is no doubt performing as much as any friend could expect; but, from what you said, I infer that you will also be happy to cut them. Did I understand you rightly?" "No, you (an oath) did not, sir; and, what is more, I do not wish to be misunderstood. Do you understand that, sir?" "Oh, perfectly," said the Judge. "Shall we finish the bottle, and adjourn?" "By all means, sir, by all means; and talking of poker, suppose we take a peep at the faro table. Gentlemen," turning to us, "if you wish to see a man that can play at faro, I am that man."

Not more than twenty yards from the door of the El Dorado, is a gambling-house of the same name; it was larger and, generally speaking, more crowded than any other in San Francisco. In one corner of the room was a faro table, at the moment we entered unoccupied. The cards parted out on this table were cleaner than elsewhere; the cloth was less greasy, and the playing pack was always shuffled on a neat little pad of blue velvet. Evidently this table was only resorted to by high players. The hellite, and he was the very model of a hellite, slightly bowed as we passed. "Take a chair, gentlemen." "I can't afford to play high," said the Major. "As you please, sir; try the white chips to begin with." "Give me twenty then," said the Major, throwing down four pieces of five dollars each. "Now, sir, I'll go the half of them on the pot, and the other half on the ace and queen." The hellite lit a fresh cigar, and began to shuffle. What wonderful legerdemain in that shuffling; so neat, so quiet. Eleven times the same process was gone through, and, click, in they go to the tin box, and no more handling of the pack; they are as snug and safe from cheating fingers as if they had never been made.

The hellite turns three large diamond rings on his left hand, leans a little forward in his chair, and draws. Nine, four,—nothing done. Nine,—king. "King wins," said the Major; "this takes in the king."

"Not this time, sir." Six, seven, stands off. Ace—five, and the hellite takes one lot of the chips. "I'll double the stake on the pot," said the Major. "If you please, sir." Seven—ace. "D—n," said the Major, "and I backed the ace a minute before." Fifty dollars behind the nine. Nine loses, seven wins. "On the turn, by G—d! Come, sir, let me shuffle those cards if you please." "Certainly, sir." "There—now if I don't win this deal I'll leave off." Just one little shuffle the hellite gave the pack, then placed them in the box. "One hundred dollars," said the Major, taking a green chip with 100 dollars marked upon it. "One hundred dollars on the pot, and another hundred," taking another green chip, "on the ace—single turn." Ace loses, five wins. The green chip is restored to the place from whence it came. Seven loses, king wins, and the other green chip is also restored to the place from whence it came. "A lucky turn for the table," said its keeper, without looking the least concerned. "And a d—d unlucky one for me, sir; that makes nearly three hundred that I lose, and that's all the money I have in my pocket. I'll have one more deal if I die for it." "We don't give credit, sir; anywhere but in California I should be most happy;" and the hellite turned his rings, arranged the checks, and lit a fresh cigar. "Sir," said the Major, after having twisted his moustache till one corner nearly stuck in his eye and the other touched his chin, "Sir, I am Major Mc B——, you observe, a man of the strictest integrity and of the most undoubted valour; now, sir, if any man came to me and said, 'Mc B——, my boy, I want a thousand dollars,' may I be hanged, sir, but I would instantly give that man the thousand dollars—if I had them, you observe. I should be ashamed,"—"Very likely you would, sir; but I confess my liberality is not so great as yours. Would not your friends lend you a few hundreds?" "O certainly," said the Judge, "I think I have five hundred in my pocket-book; here they are and at your service." The money was put down in one stake upon the favourite six, seven, and eight. The cards were shuffled exactly eleven times, and the hellite having laid aside his cigar, began to draw. For five turns not one of the named cards showed its face; at the sixth the removal of a two left a six on the top of the box. "At last!" breathed the Major. "I 'll parallee it!—Turn." King loses, seven wins. "Two thousand dollars—I 'll parallee by G—d." Three quick turns, and the six won again. "Four thousand. Stop a minute. Mister," said the

Major, "I'll take a cocktail. Now you observe, gentlemen, that it would be extremely convenient to me to pocket four thousand dollars, and extremely inconvenient to me to lose the eight hundred I have staked. Another lump of sugar if you please. My luck at the beginning of the play was as bad as ever I saw, but my good luck, you observe, began with this deal. Is it likely to continue or to stop? In the course of my gambling experience, you observe, I—" "Come, sir, shall I turn the cards, or will you take the money?" "Don't be in such a hurry, sir; I was going to remark, that in the course of my gambling career, I have always found that good and bad luck go by fits and starts; they run in veins, you observe, and when a man has worked out one, he is sure to hit upon the other." "Press good luck, sir, and you must win." "Mister, I parallee—turn." For the first time in the course of the play I saw the hellite's hand slightly tremble; he bit his lip to prevent him from breathing too hard; he drew the card hairs' breadths at a time. Three turns and nothing done. "Stop," said the Major; "there are too many cards out to win on three, so go on the seven bar the turn." Five—seven—"wins," exclaimed all the lookers-on, and the turn had been barred.

Alas! poor Major, your luck was gone. Another seven appeared to be taken down, and an eight remained to win. If the hellite had been fingering brass farthings, he could not have done so with more apparent indifference than he handled the enormous pile of ivory chips, which he removed from the card to arrange in regular rows in the box before him. The Major finished his cocktail, buttoned his coat, and walked away.

On my way to Marysville I stopped a couple of days at Sacramento. The weather was beginning to be cold. I had been rambling all the morning through the town, and was just returned to my hotel, and sat ruminating over a large stove in the bar-room, thinking Sacramento about the most comfortless place in the world. In the course of my walk I had observed a crowd collected round a large elm tree in the horse-market; on inquiring the cause of this assembly, I was told that a man had been lynched on one of the lower boughs of the elm at four o'clock this morning. A newspaper containing an account of the affair lay on a chair beside me, and, having taken it up, I was perusing the trial, when a ruffianly-looking individual interrupted me, with "'Say, stranger, let's have a look at that paper, will you?" "When I have done with it," said I, and continued reading. This answer would have satisfied most Christians endowed with any moderate degree of patience: but not so the ruffian. He leant himself over the back of my chair, put one hand on my shoulder, and with the other held the paper, so that he could read as well as I. "Well I guess you're readin about Jim, aint you?" "Who's Jim?" said I. "Him as they hung this morning," he answered, at the same time resuming his seat. "Jim was a particlar friend of mine, and I helped to hang him." "Did you?" said I—"A friendly act—What was he hanged for?" "When did *you* come to Sacramento city?" "I only arrived this morning, and have not yet heard the particulars of this case." "Oh! well! I reckon I'll tell you how it was then. You see, Jim was a Britisher, that is, he come from a place they call Botamy Bay, which belongs to Victoria, but aint exactly in the old country, I believe. When he first come to Californy, about six months back, he wasn't acquainted none with any boys hereaway, so he took to digging all by hisself. It was up at Cigar Bar whar he dug, and I happened to be a digging there too, and so it was we got to know one another. Jim hadn't been here a fortnight before one o' the boys lost about three hundred dollars that he'd made a *cachê* of. Somehow suspicions fell on Jim. More than one of us thought he had been digging for bags instead of dust, and the man as lost the money swore he would have a turn with him, and so Jim took my advice and sloped." "Well," said I, "he wasn't lynched for that, was he?" "'Taint likely," said the ruffian; "for till the last week or ten days nobody knowed whar he'd gone to. Well! when he come to Sacramenty this time, he come with a pile and no mistake. And all day and all night Jim used to play at faro, and roulette, and a heap of other games. Nobody couldn't tell how he made his money last so long, nor whar he got it from, but certain sure everybody thought as how Jim was considerable of a loafer. Last of all, a blacksmith as lives in Broad-street, said he found out the way he done it, and asked me to come with him to show up Jim for cheating. Now whether it was that Jim suspected the blacksmith, I can't say, but he didn't cheat, and lost his money in consequence. This riled him very bad, and so, wanting to get quit of the blacksmith, he began to quarrel. The blacksmith was a quick-tempered man, and, after a good deal of abuse, could not keep his temper any longer, and struck Jim a blow on the mouth. Jim jumped from his seat, pulled a revolver from his pocket, and shot the blacksmith dead on the spot. I was the first man that laid hold of the murderer, and, if it had not been for me, I believe the people in the room would have torn him to pieces. 'Send for Judge Parker,' shouted some. 'Let's try him here,' said others. 'I don't want to be tried at all,' said Jim; 'you all know, d——d well, that I shot the man; and I know, b——y well, that you'll hang me. Give me till daylight, and then I'll die like a man.' But we all agreed that he ought not to be condemned without a proper trial, and as the report of the pistol had brought a crowd to the place, a jury was formed out of them that were present, and three judges were elected from the most respectable gentlemen in the town.

"The trial lasted nearly a couple of hours. Nobody doubted that he was guilty, or that he ought to be hanged for murder; but the question was, whether he should die by Lynch law, or be kept for a regular trial before the judges of the Criminal Court. The best speakers said that Lynch law was no law, and endangered the life of every innocent man; but the mob would have it that he was to die at once. So as it was just then about daylight, they carried him to the horse-market, set him on a table, and tied the rope round one of the lower branches of a big elm tree. All the time I kept by his side, and when he was getting on the table he asked me to lend him my revolver to shoot one of the jurymen, who had spoken violently against him. When I refused, he asked me to tie the knot so as it wouldn't slip. 'It aint no account,' said I, 'to talk in that way. Jim, old fellow, you're bound to die; and if they didn't hang you I'd shoot you myself.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'give me hold of the rope, and I'll show you how little I care for death.' He seized the cord, pulled himself in an instant out of the reach of the crowd, and sat cross-legged on the bough. Half a dozen rifles were raised to bring him down, but, reflecting that he could not escape, they forbore to fire. He tied a noose in the rope, put it round his neck, slipped it up till it was pretty tight, and then stood up and addressed the mob. He didn't say much, except that he hated them all. He cursed the man he shot; he then cursed the world; and last of all he cursed himself, and, with a terrible oath, he jumped into the air, and with a jerk that shook the tree, swung backwards and forwards over the heads of the crowd."

I believe the narrator went on talking about himself; but, I confess, I paid no further attention to his story. The rude picture he had drawn of his desperate *friend* filled my mind with strange reflections. "You see Jim was a Britisher," and spoke good broad-provincial English, too, no doubt. And so I traced his sad career from his happy English home. Happy home! perhaps, though, it was not a happy home—perhaps he had been one of a large family—a wanting, poverty-stricken family in a manufacturing district—and Jim had found no means of keeping body and soul together, but by shooting other people's pheasants, and getting his bread and water thereby in an English jail. Perhaps, too, when he came out of jail, he did not find bread any easier to be got at than before he went there, and so shot pheasants again, and went to jail again. And for the third offence a bench of magistrates, with "fair round bellies with good capons lined," thought change of air would best suit Jim's complaint, and so the scoundrel got to "Botamy Bay, which belongs to Victoria." Alas, poor England! do you *turn out* many of your sons in this fashion? Do many of them get to "Botamy Bay," and then get elsewhere, and then get hanged for knaves and scoundrels, as they get to be? They tell me that it is so; and lo! here is one, a veritable specimen of such things. But they say 'tis cant to talk in this manner. There must and will be food for the gallows supplied at all times, and by all countries. Had Jim been called Jacques, and a Frenchman, doubtless I, for one, should not have been blue-be-devilled about England, and so let it pass. The reverie was an expensive one. I had, in the meanwhile, burnt a hole in my boot.

We met the renowned Captain Sutter on board the little steamer that took us up the Sacramento River to Marysville. The good old Dutchman drove us to his farm, and there plied us with German salads and German hock. An intelligent Pole was there, and talked of dissolution of the Union, and of making California a free and independent State. Where the deuce are intelligent Poles not to be met with? and when don't they talk of dissolution, of revolution, of education, of freedom, of reform and all the rest of it? Poor devils, they who have enjoyed so much of these things, and know from experience the advantage of them! You are quite right Mr. Pole; England *is* the happiest country in the world, and incontestibly the land of truest liberty. You cannot say you admire an hereditary aristocracy? Pardon me, you have lived many years in America; the idea is somewhat Yankee. A monarchical form of government is the real constitutional form for an English government. But without an aristocracy the throne cannot stand; and that aristocracy must not be a nominal one. Look at the French revolution of '48, and remember the 10th of April in England. The military were not called out to do executive murder. Public opinion, and the inherent conservative principles of the educated classes, were the constable and the cannon-balls which knocked disorder and violence on the head on that day, and are ready to do the same again on every day until it is found that reform must be, and that not by sudden violence and outrage. Be assured of it, sir, there is an unbroken chain of patriotic sympathy uniting all classes in England; tear away one of the links, be it ever so rusty and apparently useless, the whole fabric falls to pieces—and then! Why treat Ireland as we do? why not educate her people? Bless your heart, sir, what other country ever voted a subsidy of twenty millions for its colonies, and where will you find such clamorous readiness to advance and provide means for education as in England? Certainly we are willing to take advantage of the great experiment of this great country—but would you have us not take warning by the fate of others? What availed Poland's ill-timed struggles for liberty? How think you the Frenchman likes his military despotism? "Pshaw!" said the Pole, "the Frenchman is von shild; de American von shiant." "Granted, but when you complain, my dear sir, of our law of primogeniture and entail, and speak of the glorious privileges of the American subjects, you contradict yourself in very ignorance of the matter. What privilege have you that we have not. That the meanest subject is eligible to the highest office? That your pig-driver may one day be President of the United States? What is the result? There is little respect for those in power, and a feverish ambition to take their places infects the mind of almost every American. Bancroft says with truth, 'It is the prerogative of self-government that it adapts itself to every circumstance which can arise. Its institutions, if often defective, are always appropriate, for they are the exact representation of the condition of the people, and can be evil only because there are evils in society.' But what says Sidney Smith? an English divine of whom you may have heard, sir—Sidney Smith says, 'The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear high-way, and a free chapel.' Now, excepting the claret, which is apt to give people the stomach-ache, and the roast mutton, which happens to be rather scarce in England just now, I ask you, sir, what government does more towards providing these requisites than our English one? Governments are fallible things, sir, very. We think if our government educates our people, and protects them with good wholesome laws, that our government does pretty well. Beyond this we expect our people to do something for themselves. If they will marry and get millions of children before they have any possible means of providing for these children, or without the least reflecting how enormously they thereby increase the number of mouths, and decrease the rate of wages, it is not the fault of our government. It is the fault of the people themselves—not to mention the want of Mississippi valleys, and big back settlements, whither all the surplus of your people are drafted to, as soon as they find roast mutton getting scarce elsewhere." "Ah! I see you fery much fond of your country." "Did you ever meet an Englishman that was not?" said I.

We talked a good deal about California. The Pole was convinced that California would be the first State in the Union to declare her independence. It was ridiculous to suppose, he argued, that a large and populous country like California would long be ruled by a goverment 3000 miles off. What did the Senate or the Congress at Washington know about California? The interests of a State on the Pacific and one on the Atlantic had nothing in common. The delay in getting answers to questions beyond the jurisdiction of the State Laws was a serious inconvenience. Already they began to feel severely the disadvantages of being no better than a colony. In the instance of a war with Europe, the port of San Francisco must be blockaded because the government of Washington might take it into their heads to sanction the invasion of Cuba. Now they would not object to free trade. In a short time slave labour might be necessary; and what part could they take if the Northern and Southern States split, one fighting for abolition of slavery, the other to get rid of protection? "And you, of course, will fight for the dissolution?" I asked. "Of course he would." "Anything for a change," and a Pole will be sure to have his finger in the pie.

One of my companions in the vehicle that took us down from Marysville was rather an amusing specimen of a Californian. He was a roughish fellow to talk to, but well to do in the world, at least respectably dressed, and was evidently treated by the driver and an occasional acquaintance that we passed on the road with that degree of deference which in this enlightened country is only conferred upon the "smart." He began the conversation with me by asking how much I would take for the studs in my shirt, and upon being told they were not for sale in the first place, and in the second that no amount would buy them, as they were given to me by a friend, he answered, that considering they were a present, and cost nothing, I ought to be the more ready to "trade," and that I might make my mind easy upon one subject, which was, that if he had a chance, and he meant to look out sharp for one, he would steal them as sure as he was born. Such a declaration might have startled a person unused to the open and candid nature of such rascals, but the genus is so common, and is moreover so thoroughly appreciated anywhere in America, that I was not the least bit more astonished than if any other foreigner had offered me a cigar; but, merely taking the remark as a compliment to my studs, I buttoned my coat, that he might not be tempted with the opportunity, which I knew he would not fail to profit by if it occurred.

This little incident introduced a spirited discussion on the topic of "smartness." The Yankee was convinced that "Every man for himself and the Devil take the hindmost," was the only motto for a wise man in this world, and, as an instance of the wisdom of this dogma, he mentioned his own case; showing how from the lowest dregs of society he had risen to affluence; how he had used no other weapons to combat against the greatest reverses of fortune but the mother-wit that had taught him—that the easiest method of avoiding difficulties was to put your hands into the pockets of your friends. Every man, he argued, would cheat his neighbour, if he knew how. What folly it was then not to be beforehand with the rest of the world, and cheat them in advance. The mistake people made was, that they foolishly substituted the word "cheat," in the place of the word "smart." What was a crime with us Britishers was a creditable act with an American. And if a man's intellects were not given him for his own advantage he did not see for whom else they could be given. "Yourn warn't given you for the adwantage of the man you sold the stage to, I guess—was it coachman?" This appeal was made by a dirty-looking passenger to the driver. "I reckon not—that was a smart job from beginning to end—that was," returned the coachman. "What was it?"

I asked; "I suppose you stole the coach from the man first, painted it a different colour, and then got a friend to sell it to him for a new one?" "Not so bad as that neither, stranger. What I did I don't consider nothing out of the way of business; it's what any fool might do, and not be smart at that either. You see, when I first got to San Francisco, I had no more than a respectable suit of black, and five dollars in my pocket. I wanted to get to the diggings, but it would have cost me a deal more than five dollars to fit out for that expedition, so I made up my mind to stay where I was till I could afford to go. One day when I was walking up to the square, thinking how I should get my living without working to death for it, I saw an old friend of mine driving a mule-team. I asked him how he had managed to get money to buy the mules. 'They're not mine,' says he; 'they belong to a gentleman of whom I hire them for a small sum.' 'And what,' said I, 'did he see in your ugly face to make him so charitably inclined?' 'He saw these gold spectacles, which I always mean to wear in future, as the best friends I ever had. I was like you when I landed; I had but five dollars in my pocket, and three of 'em I gave to a Jew for these specks. If they had been silver they would never have done the job. Well, I mounts the specks, and off I goes to the charitable old boy of whom I had heard talk, and represented myself to him as a medical gentleman that had left a large family, and come out here to give the sick the benefit of my practice on purely philanthropical motives. Of course, I made a good circumstantial story, telling him that I should be glad of some easy job, as I wasn't accustomed to hard manual labour, and as soon as I had earned enough to live upon, should go and practise at the mines. He heard my story to the end, looked at me, and then at the gold specks, and I am sartain sure if it had not been for those specks, and those specks had'nt been gold, he never would have believed a word I said.' 'I wish then you would lend them to me, friend?' 'I won't do that, but I will lend you something better. I must go to Sacramento for a couple of days, and until I return, you shall have the loan of this mule-team.' Here's luck, thought I; this team can't be worth more than ten dollars a day to their owner, and if I sell them, they can't be worth less than 500 dollars to me; so into the market they shall go." "And you stole the mules?" we asked. "I sold them leastwise, and borrowed the money." "And you were not hanged for it?" "Not that I know of," said he; "but to cut a long story short, and come to the matter of the stage which I began about; the money that I got for the mules bought me a light wagon and four horses, and I persuaded a man who had another team to let me drive them in the wagon, and he was to have a share of the profits. We soon established a good business; I bought out my partner, and sold the whole concern for just five times what it cost me, and a mighty good thing the man who bought the business would have made of it, *if* he had not been a-dealing with a smart 'un. But there's where it is you see; he wasn't smart, and I was. I went to San Francisco, paid my friend the price of the mules which he had naturally been put in prison for stealing; gave him a hundred dollars to keep him quiet; bought a good stage and three fast teams; came back to San Jose, and in one week drove the old coach off the road; made two thousand dollars by the traffic, and sold the whole concern again for two thousand more. And here I am in a fair way to become a rich man; have invested 4000 dollars at 40 per cent., which, though it is not great interest in these times, yet it is as safe as a mortgage on the most valuable property in California can make it. Gentlemen, as we are at the end of the journey let us liquor."

From San Francisco we went by steam to Acapulco; from Acapulco, we rode without adventure to the city of Mexico; from Mexico to Vera Cruz; thence by mail packet *vid* Jamaica and St. Thomas, and landed at Southampton in the middle of June, 1851.

THE END.

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NOTE.

In England a man has no other inducement to emigrate held out to him, by government, than the right to purchase land, in the colony in which he settles, at twenty shillings an acre; a third more than the price of colonial land in America; and he is under the obligation of paying that sum before he takes possession of his allotment. Now, though the claims allowed by the United States government to the Oregon settlers, cannot be taken up since January, 1851, yet government land is to be bought for a dollar, and a dollar and a half, per acre. For one farm belonging to an Englishman, George Gay, which he had occupied about twelve years, and which had about 300 acres arable and almost unlimited grazing, ten thousand dollars was offered and refused. The winters are so clement in Oregon that no provision is made for the stock, and they are nearly as fat in the winter as in the summer.

If a man wishes to emigrate from England,—say, for example, to Australia,—he pays thirty pounds for his passage out, and the same now for each additional member of his family. Supposing that he has a wife and three children, his expenses amount to at least one hundred pounds. He then has to buy his land at one pound an acre, and if he purchases no more than half the quantity that is allotted *gratis* to the American for a long term of years, he has already a large outlay to make of ready money, exclusive of all incidental expenditure. Now, although it is true that capitalists are wanted in the Colonies, and a man possessing two hundred pounds ready money is undoubtedly a capitalist amongst the class who form the bulk of emigrants, it is nevertheless true that such are not the men who want to leave the country, nor are they wanted to be got rid of by the country. Naturally, we are aware, the enormous space in America affords a convenient outlet, which we do not enjoy, to increasing population. If an American finds the laws of his government oppressive, or the extent of his property too limited in the east, he packs up his household, loads his wagon, and squats himself in the West. This he can do with very little means to pay his way. If he has cattle or horses, they will drag him: if he has none he yet can walk. It is true that many thousands of miles of sea cannot be crossed at the mere cost of shoe-leather. But this very fact should make the land cheaper when it is reached.

The question seems to be this. Does the increase in the revenue made by the sale of land in our Colonies balance the cost of keeping here thousands who, perhaps, largely contribute to the filling of our jails at home, and who would probably have emigrated had they been *able* to do so.